



# THE INDEPENDENT

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## THE INFORMATION DAILY

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THE ENGLISH WAY OF SEX

REVIEWS BY GUY DE LA BOURDONNAIS  
REVIEWS BY CLIVE JONES

# A quiet street, an 'ordinary' TV star and an extraordinary killing



Jill Dando with her fiancé, Alan Farthing. The couple were due to marry in September

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE AND TERRI JUDD

glad to revive her before she was transferred to Charing Cross Hospital. She died a little over an hour later at 1.03pm. Her fiancé, Alan Farthing, was called to identify the body.

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An ambulance crew was called to the scene and strug-

gled to revive her before she was transferred to Charing Cross Hospital. She died a little over an hour later at 1.03pm. Her fiancé, Alan Farthing, was called to identify the body.

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Crime officers inspecting Gowen Avenue, Fulham, west London, where Jill Dando was shot on her doorstep yesterday

Peter Macdiarmid

Dando had been the victim of a stalker.

Tributes to Ms Dando, were led yesterday by Tony Hall, chief executive of BBC News. He said: "Everyone in BBC News is devastated. She was a wonderful person to work with and was respected and trusted by millions."

The murder was even discussed in the Commons with tributes from the Home Secretary and shadow Home Secretary. Other tributes were made by the Queen and Tony Blair. Ms Dando's brother, Nigel, a

reporter on the *Bristol Evening Post*, said he learnt of the tragedy after deciding to investigate early reports of an "incident" involving his sister. He said the news had come as a "huge shock" both to himself and his widowed father.

Marilyn Lewis, a colleague on the *Six O'Clock News*, added: "Bewilderment, tears and quiet anger fill the BBC newsroom today."

Nick Ross, her co-presenter on *Crimestoppers*, said: "It's just so terrible. She was a smashing person. You could not

say anything bad about her". Ms Dando was at the peak of her career. Despite stepping back from newsreading and handing over the lead role in the *Holiday* programme, her new *Antiques* programme was due to be broadcast on Sunday. Advance publicity for the show saw her posing on the front of a leather caustic in front of an Aston Martin.

Last night, detectives had taken away Ms Dando's car, a BMW convertible, as scene-of-crime officers scoured the area

outside her house for possible clues. Officers last night erected an incident tent as they continued to work throughout the evening. Detectives confirmed there was no sign of a forced entry at the house and there was nothing to link the attack to her work with *Crimestoppers*.

Earlier this year, at a reception to mark the 10th anniversary of the programme, Ms Dando admitted she had been concerned about her personal safety after taking the job. During one interview, she said:

for a dark-haired man in his late thirties to early forties. He was smartly dressed and carried a mobile phone.

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David Aaronovitch

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## EU imposes ban on Serb trade

EUROPE TIGHTENED the screws on President Slobodan Milosevic yesterday, approving plans to choke off fuel supplies, targeting the Yugoslav leader personally and making it illegal to assist the repair of economic assets destroyed by NATO air strikes.

Despite the oil embargo's potential for provoking tensions with Moscow, the package is calculated to heighten the political isolation of Belgrade and its ruling elite.

Yugoslavia buys about 50,000 tonnes of crude a month from Moscow. Russia's Foreign Minister, Igor Ivanov, yesterday said only the United Nations could impose sanctions, and that a NATO-backed embargo would not be binding on Russia.

A spokesman from the Fuel and Energy Ministry was more categorical: Russian oil deliveries will continue, he said.

The new European Union

BY STEPHEN CASTLE  
in Luxembourg  
PAUL REEVES in Moscow  
AND PAUL WAUGH

measures were put in place as Tony Blair warned that the economic and military campaign against Yugoslavia would intensify until the Milosevic regime backed down.

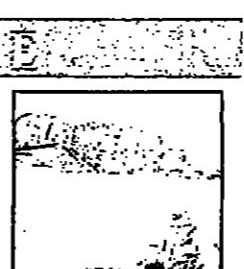
On his return from the Nato summit in Washington, the Prime Minister rejected charges from within his own party that he is Nato's most "hawkish" leader but said there was no question of compromise with the Serb leader over the alliance's demands for restoring peace to Kosovo.

"In respect of being a hawk or not a hawk, it's nothing to do with that. Having taken this action, we have got to see it through," Mr Blair told the Commons.

"Some of the stories of the

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under the scope of a freeze on assets held by the Yugoslav government. "The package is getting tighter and tighter," said one EU diplomat. "This means that if the telephone system is bombed people cannot export mobile phones to help communications. The problem of course, is enforcement."

The EU is stepping up pressure on eastern European countries that aspire to membership of the bloc to back the oil embargo. Joschka Fischer, Germany's Foreign Minister, said the sanctions package represented "a broad recognition of the seriousness of the situation and a general desire to pursue the policy adopted so far".

Meeting in Luxembourg, EU foreign ministers extended a travel ban on Belgrade businessmen to people with close ties to the Milosevic regime and his cronies will also be brought

be policed by member states. EU ministers failed to agree a full ban on sporting contacts with Yugoslavia, and neutral countries expressed reservations about the Nato action. However, both Rome and Athens agreed to the oil embargo despite earlier reservations.

Meanwhile Strobe Talbott, the US envoy, is due in Moscow today and Kofi Annan, the UN secretary-general, will visit later this week. Despite potential tensions over the oil embargo, relations between Nato and Moscow have softened. Nato has stressed the importance of Russia's role as possible mediator. Russia has toned down its anti-Nato rhetoric. It is eyeing prizes down the road - the glory of eventually playing peacemaker, and the prospect that the Yugoslav conflict will ultimately damage Nato.

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Jill Dando's career, from a young girl (left) to the 'Crimestoppers' programme with co-presenter Nick Ross, with Sir Cliff Richard at the Hampton Court Flower Show, appearing on the 'Six O'Clock News', and (far right) just a week ago, filming her latest venture for television, a show about antiques, one of her favourite passions.

## A car alarm bleeped, then came the attack

JILL DANDO parked her convertible BMW 320i shortly after 11.30am in the tree-lined street in fashionable Fulham, west London, where she lived.

Cautiously she set the vehicle's alarm and turned towards her two-storey home unaware her attacker lay in wait. Within seconds, her scream shattered the peaceful morning.

"I heard her come back and her car alarm bleep. Forty seconds later, I heard a scream," said next-door neighbour Richard Hughes, 32.

"It was more of a surprise scream as if she had turned round and seen somebody. I opened my shutters and saw a man walking off down the street. He was walking briskly. He did not look at all flushed."

The BBC presenter was barely alive when Mr Hughes

BY TERRI JUDD AND  
ANDREW BUNCOMBE

wearing a suit, others described a Barbour-like wax jacket.

Gradually a shocked crowd gathered around Ms Dando. A doctor living nearby came to help and a passer-by, Cecilia Hockley, interrupted a friend's coffee morning to call emergency services.

Charlotte De Rosny, the hostess, said the woman left minutes later with one of her guests, Vida Saunders, to try to help.

They returned 45 minutes later, shocked and pale. "Apparently she was not moving though they did not touch her," said Mrs De Rosny. "She had just slumped into the doorway. There was no sign of movement. No sign of anything. I had heard nothing. The first I knew was when they came to my door."

A man suspected of being

her attacker was described as tall, dark-haired and in his late thirties or early forties. He was seen walking towards Fulham Palace Road, Clean-shaven and carrying a mobile telephone. He was well-groomed enough to raise little suspicion in the affluent middle-class borough.

Some witnesses said he was

wearing a suit, others described a Barbour-like wax jacket.

Within six minutes of the woman's call, by 11.50am, the paramedics were on scene, attempting to treat Ms Dando's terrible head injuries. A second ambulance arrived seconds later with an emergency helicopter medical team.

Ms Dando was taken to Charing Cross Hospital but was declared dead at 1.03pm. A consultant, Hugh Millington, said the ambulance arrived at 12.30pm and added: "All efforts by ambulance paramedics and hospital staff failed to save her."

Yesterday the man she had planned to marry in a few months time, consultant gynaecologist Alan Farthing, 35, had to identify her before she was transferred to the mortuary for examination.

The murder investigation being led by Detective Chief In-

spector Hamish Campbell, of Scotland Yard. Officers cordoned off the street and more than three dozen police were making door-to-door inquiries. Forensic experts were checking the scene and Ms Dando's car was towed away for further examination. Officers confirmed there was no sign of break-in at her house.

Ms Dando once joked that she was a perfect neighbour because she was so rarely home. She was a workaholic whose appealing disposition meant she was constantly in demand, and she had spent the past seven years travelling the world for the *Holiday* programme. The demands of *Crimestoppers* and the *Six O'Clock News* left her little time to enjoy the bustling wine bars and elegant restaurants of her neighbourhood.

When she was at home, neighbours remembered her as an unpretentious woman who would rarely pass by without a friendly word.

Jennifer Felgate, 44, said Ms Dando would regularly stroll down to the local shops to carry buy her groceries. "Everyone would just stop and

walk close to £400,000, five years ago.

But neighbours said she had spent less time at the house over the last few months, choosing to stay over at the Chiswick home of Dr Farthing, the man with whom she had planned to start a new life.

Richard Hughes

was

alive when Mr Hughes

was

alive when Mr

DANDO MURDER

# The mourning struck a strange note in the context of country at war

"IT'S JUST like Princess Diana," was one comment reported from inside BBC Television Centre yesterday after Jill Dando's murder. And as tributes came in from sources as elevated as the Queen, the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary and Sir Cliff Richard, an extraordinary sense of national mourning did seem to be taking shape.

Apart from the much-quoted physical resemblance between Ms Dando and the princess, words of regret from charities and schools she had helped bolstered the impression of a similarity. Office workers were said to be gathered around radios

BY JOHN DAVISON

and TVs, following the developments. Tears were being shed.

The Jill Dando Internet site even became an impromptu book of remembrance, as fans left tributes at the rate of two "hits" per second.

While friends spoke of a genuinely nice, grounded person and a fine professional who never got carried away with her own celebrity, it all nevertheless struck a strange note in a country at war abroad and in fear of racist bombings at home.

Tony Blair took time away from preparing his Commons statement on the Nato summit

to frame a suitable response. "He was deeply shocked. He had met her both professionally and socially at Downing Street and in common with many people he found her totally charming and highly talented," a spokesman reported.

From Buckingham Palace, the Queen was said to be "shocked and saddened". Ms Dando had helped the Duke of York to promote the Fight for Sight charity, of which he is patron, and he was also particularly saddened by the news, a spokesman said.

Sir Cliff Richard, a close friend and fellow Christian, spoke from Copenhagen where

he is on tour. "I'm finding it really hard not to wish Jill's killer an horrific death. I'm absolutely shattered," he said.

Liberal Democrat leader Paddy Ashdown said: "Jill Dando was a hugely popular broadcaster. It is a terrible irony that, after all her work defending the victims of crime and help in pursuing criminals, she should fall victim herself to an horrific crime."

In the Commons, Jack Straw spoke of the "tragedy and appalling loss". His statement on the Brixton and Brick Lane nail bombings came later. In response to Sir Norman Fowler, the shadow Home Secretary,

who raised the subject, Mr Straw said: "She was someone who was at the height of her powers. She had done a huge amount personally in the fight against crime by her role, not least in *Crimestoppers UK*, and therefore this makes her death all the more poignant."

BBC Director General Sir John Birt said: "This is devastating news. Jill was loved by her audiences and by everyone who worked with her at the BBC. Jill's public and private persona were one and the same. She was always warm, generous, natural and cheerful - a good companion on and off screen."

It was a theme expanded on

Chief Superintendent David Hatcher of Kent Police appeared for years alongside Ms Dando on *Crimestoppers UK*. He said: "Her involvement with *Crimestoppers* was as much for the victims as for society, so it's unbelievable she should have died in this way. I know the whole police service will be galvanised to find her killer."

Ms Dando was held in particularly high esteem in the West Country, where she did her journalistic training and continued to do charity work. The *Bristol Evening Post*, where her brother Nigel is the chief reporter, last night issued a commemorative edition.

Fellow Sir O'Clock News presenter Martyn Lewis was in the newsroom when the news broke. He described the "bewilderment, tears and quiet anger" among her colleagues.

One of the most touching tributes, however, came from Andrew Harvey, who worked with Ms Dando on breakfast television. He last saw her at her engagement party in January.

"Jill was obviously the star of the party but you never felt that," he said. "She spent the whole evening not waiting for people to come up and talk to her but rushing around taking photos of her friends so that she would have a memento," he said.

## Plain-girl image was secret of her fame

BY KATHY MARKS

column inches in the tabloid press, she appeared genuinely nonplussed by the attention.

"I'm a very ordinary person," she said in an interview a couple of years ago. "I am still surprised when people come up to me in the street and put me on a pedestal. I don't see myself other than I have always been."

"It's nice to think that people see me as a mate. I think people would trust me with their key if they went away."

The range of programmes that Ms Dando presented - including *Holiday*, *Crimestoppers UK*, *Sir O'Clock News* and *Songs of Praise* - was testament to the universality of her appeal, as well as to her professional versatility.

Ms Dando, a committed Christian, was born in Weston-super-Mare in 1961. Hers was a family with journalistic connections; her father, Jack, was a composer on the local newspaper, the *Weston & Somerset Mercury*, and her older brother, Nigel, went on to become chief reporter at the Bristol *Evening Post*. Her mother, Jean, died of leukaemia when Jill was 24.

This, perhaps, was the secret of her popularity, the reason why she endeared herself to men and women alike, why she was loved and admired by people who knew her only from afar as well as by friends, why she always topped opinion polls as the ideal female companion with whom to have dinner or go on holiday.

If the late Diana, Princess of Wales was the fairytale princess to millions of strangers who mourned her as if she had been close family, Ms Dando was the wholesome girl-next-door to her legions of fans. She had the sensible haircut, the tombstone teeth, the jolly hockeystick, no-nonsense manner. She made men, or many of them, go weak at the knees; women liked her because she was charming yet unpretentious.

Two sentiments were repeated time after time yesterday by her shellshocked BBC colleagues. First, that Ms Dando remained the same unpretentious woman when the microphones were switched off and the cameras stopped recording. Second, that she had "no side" to her. What you saw was what you got.

When her career took off and she made the transition from news presenter to "personalities", with all the accompanying



Jill Dando in January, shortly before announcing her engagement to Alan Farthing. She said their relationship 'changed the way I look on life'

Peter J Jordan

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## 'Jill was always surprised at how cruel people could be'



NICK ROSS

I LAST saw Jill on Tuesday. Actually she saw me first. Someone pinched my bottom. I turned round and it was Jill, grinning. We chatted about her wedding. Everything was great. She had this new antiques programme starting. She was so relieved to be stopping *Holiday*. I think it had taken her a lot of time to build up to resigning but, once she had made the decision, there were no regrets. She was in high spirits. She was so looking forward to having her life back.

The trouble is it's very hard not to reach for the clichés, but they are all so valid. Jill was about to get married. It was the only gap in her life, the one thing missing, and it was about to be filled. That she should be the victim of such a crime is such an irony. She was so keen to work on *Crimestoppers*. For a

long time she had said: "If ever there is a vacancy", I said there wasn't anyone we would look at if she was interested.

She was so remarkably modest. If you went out with her she was always a head-turner. She was always rather surprised about that.

Jill believed in *Crimestoppers*. She wanted to work on it not just because she thought it

was a powerful piece of television but because she passionately believed in right and wrong. She was almost in tears on at least one occasion talking to victims. Her sense of surprise at how cruel people could be to each other never left her, even after three years. She would never, ever use black humour about a *Crimestoppers* case. She would always treat each story with reverence.

Jill never pretended to be a heavyweight intellectual. The most astonishing thing about her was that, for someone who was modest about her intellectual prowess, she actually had a lot more brains than people who pretended to be clever. She was quietly quite religious. Cliff Richard was one of her closest friends. She was never someone who was going to be bowled over and change

what she fundamentally was simply because she was in this magic rectangle.

She did tell me about a stalker, that she was having hassle. But there was never ever any sense that she might be in mortal danger - or even physical danger. It was an irritant. There had certainly not been any form of serious confrontation. At least, I think Jill would have told me if there had been.

At her engagement party she was almost diffident, as if she was surprised that someone had asked her to marry him. It was a modest announcement, really remarkably low-key. It was all very warm. She has such a wonderful family. I'm just appalled at what they must be going through now.

The author was co-presenter of *Crimestoppers* with Jill Dando

## PANDORA

**EMMANUEL PETIT** (pictured) is a handful on the park - and he knows how to do a one-two off the pitch as well. Arsenal's Gallic star is moving to North London's chichi Primrose Hill. So the Gunners' midfield maestro sent a round robin to his neighbours to introduce himself, and say how much he was looking forward to meeting them. His letter also contained a plea that shows that, while you can take the man out of France, you can't completely take France out of the man. Did any of his new neighbours have, he wondered, a *cave* (French for a cellar) he could use? Seems that Petit's extensive bottle collection's already outstripped the space available in his new home.

**VULCAN FOUNDLING** John Redwood is driving colleagues further and further around the bend with his increasingly idiosyncratic brand of Euroscepticism. He's been telling anyone who will listen - hey, where's everybody going? - how he favours Jaguars because we should buy British. Hold up, what are those wheels a spotter saw the Vulcan catching a ride in after a Commons debate this week? Could it really be a Mercedes? Ja.

**TRAVEL BUSINESSES** dealing with Turkey say bookings are plumping. Agents blame both the Balkans conflict and warnings by Kurdish Workers' Party terrorists that the PKK will target tourists this year. Could this deadly duo be affecting Greece's inbound traffic too? *Nef* (Greek for yes), according to the trade book *Travel Weekly*. A client called an agent to cancel his holiday on the island of Kos. She asked him why. He replied: "Isn't it the capital of Kosovo?"



**SO, PATRICIA Arquette** and her spouse Nicolas Cage are heading for *Split City*. Coincidentally, Arquette stars in *Goodbye Lover* with Don Johnson, who is expected to get spliced with Kelley Phleger this week. Considering the 49-year-old star's well-publicised roistering, the bride should enjoy those cries of "lucky girl!" while she can.

**"LIBERAL DEMOCRATS** are so far in bed with Tony Blair that they're just a hideous lump under the duvet," says Tory hopeful Francis Maude on *Lab-Laberry*. Sure, Frankie, but at least the minority party is still in the game - which is more than can be said for your Fractious mob just now.

**MORE HORSETRADING** in the race to succeed Paddy to lead the yellow party. At the launch of J Thorpe's memoirs this week, some liberal voices sounded disappointed that Nick Harvey (North Devon) had pulled up at the first fence. Not so, say Harvey's camp. Their man has just been "negotiating" with the dapper new frontrunner Menzies Campbell (Fife North East). Pandora hopes the Campbell-Harvey powwow is more productive than a recent meet between David Rendel (Newbury) and Simon Hughes (Bermondsey); Hughes' camp emerged saying Rendel would stand aside for their man - strangely, Rendel's handsomely version was the precise opposite.

**DROP EVERYTHING** Dept. "In other places, spring means daffodils, lambs and plowing [sic] the fields but in Slough it means that the Slough Jets are holding their annual 'all star' fundraising evening" - news release.

**WESLEY CLARK**, the supreme commander of Nato's Balkan bombing campaign, said this week: "We've only just begun." This echoes the Carpenters' identically titled 1970 hit. Next year the duo released "Hunting Each Other" - and, in what may prove a prescient three-peal, in 1972 they followed through with "It's Going To Take Some Time".

**GERALD CORBETT**, the Railtrack boss, claims he plays a video of an especially savage grilling by the Transport Select Committee to his teenage children "to make them feel sorry for me". And Pandora thought her domestic life was quirky...

Contact *Pandora* by e-mail: [pandora@independent.co.uk](mailto:pandora@independent.co.uk)

## Vinnie Jones tackles sensitivity



DEBORAH ORR

*Soon there will be no facet of human activity that this man hasn't dragged into disrepute*

trollor: Vinnie Jones: *Agony Uncle*. Is there no beginning to Vinnie's talents, one asks yet again. Footballing, acting, writing and now counselling. Soon there will be no facet of human activity that this man hasn't dragged into disrepute. Needless to say, his advice is shocking.

Q: My girlfriend dumped me for another man and I'm struggling to

remain her friend. Am I wrong to get angry with her?

A: Turning your back on feelings is hard, so I won't tell you to just forget about her...

Q: My girlfriend wants to have kids but my sexy and slightly mad ex has recently come back on the scene. I'm torn.

A: ...you can't keep going off to see your ex just because it's easy to give her one...

See what I mean? Shockingly sensitive. But what about that trollor? A workman girlfriend with whom our correspondent has fallen in love. She won't stop two-fifths him with their boss, and he fears for their future happiness as well as both of their jobs. We women have a word for girls like that, too, *Vinnie*. And it's "trollor". There's no need to go bandying that offensive word "old" about you know.

Although, in *Later* (which should perhaps instead be titled *Earlier*), old is good.

Take a look at the heroes of the *Later* lad, all of whom are showcased in issue one. Barry Sheene, Odd Job from *Goldfinger*, Harry Grout (the Guv'nor in *Porridge*,

James Caan (circa *Rollerball*), Clint Eastwood, Bruce Lee, David Bailey, Leonard Rossiter and James Hunt. And the heroines? *Later* requests that you ask your dad about them. Brigitte Bardot, Marlene Dietrich, Jane Fonda and Marianne Faithfull.

Familiar faces from the old days, when men were men and women were women, and when sexual politics

child still mulling over the world that opened up to him when he was 10. But only because he knows there are things he still hasn't quite resolved from early adolescence, that really do need to be sorted out before he can move on.

In fact, there's a feature in the magazine in which one intrepid reporter goes out and spends a day doing the things he would have done at 15. Of course, he has a girlfriend, who gamely submits to the kind of seduction techniques at the author's 15-year-old command.

But while the writer enjoys his day as an adolescent, he realises that it is important for him to progress. Progressing means being successful and having some money, thus making it easier for a chap to settle down with his girlfriend. And while he isn't actually begging for baby-care tips, he knows that any sensible man will want children eventually and that any sensible man will just do exactly what he's told to do when it comes to looking after them. Decent chaps like a laugh, love a girlfriend.

Surely there's a market here - for the magazine and for the men.

## Black and Asian Britons still can't trust the police



YASMIN ALIBHAI-BROWN

*When police dogs are treated cruelly, officers are sent to prison. We obviously matter less*

Take this week. Angry black and Asian peers of the realm have complained that the police have failed to take seriously the death threats that they have received from racist groups. The Met has also had to apologise for fabricating information about Roger Sylvester: a black man who died in police custody after being restrained. What is good is the massive recruitment drive for more black and Asian officers and expansive anti-racist training if there is no attempt to root out racism - writing, violent and at times murderous - within the forces?

A disproportionate number of black, Asian and Irish people die in custody following the use of force. A Home Office report on deaths in custody shows clear disparities between different racial and ethnic groups. According to Inquest, a campaign and support group working with the families of those who die in custody, between 1969 and 1996 there were 102 deaths of blacks in custody, of which 51 were in police cells. The Met record is not good. In 1996, for example, 35 per cent of

those who died in their custody were black or Asian. These were not all deaths caused by the police, of course. But many died as a result of neckholds, CS sprays and other forms of restraint.

Sir Paul has been running the ship since Joy Gardner was killed in front of her five-year-old son. Since then we have had the deaths of Shiji Lapita, Brian Douglas, Wayne Douglas, Ibrahim Sey and Roger Sylvester. Not one officer has ever been punished for any of these deaths. And if you want to see what this does to family members, go and listen to Joy Gardner's mother Myrna, as she addresses one public meeting after another. She is going mad with grief - as I would if I felt that the death of my child, caused by the custodians of law and order, meant nothing to this country.

At least we hear about the deaths. What we know barely anything about is what goes on in the back of police vans, on our streets and in police cells where black, Asian and Irish people are physically assaulted, threatened and terrorised by officers for no good reason.

The list of the known victims is long enough. Claudette Thompson was assaulted by a policeman who bit his own finger and claimed that he had acted in self-defence. The teeth marks did not fit, so £50,000 was paid out to keep things quiet. And £20,000 went to Danny Goswell, who was handcuffed and beaten by officers. Sir Paul Condon defended these policemen in court.

A significant number of black and Asian people use the civil claims complaints system against brutal policemen. The Met and others simply settle out of court with public funds. When police dogs are treated cruelly, officers are tried and sent to prison. We obviously matter less. What should worry us even more

is the fact that the Police Complaints Authority and the Crown Prosecution Service have also failed to respond properly to this problem, even when inquest juries return a verdict of unlawful killing. In the case of Shiji Lapita, who was killed in 1994, the verdict of unlawful killing was unanimous. Yet for five years neither the police nor the prosecution has chosen to take action against the perpetrators, despite a successful judicial review which challenged their inaction.

What is heartening, though, is that committed lawyers and others such as Deborah Cole, the director of Inquest, carry on fighting for justice in the face of this cross-institutional protection racket. Raju Bhatt and Fiona Murphy - both bright and passionate lawyers - and others, too, who represent many of the bereaved families, do what they do at great personal cost. Not only are they unlikely to become fat-cat lawyers, but they are also seen as a threat by many in the criminal justice system. The Police Federation and others brand them as "political

agitators" and "subversives", just as Rosemary Nelson was by the RUC in Northern Ireland. As Murphy says, the system is utterly bankrupt. We need to create a police force in which integrity is non-negotiable and where instead of failing over themselves to prevent action against racist police officers, there is a new morality that insists upon it.

We can trust the police only if this is seen to be done. And the police can do their job dealing with the real problems of crime within our communities only if they have this trust from the rest of us. Last Monday, Jack Straw had a meeting with bereaved families, Inquest and others. He is reflecting on whether we need a public inquiry. We do, but we need more than that. Jack, we need heads to roll before we black and Asian Britons can feel safe in the hands of the British police. This is a crucial issue for the whole of society. If this racism is allowed to go unpunished, other evils too will grow and the culture of an arrogant and unaccountable police force will affect all citizens in the end.

**PODIUM**  
**AKBAR AHMED**  
*From an address by the Cambridge don to the Royal Commonwealth Society's 'Leadership in Islam' conference*

shown resilience in spite of many hurdles, is based on a democratic order. Leaders are thrown up in elections and they then attempt to carry out their election promises during their tenure for the allocated period in office.

The relevance of M A Jinah (the founder of Pakistan) to this model is great. It was not only his sense of abiding by the law but also his integrity which made it work. It allowed defection of his critics, who said he was not an orthodox Muslim.

Although they could challenge him for not being regular at prayer or dressing like a Muslim or failing to grow a beard, they could not challenge him on his integrity or high moral principles.

The style and content of this leadership are different. It is not only a question of superficial sartorial differences. There are substantial ideological and philosophical differences. One believes in being educated in the indigenous vernacular and using Arabic as the base language; the other in English and looking towards Westminster. One believes that society is God-ordained and it is the duty of every Muslim to

change it according to the laws of God; the other that democracy must prevail and the voice of the majority must be heard. One believes in wearing traditional clothes, living a simple life and remaining close to the roots of society; the other in aspiring to the style of leadership of other world democracies, which often involves vast expenses beyond what the local treasury can support.

One believes in honesty and integrity as a moral duty; the other talks of integrity and morality but is often seen to be violating them in behaviour. One believes that Islam and only Islam is the way of life; the other, while acknowledging Islam, also takes into account other religions and cultures and incorporates this into their constitutions.

One believes in challenging the West head on and targeting the Jews and Christians as the enemy; the other believes that we are related to a global system that requires some interdependence and some cultural interpenetration, and that the Muslim world can learn from, and absorb, the West.

## THE INDEPENDENT

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# After a month of bombing, how much of Serbia is 'degraded'?

## DAMAGE

BY ROBERT FISK in Belgrade

**WHO WILL** pay for it all? When the Yugoslav war is over, who is going to foot the bill for the massive industrial destruction - including 36 factories and 19 oil refineries, gas facilities and power plants - which the Serbs list among the infrastructure attacked by Nato jets and missiles?

In Belgrade, the government says it is already compiling a list of destroyed factories, electrical and communications facilities it expects the Nato alliance to repair once the conflict is over. They include 32 road and rail bridges and 19 television stations and transmitters as well as widespread damage in civilian areas. Vuk Draskovic, the Deputy Prime Minister, estimated the cost at more than \$70bn (£45bn).

The Yugoslav army, television stations and the official Tanjug news agency put out regular daily accounts of Nato attacks on the country - usually leaving out any reference to military targets but always including damage to civilian property. Nato briefings highlight military targets, largely ignore civilian damage and regard major industrial targets as "dual-purpose" facilities which are of use to the military as well as civilians. Thus Nato claims that weapons were made at the heavily bombed Zastava car plant and the Sloboda home appliance factory at Cacak. Serbia says the attacks were a deliberate attempt to destroy the civilian infrastructure of the country and create mass unemployment. In some cases, factories, refineries and bridges have been attacked as many as seven times.

The Nato missile attack last week on the 24-storey building comprising commercial offices as well as three television stations and two political party headquarters in Belgrade has taken the jobs of 6,000 people. In Kragujevac, the factory raids are said to have cost 26,000 jobs among the local workforce. Six days after the Novi Sad city hall was hit, a bomb destroyed the central post office at Uzice. Hundreds of civilian homes have been badly damaged in Nato raids.

According to Yugoslav local authorities, recent - though largely unreported - attacks killed 10 Serb civilians at Djakovica in Kosovo, at Velika Dobrinje village (where a six-year-old girl, Arta Lusic, died) and at Doganovic in Kosovo where five brothers from the Kodza family, aged between



three and 15, were reported killed by a NATO cluster bomb. A 17-year-old youth, Dalibor Tasic, was killed in a NATO bombardment of Soderica village near Vranje. The conductor of the Yugoslav train destroyed in a NATO attack on 12 April has also died, bringing the estimated death toll to 28.

Six of the 17 Serbs who died in the NATO bombing of the Serbian television headquarters in Belgrade last week have been named as Milovan Jankovic, 59, a studio mechanic, Jelica Munitak, 28, a make-up artist, Dragan Tasic, 31, a technician, Slobodan Jontic, 44, a fitter, and two security guards, Dejan Markovic and Milan Joksimovic, both in their 40s.

The lowest Yugoslav estimate of civilian deaths is 500. No details of military casualties have been given.



Smoke rising from burning oil refinery tanks at Pancevo, 10 miles north of Belgrade, after a Nato air raid on Sunday. Right: A man rows his boat past a Belgrade river bridge destroyed in a Nato bombing raid at the weekend

## TIMETABLE: DAYS 33, 34

**Sunday 25 April**  
10.35pm: Air raid sirens sound in Belgrade.  
11.55pm: Tanjug, the state news agency, says Nato warplanes fired six missiles and damaged the Slatina civilian airport, south-west of Pristina.

**Monday 26 April**  
12.15am: The last remaining bridge in Novi Sad, the second largest Yugoslav city, knocked down.  
12.30am: Explosions heard near the north-west Serbian town of Sombor.  
12.40am: Fuel depot attacked near the central Serbian town of Valjevo. Several strong detonations heard in Sombor on the border with Hungary.  
1.20am: Nato fires two missiles at the Grmija picnic grounds, northeast of Pristina. No damage estimate yet.

2.35am: The Serbian state television (RTS) stops broadcasting for three hours after playing the Yugoslav national anthem.  
5.10am: All clear sounds in Belgrade.  
6.30am: RTS resumes service.

11am: Senior Russian officials, including Viktor Chernomyrdin, the special envoy to the Balkans, meet to discuss the Kosovo crisis and prepare for talks with the US Deputy Secretary of State, Strobe Talbott.  
11.50am: Air raid sirens sound in Novi Sad and Nis. Yugoslav army air-defence units are heard firing.

1pm: The head of the International Red Cross meets three US soldiers who have been held captive by Yugoslav forces for a month but can give no further information about their physical condition.

3pm: The last of 24 US Apache ground attack helicopters being deployed for offensive operations against Serb forces in Kosovo arrive in Albania.

5pm: The Libya state news agency JANA says President Slobodan Milosevic has sent an envoy to the Libyan leader, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, to ask for his help in resolving the Kosovo crisis.

All times BST



## We are being cheated by 'It's like we're state lies, says Draskovic all in prison'

### PROPAGANDA

BY ROBERT FISK



Draskovic: 'No more lies'

"SO LET'S tell people the truth ... we are alone." With those nine words, Vuk Draskovic has written himself into the history of Nato's war against Yugoslavia, a roaring, harsh voice demanding reality and an end to propaganda peace with honour and an end to lies. Nato misquoted him, of course. The Serbian regime responded in shocked silence. But Yugoslavia's Deputy Prime Minister and leader of the Serbian Renewal Party had struck.

Nato was not about to break apart, he told Serbs. It was growing stronger. Russia was not about to send squadrons of bombers to rescue Serbia. International public opinion had turned against Serbia after "horrible scenes of Albanian refugees and human suffering overwhelmed the Western world". Serbia must be ready to accept them back - and to accept a UN-led international "presence" in Kosovo.

Even for Yugoslav viewers, this was strong stuff. Was Mr Draskovic preparing himself to be the *interlocutor* volatile of Yugoslavia? The next president, perhaps?

Needless to say, Nato took what it wanted from Mr Draskovic's extraordinary soliloquy on the small Belgrade Studio B television channel, happy to quote his condemnation of government "lies" and his assertion that Nato is growing stronger - but equally content to censor out all his references to Nato's "aggression" against Yugoslavia and Nato's failure to obtain backing

aid or that Russia is entering World War Three."

World opinion supported Yugoslavia in the first week of the Nato bombardment. Mr Draskovic said, but the sight of human suffering among the Albanian refugees had turned the world "almost entirely against us - but this is concealed here". Western countries were "mainly reasonable and moderate". Words were being misused. Why did the state media refer to "criminal Nato aggression" if aggression could ever be anything but criminal?

"The other night, someone said [on television] that the three Nato PoWs should have been taken to Branko's Bridge [in Belgrade] and roasted there on a spit. I protested about this in the federal government - although I'm willing to defend the media's freedom, I demanded that these people be taken off the television because they shame Serbia and our tradition. Serbs do not roast people."

There can be little doubt that several leading figures in the regime will feel like roasting Mr Draskovic for his remarks. The leader of the democratic movement a couple of years ago, the Deputy Prime Minister is regarded by many as a turncoat for joining the Milosevic coalition. He didn't cry surrender yesterday. He didn't call for the overthrow of the regime. The "cracks" in the government to which Mr Robertson referred had been there all along. But his words just might provide a political path out of a war that neither side seems able to win.

### ALBANIANS IN KOSOVO

BY EMMA DALY in Kukes

ONE OF the few Albanians left in Pristina told *The Independent* on a crackling telephone line yesterday of the terrifying conditions facing Kosovars who have failed to flee in time from the Serb police and paramilitaries who now infest the city.

"I am alive," Mimoza told me. "The phone lines are cut to all Albanians, but I know how to work them."

"I don't know if we will leave. One night, some Serb gunmen came and told us all to leave, but a Serb neighbour said, 'You can stay, I will protect you'."

"So we did, but the family is scared. I have had no news of my boyfriend for three weeks. I went to his house one day, and it was a mess, totally destroyed. Nobody was left there."

"You don't see people on the street. The police stop young people on the street when they see them; if I see two or three people walking and not speaking to each other, I know they are Albanian."

She added: "We have enough food for now. Cafe Corzo, where we used to go for a morning cappuccino, is working, but Tiffany's [a favourite restaurant of foreigners] has been burnt down: nothing is left."

Mimoza said that in spite of the terror wrought against the Albanians in Nato's name, she and her family still supported the bombing campaign.

"When my youngest sister sees TV reports of Kosovo children living in the mud in the refugee camps in Albania, she says, 'Lucky you, at least you are not in Kosovo'. And when she hears bombs drop, she shouts, 'Do it more, do it more!'"

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Lincoln	£106		
Milton Keynes	£93		
Nottingham City	£114		
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# Call for ban on all neo-Nazi groups after nail bombings

ANTI-RACIST campaigners and community leaders called for neo-Nazi groups such as Combat 18 to be banned yesterday in response to the two bomb attacks on Brixton and Brick Lane in London.

Civil rights activists said the Government's plan to reform the 1987 Race Relations Act after the Lawrence report does not go far enough. They called for immediate action to make membership of far-right groups illegal.

Combat 18 has claimed responsibility for the two bombings, which injured 45 people.

Kumar Murshid, chairman of the National Assembly Against Racism, said: "Most people would be very surprised to know that Combat 18 and other groups like that are not illegal. They clearly exist to incite violence and they should be banned."

The call came as it was revealed that a group called the White Wolves, suspected of the bombings and protection of the public with the utmost vigour.

BY KIM SENGUPTA

shoot of Combat 18, has sent death threats to Jewish community leaders in Manchester. Black, Asian and Jewish public figures and organisations received such threats before the Brixton attack.

A spokesman for the Jewish Community Security Trust in Manchester said: "The risk has to be taken seriously. We are liaising with the police and other ethnic minority communities in the city ... a pattern is emerging, first it was the blacks, then Asians and the Jews could be the next on the list."

Yesterday the Home Secretary, Jack Straw, told the Commons that hunting the racists bombers was the police's number one task: "Whilst the perpetrators of this violence remain at large there is plainly a risk that they may strike again. The police are pursuing the investigations of these bombings and protection of the public with the utmost vigour."



A shopkeeper reaching up to remove a six-inch nail from his shopfront in Brick Lane yesterday

Reuters

was open every third Saturday, because past experience had shown that it was under-used. Superintendent Rose Fitzpatrick of Bethnal Green police said: "We understand the concern about the vulnerability of the community in this part of London. We had increased police patrols before this event and we have increased them since the event."

Yesterday, police confirmed they were called on Saturday evening by the landlord of The Alma pub, in Spelman Street, near Brick Lane, after five white men came in to "gloat" about the bombing and make racist comments.

Muhammad Ali, marketing manager of the Black Development Agency in Bristol, said: "We are all appalled by what has happened in London. We are anxious, we need to know what is going on."

Jewish community groups said they would link with Asian and black organisations to exchange information and work out strategies to protect themselves from neo-fascists.

## Police body's anti-racism 'insensitive'

BY IAN BURRELL  
Home Affairs Correspondent

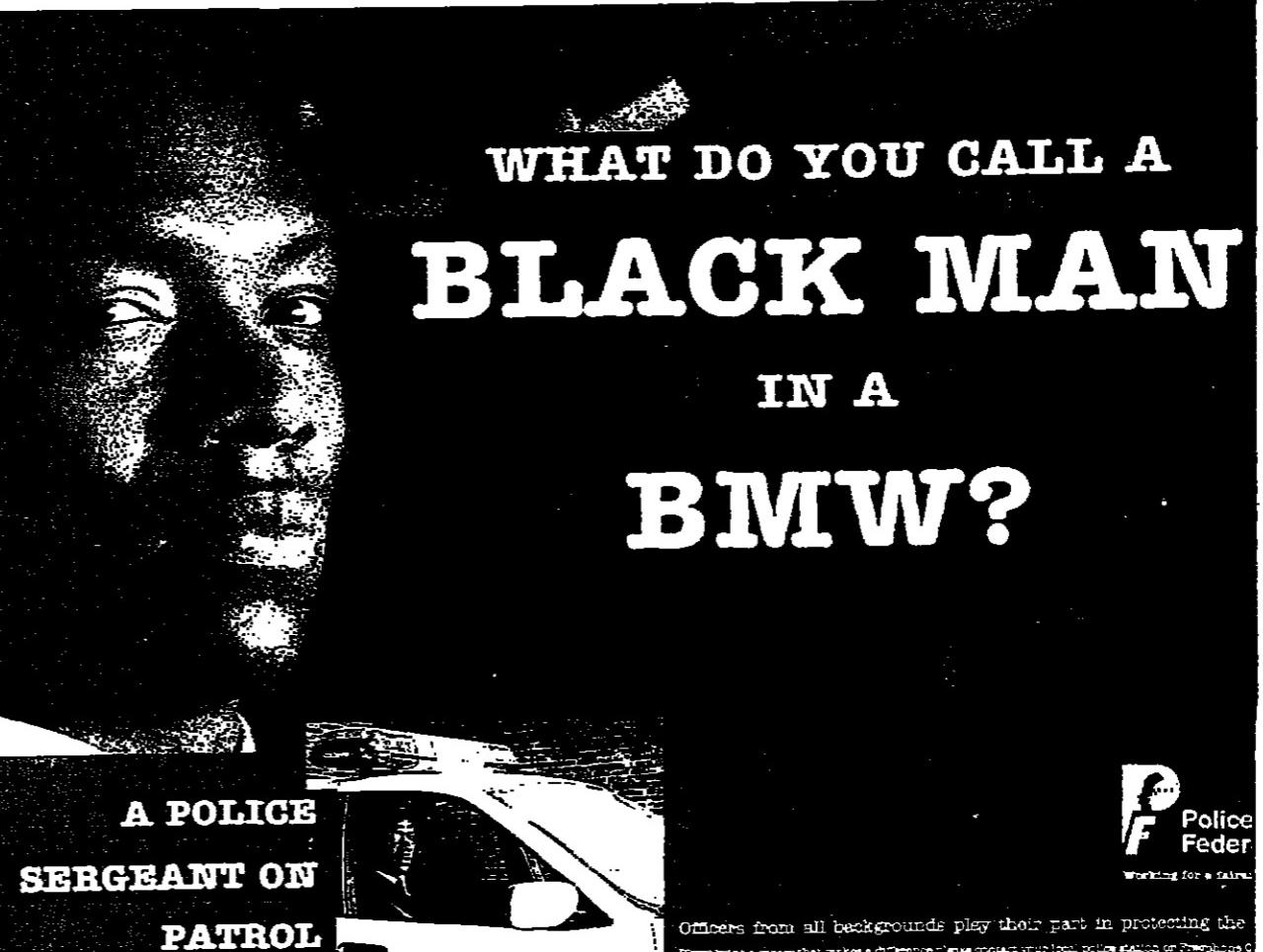
community. During the Stephen Lawrence inquiry it was most intransigent, defensive and adversarial."

Inspector Wilson added: "Do we really need a poster campaign depicting racial stereotypes produced by all people," the Police Federation.

But speaking at the launch of the £30,000 campaign, the Police Federation's chairman, Fred Broughton, described the initiative as "a ground-breaking step". He said that the police service was "confused and divided" over race relations. The posters would challenge passive racism and reassure ethnic minority communities.

"Our reputation has suffered, we must restore confidence," he said. "Black and Asian police officers and minority communities need reassurance. They remain to be convinced that we mean what we say about fairness."

Mr Broughton said he realised that the posters would be seen as "provocative" and accepted they may not be well-received by all black and Asian people. "Whatever you think of them, like them or loathe them, they will generate interest, generate controversy and generate discussion," he said.



One of the Police Federation posters. Black officers have 'no problem with the message. It's the messenger'

A POLICE SERGEANT ON PATROL

P Police Feder  
Working for change

Officers from all backgrounds play their part in protecting the

Community. The Police Federation is a campaign that makes a difference. Please contact your local police station or Posthouse.

Mr Broughton said the federation had informed black and Asian community leaders of the content of the campaign and been given "no negative vibes".

The four people featured in the posters are not police officers but a professional basketball player, a dancer, an actor and a medical student. Real black officers were not used in the pictures because such a high-profile campaign could limit their chances of working

undercover later in their careers, Mr Broughton said.

He said he was "disappointed" that the association had declined an invitation to attend the launch but said the two organisations had been holding regular talks in the past six months on race issues.

Less than 2 per cent of the 125,000 police officers who are in the federation come from minority communities.

Bob Purkiss, chairman of the legal committee of the Commission for Racial Equality, said he understood the association's concerns but still welcomed the campaign. "The do nothing option was not on the table," he said. "[The Police Federation] are trying to address their collective failure in the past."

Mr Purkiss said that to delay the campaign launch because of the nail bombings would have sent "the wrong message".

The Chief Constable of Merseyside, Norman Bettison, admitted yesterday that his force was "institutionally racist" after spending six months gathering evidence on bigotry in the ranks.

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Scientists from Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore have found that HIV can evade anti-AIDS drugs by hiding in a dormant state for years within cells of the immune system.

"This doesn't mean that a cure for HIV is impossible, but it is an obstacle. And it emphasises that patients need to stay on their medication, possibly for the rest of their lives," said Robert Siliciano, a senior AIDS researcher at Johns Hopkins.

SCIENTISTS STUDYING AIDS believe they have made a breakthrough in the 10-year quest to find a vaccine against HIV.

However, the development was marred by a discovery by a second team of researchers, who found that HIV can lie dormant for a lifetime.

A team led by Harriet Robinson, chief of microbiology at Yerkes Regional Primate Center in Atlanta, Georgia, found that a combination of two types of vaccine can protect monkeys from HIV.

Although the vaccine does not protect the monkeys against infection - the aim of conventional immunisation - it appears to limit the virus's ability to replicate within the body.

"This holds promise for the development of a vaccine capable of seriously reducing viral replication and thus stemming the transmission of AIDS," Dr Robinson said.

The three-year research project experimented with several types of vaccines and two different ways of delivering them to the immune system.

Dr Robinson found the most successful approach was first to "prime" the immune system with a vaccine based on the genetic material of a hybrid virus created from HIV and SV40, the simian immunodeficiency virus.

The next stage was to inject a vaccine made from incorporating parts of the hybrid virus into a pox virus, which can invade the monkey's cells but does not proliferate.

Results of the study, published in the journal *Nature Medicine*, show that the vaccine successfully limited the replication of the virus when it was injected three times over a 62-week period.

The scientists were unable to detect the virus in the blood of vaccinated animals, in contrast to unvaccinated monkeys.

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IN THE INDEPENDENT TOMORROW

## 'People say you're a misogynist. How do you plead?'

DAVID BAILEY ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

THE BEST WRITING, WEEK IN, WEEK OUT: DEBORAH ROSS, HOWARD JACOBSON, HAMISH MCRAE, IAN JACK, ROBERT FISK, TERENCE BLACKER, SUSANNAH FRANKEL, BRIAN VINE, PHILIP HENSHER, JOHN WALSH, RICHARD WILLIAMS, DAVID AARONOVITCH, DEBORAH ORR, THOMAS SUTCLIFFE, MILES KINGTON, SUE ARNOLD, ANDREAS WHITTEM SMITH

# Scores of trawlers 'at risk of sinking'

BY PAUL LASHMAR

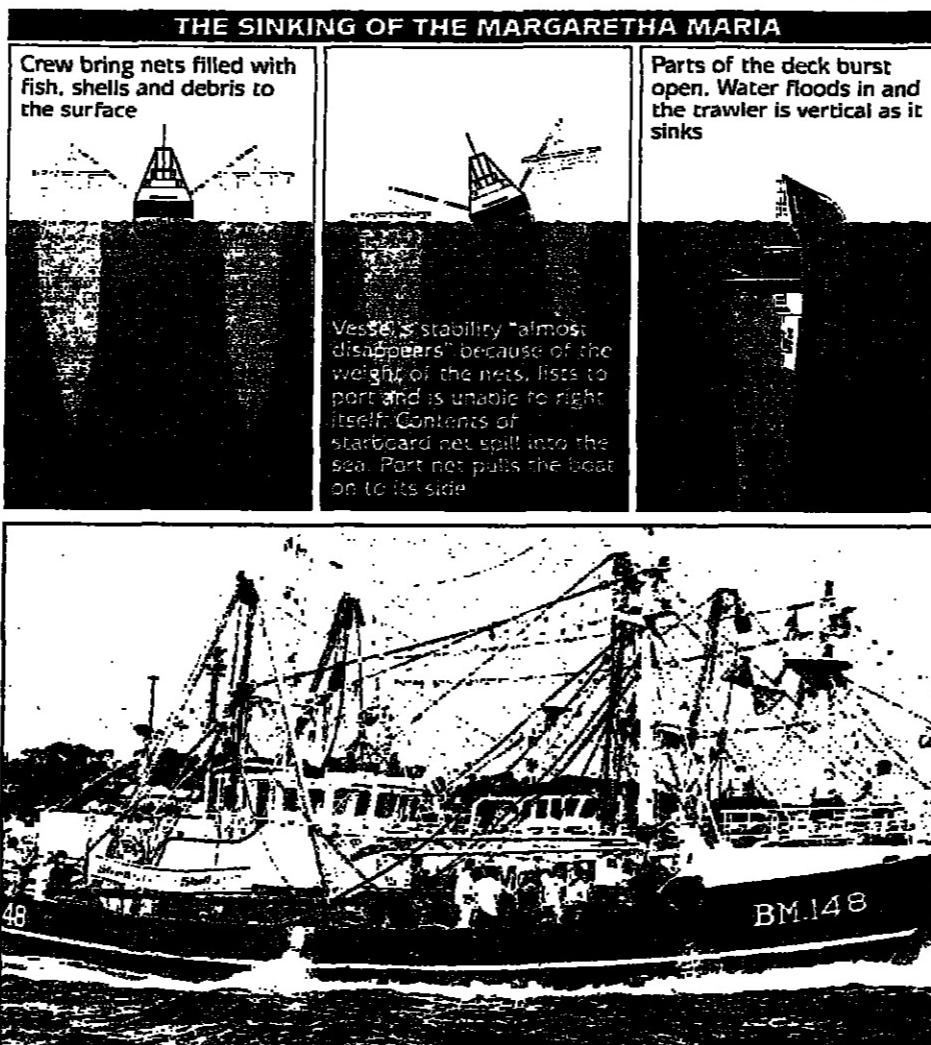
DOZENS OF trawlers fishing around Britain's coast are inherently dangerous and receive safety approval by government inspectors without adequate checks on their stability, according to a confidential accident report into the deaths of four trawlermen.

Since 1990, 17 beam trawlers have sunk with the loss of 29 lives. Official statistics show that this type of trawler is four times more likely to sink than other types of fishing vessel.

The British fishing fleet has more than 130 "beamers", which have two large derricks (a type of crane), enabling crew to fish on both sides of the boat simultaneously. They are highly profitable; in the port of Newlyn in Cornwall they account for two-thirds of the catch although they represent only a small proportion of the total fleet.

A damning report by the Marine Accident Investigation Branch (MAIB) into the loss of the *Margaretha Maria*, a Dutch-built vessel from Newlyn that went down in November 1997 with the loss of four crew, raises serious concerns about safety.

The report, which has been obtained for tonight's *Channel*



A report from the Marine Accident Investigation Branch blames the inherent instability of beam trawlers for the sinking of the 'Margaretha Maria', left. Moira Todd, right, with John and Kerry Todd, campaigned tirelessly for an investigation into the accident in which her husband, son and the boat's two other crew were drowned

*News* says: "This inquiry has revealed that the stability of beam trawlers may be dramatically reduced by normal operational movements of derricks and fishing gear".

The trawler "frequently and legitimately operated with a standard of sea-going stability substantially less than required of other types of fishing vessel".

The report continues: "With lower stability standards, safety would have been compromised", and adds that the instability of the vessel was so serious "that other vessels may be affected by a similar amount".

Fishermen have been aware at the key moments when the derricks raise the nets filled with fish, but they rely on their skill to prevent accidents.

The report, to be published in the summer, says the *Margaretha Maria* probably sank because of a large weight of debris in her raised nets, which made her unstable. Shelter doors on deck were left open but while this would have made her sink more quickly, it would not have caused the initial capsizing.

The board says that urgent stability tests should be carried out on a range of beamers as they are fishing. Government inspectors from the Maritime and Coastguard Agency (MCA) currently certify beam trawlers for stability without testing how they react under real working conditions.

Tonight's *Channel 4 News* reveals that beam trawlers are four times more likely to sink than other fishing vessels. In

1997, 134 of the 7,779 registered

fishing boats were beam trawlers. Since 1990 a total of 253 fishing vessels have been lost, of which 17 were beam trawlers.

The *Margaretha Maria* left Newlyn harbour on a fine November afternoon with four men on board, including John Todd and his son Kerry, 24. Con-

ditions were calm and the crew was due to return two days later. But the trawler disappeared without trace.

Three months later, the body of the skipper, Robbie Holmes, was found, but the other three men are thought to lie with the trawler on the ocean bed.

Their relatives mounted a campaign for an investigation into the safety of beam trawlers. The board's report states that MCA inspectors do not test beam trawlers' stability when the boats are at their most vulnerable - raising tons of fish in two nets using derricks on either side of the boat.

Moira Todd blames the agency for the loss of her hus-

band and son. She said: "The MCA are charged with carrying out stability tests, sending these boats to sea in a safe condition, and they are not doing it. It's like doing an MoT test in a car without testing the brakes or testing that the wheels are on."

"The three wives were determined to find out the truth. Over the past 18 months we've put constant pressure on the MAIB."

She remembered the last

time she saw her husband and son: "It was a fine Tuesday afternoon, about 4.30pm. They wouldn't have gone out if the weather had been bad because they were always careful, especially with that boat."

"They were supposed to go backpacking. The accident happened six weeks after he got back. He was making a bit of money before deciding what direction his life should take."

The body of Mr Holmes was spotted in fishing grounds 50 miles south-west of Lizard Point in February last year. A naval ship located the wreck of the *Margaretha Maria* on the seabed about five miles from where Mr Holmes' body was discovered.

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## Scientists use living cells to create 'bionic' kidney

BY STEVE CONNOR  
Science Editor

SCIENTISTS HAVE come a step closer to creating the first "bionic" organs by growing living kidney cells inside synthetic tubes to filter the blood of laboratory animals suffering from renal failure.

It is the first artificial kidney to use living tissue to mimic the functions of real organs and its development could alleviate the chronic shortage of kidneys for transplant operations. Scientists grew the cells taken from a pig's kidney on the inside surfaces of the hollow fibres used in kidney dialysis machines, which filter blood of toxic substances.

The cells stuck to the fibre - which is about as thick as a human hair - and proliferated to form a continuous lining of living material through which the filtered blood flowed. The research team intends to test

kidneys for transplant operations by growing living cells on a man-made "scaffold" designed to hold together the tissues. David Humes, who led the team at the University of Michigan, has applied to the US Food and Drugs Administration for clinical trials in humans, which are expected to start this autumn. "The project falls into a larger framework of research aimed at making artificial kidneys that could be implanted into patients," said Dan Cutler, a spokesman for Dr Humes' laboratory.

The team reports in next month's issue of the journal *Nature Biotechnology* that the cells were able to secrete vital substances back into the blood of a dog suffering from acute renal failure. Something that was not possible with conventional kidney dialysis. "What is

new and different is that Dr Humes has demonstrated that he can grow these cells and that they can perform the function of releasing metabolites [biological substances] as they would in a natural situation," Mr Cutler said. Although the living kidney cells were grown in a kidney dialysis machine outside the body, the scientists hope to be able to culture them in a kidney-sized artificial organ, which could then be transplanted permanently into a patient with renal failure.

Because the cells were encapsulated inside hollow fibres they were protected against attack from the body's immune defences, making organ rejection less likely. Clark Colton, professor of chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said it was an important development.

## Channel 5 play ratings joker by reviving 'It's A Knockout'

BY PAUL McCANN  
Media News Editor

THE DAYS when helpless, wheezing laughter and saturated people dressed as snails were the biggest thing on television are long gone. But Channel 5 is hoping that, 17 years on, the country is still silly enough to enjoy *'It's A Knockout'*.

Stuart Hall is to return to the screen this autumn as the manicured presenter of television's most chaotic game show. Channel 5 announced at the Montreux Television Festival that it would be pitting everyone from glee clubs to teams of accountants against each other in a series of silly challenges, which will remain largely unchanged from the show's heyday in the Seventies.



For those too young to remember, *'It's A Knockout'* was an outdoor game show that entailed adults in preposterous costumes taking part in elaborate relay races. At its peak, the show pulled in more than 18 million viewers and if Channel

5 can get a fraction of that, it will be worth the embarrassment of disinterring a programme that gives the lie to the notion that British television has dumbed down in recent years.

Channel 5 is to keep the show domestic for a year before trying to revive that emblem of pan-European co-operation, *Jeu Sans Frontières*. Most aspects of the old programme will be resurrected, including the "joker" - which doubles the score on a chosen event - an updated version of the Ronnie Hazlehurst-penned theme tune and lots of water.

The producers of the show are undaunted by its past: "We will remain faithful to the ethos of the programme," said Robin Greene, of the production company Ronin, which has bought the rights to the show from Mr Hall. "We will update it and give it a more contemporary feel, but we certainly don't want to make it too funky and young. We want all the family to tune in."

Leading article,  
Review, page 3

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# Dignified silence won't do if you can state the obvious

ONE OF the things that the House of Commons exists for is to provide a venue for statements of the obvious. It wouldn't have been very difficult to predict, for instance, that the Conservative Party, as a body, might deplore the murder of Jill Dando but, just in case there are voters out there who are in doubt about where they might stand on this matter, Sir Norman Fowler went on the record at the beginning of questions to the Home Secretary, Jack Straw, anxious not to be left behind, leapt up to confirm that Labour would obviously like to associate themselves with Sir Norman's sentiments. MPs on both

sides of the house then murmured to indicate that they too could be counted among those who were against the gratuitous killing of popular television personalities. There is nothing very disreputable about this – it is simply an institutional expression of the human instinct to say: "Have you heard? Isn't it dreadful?" But there is a whisper of political calculation too. Dignified silence isn't really an option, given that it can so easily be interpreted as indifference or even worse, a lack of awareness of what everybody else is talking about. So when Mr Straw later delivered a statement on the recent bombings in Brixton

and Brick Lane it was not because he had anything very surprising to say (these were "mindless crimes"). The police are pursuing the perpetrators with "utmost vigour". The Government will not tolerate racism, but because not to have said anything would have looked oddly taciturn.

In between these two ceremonies of public utterance Tony Blair offered his own variation on the theme of ritual pronouncement, with a statement on the recent Nato summit. Mr Blair looked rather tired yesterday, his usual fluency at the dispatch box replaced by something more hesitant. He fre-

## THE SKETCH



THOMAS SUTCLIFFE

quently paused as he searched his next word for hidden weapons before allowing it to pass. In his case this was because there was a risk

he might say something substantive and he had to make sure he didn't – accidentally committing himself to some undesirable or unagreed course of action. The Tories have carefully begun to exploit this circumspection on the part of the Prime Minister, with William Hague adopting the line first taken by Michael Howard. This is to express support for Nato's operations but also respectfully to demand clarity on certain issues in the reasonably secure knowledge that they won't get it and thus be forced to express a binding opinion that they will have to stand by. If all goes well in the war they will be able

to say that they loyally supported it all along. If things turn rancid they can point to their astute and far-sighted questions, asked but fatally never answered.

Chart-topper among those put yesterday was one about whether Russian ships would be intercepted as part of the proposed oil embargo and what would happen if they declined to pull over to the marine equivalent of the hard shoulder. Mr Blair doesn't have a good answer to this question, which is one of the reasons he had returned from Washington without a clear agreement from his Nato allies. Instead, he explained, someone has

been "tasked" to look into the matter and would be reporting back soon – presumably when everyone's attention has moved elsewhere. In the meantime MPs indulged themselves by asking it again and again – either because they enjoyed the apocalyptic frisson it delivers or because they liked embarrassing Mr Blair. His final appearance was from Alice Mahon, who delivered it in tones that suggested she alone had spotted a crucial difficulty. Mr Blair let his exasperation show – stating the obvious may be a Parliamentary privilege but even here there are limits to the number of times you can do it.

# Portillo attacks Hague's relaunch

MICHAEL PORTILLO attacked William Hague's relaunch of the Tories as a "caring" party on public services and warned yesterday that the exercise was doomed to fail.

The former cabinet minister and idol of the party's Thatcherite wing scuppered the Conservative leader's attempt to end Tory divisions over the rejection of free-market solutions in education, health and welfare, announced last week by the deputy leader, Peter Lilley.

If Lady Thatcher's high spending on health and John Major's real concern for public services have not convinced them, it is unlikely that a speech by Peter Lilley, the deputy leader, will make the difference," said Mr Portillo.

He pointed out that Labour had "beamed overboard thoroughly discredited ideas, including state ownership and trade-union power".

Challenging Mr Hague's

**CONSERVATIVE PARTY**

By ANDREW GRICE  
Political Editor

matched them with "symbolic actions" such as abolishing Clause Four and renouncing Labour's support for unilateral nuclear disarmament.

"It is not easy for the Conservatives now to find a symbolic action that will persuade people that the National Health Service would be safe with them.

If Lady Thatcher's high spending on health and John Major's real concern for public services have not convinced them, it is unlikely that a speech by Peter Lilley, the deputy leader, will make the difference," said Mr Portillo.

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Challenging Mr Hague's



Michael Portillo warned William Hague not to "ditch policies that succeeded so convincingly that they were adopted by our opponents"

strategy of "concede and move on", he said the parallel with Labour was inexact. "You cannot ditch policies that succeeded so convincingly that they were adopted by our opponents, and much of the free world," he said.

Mr Portillo's intervention will anger Mr Hague. Although the former defence secretary has normally been loyal to Mr

Hague, his comments will be seen as an attempt to distance himself from the Tory leader at a time when Mr Hague is under increasing fire from within his own party.

Yesterday, Alan Clark, the veteran MP and former minister, compounded Mr Hague's problems by describing the controversy as "deplorable". He said: "I think the whole

row looks bad and shows how incompetently we are being led."

An unrepentant Mr Hague declared that he would press on with his drive to redefine his party. He admitted on BBC radio that there had been some "lively discussion" in his Shadow Cabinet but said: "I am not afraid of controversy."

He insisted the Shadow Cab-

inet had now rallied behind the new approach to public services. One of the members who criticised it last week, Iain Duncan Smith, the Conservative spokesman on social security, endorsed the new policy last night, saying it left him "free" to pursue plans to reduce the "dependency culture" in the welfare state through reform which "involves and embraces

the voluntary and private sector".

Francis Maude, the shadow chancellor, confirmed that the Conservative Party would stick to Labour's £40bn spending increase for health and education over the next three years if it won a general election during that period. He denied that the leadership had performed a U-turn.

# Foster denies quitting contest

## LIB DEM LEADERSHIP

BY PAUL WAUGH  
Political Correspondent

DON FOSTER, the Liberal Democrats' education spokesman, has dismissed speculation he is poised to pull out of the party's undeclared leadership race.

Mr Foster will instead rival Menzies Campbell as the candidate most dedicated to continuing Paddy Ashdown's strategy of closer co-operation with Labour. The 52-year-old MP for Bath has an extensive campaign team in place and is determined to be the main challenger to the front-runner, Charles Kennedy.

Mr Foster's opponents had suggested he may follow the lead of Nick Harvey, another contender in favour of Lib-Lab links, to stand aside and back Mr Campbell. Mr Harvey said last week that the phoney war to succeed Mr Ashdown had become "ridiculous" because there were so many potential candidates for the top post.

But Mr Foster believes he has an excellent chance of gathering enough support to prevent a Kennedy victory.

His supporters claim that, as a Bath MP, he has a better chance of winning over the party's 25,000 members in the South-west.

SNP  
arguing  
losing

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**NORTHERN ROCK**

## British aircraft drop 242 bombs

A TOTAL of 242 bombs have been dropped by British aircraft from the beginning of Nato's military action against Yugoslavia up to 22 April. George Robertson, Secretary of State for Defence disclosed.

### School books

PRIMARY SCHOOLS received three separate grants worth a total of £3,000 each for reading books during 1998, while each secondary school received two grants totalling £2,000. Schools minister Estelle Morris said.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

### Green light for defence missile

BRITAIN IS to go ahead with France and Italy, with a new naval air defence missile system and would move quickly to place the contract for the development of the Principal Anti-Air Missile System (PAAMS), the Defence minister, John Spellar, announced in the House of Commons yesterday.

Ministers and Lord Chancellor's Department, Finance Bill, committee. Short debate on passenger rail services in Wansbeck, Northumberland.

### Summer tours of Parliament

VISITORS COULD be charged up to £5.50 each to tour the Houses of Parliament during the summer recess under plans put forward by MPs.

### Legal seasoning

THE LORD Chancellor, Lord Irvine of Lairg, dismissed the Law Society's criticism of the Government's legal aid reforms, saying its comments should be taken "with a pinch of salt".

### Today's agenda

Commons. 2.30pm: Questions to Scottish Ministers and Lord Chancellor's Department.

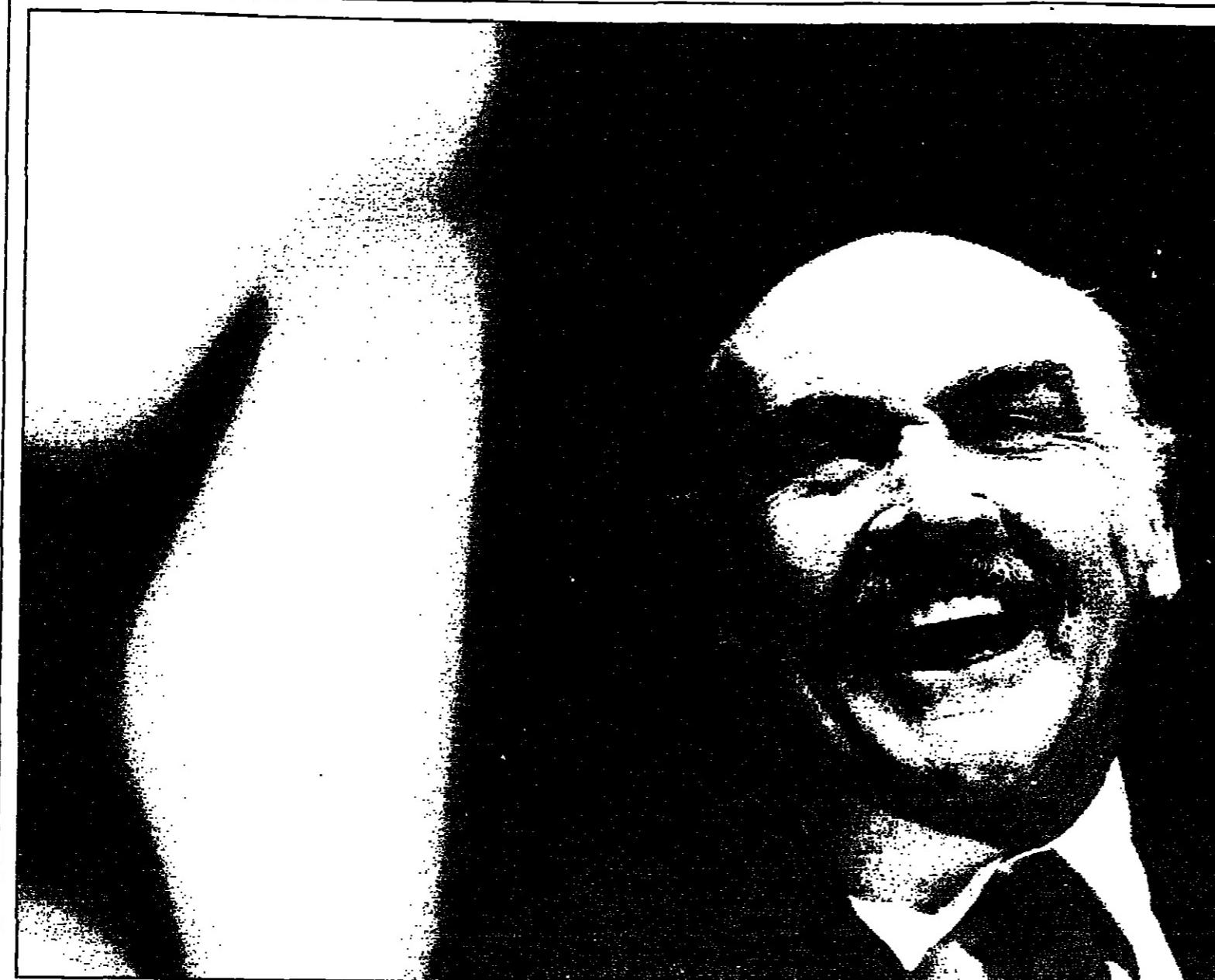
## THE HOUSE

Ministers and Lord Chancellor's Department. Finance Bill, committee. Short debate on passenger rail services in Wansbeck, Northumberland.

Lords. 2.30pm: House of Lords Bill, committee. Parliamentary elections (Northern Ireland, amendment) regulations.

CAMPAIGNING  
BUDGETING

VOTING FOR A NEW BRITAIN



Sean Connery enjoying a comment in Alex Salmond's speech to a Scottish National Party rally in Edinburgh yesterday

## Connery loses his cool with media

AS 007 he made saving the world look simple. But recast as the Saviour of the Scots Nats, Sean Connery struggled to maintain the famous James Bond cool at an SNP rally in Edinburgh yesterday.

Perhaps saving the world was never this tough. With 10 days to go to elections to the new Scottish Parliament, polls show the Scottish National Party's vote plummeting. The pressure is on "Scotland's most famous living Scot", with "Scotland forever" tattooed on his 68-year-old arm, who is the beleaguered SNP's ace card.

That explains why the SNP leader, Alex Salmond, who shared the stage with Mr Connery, slipped him the occasional glance of adoration - or desperation - and why the Big Screen's sexiest pensioner looked so peculiarly ill at ease performing before an audience of just 300. Mr Connery seemed to find the 45-minute wait for his lines excruciating.

Nerves were betrayed in the sweet he sucked, regular and unnecessary clearing of the throat and hands that definitely trembled. But once he took centre stage the old gravel-voiced charm surfaced. And, when he turned on the media, so was the menace of so many screen roles.

He was reading his speech, he said, because he was unable to trust his emotions. "I have

BY MARY BRAID

never witnessed," the actor explained, "such shameful abuse by the Scottish media ... and I am angry." The crowd had already given Mr Connery a rapturous welcome. But his attack on the press brought the wildest applause.

Last week, Mr Connery, in Edinburgh with a posse of American TV and film executives to promote his new film and the dream of a Scottish film industry, found himself in a rabid aggressive pose on the front of Scotland's dominant tabloid, the *Daily Record*. The headline suggested Mr Connery, lampooned regularly as the Member for the Bahamas because his exile there means he does not qualify for a vote, had just seen the latest opinion polls. Mr Connery says the picture was a week old and that he was set up.

Yesterday a stony-faced Mr Connery warned that media bias threatened the democracy of the Holyrood Parliament, just as "control freaks" had deflated the enthusiasm of the 1997 devolution vote with "fear and intimidation".

He was undoubtedly referring to the negative election campaign run by Labour, a new Connery enemy since the party reportedly denied him a knighthood last year. Earlier,

of how Donald Dewar the Secretary of State for Scotland, and the Chancellor Gordon Brown had "scrambled to have their picture taken with Sean" in the run-up to the devolution vote.

Both Labour and the SNP have courted Mr Connery. Yet there is no conclusive evidence that endorsement, even by 007, cuts with the public. In an entirely unscientific and narrow (four men on the street) poll conducted by *The Independent* yesterday, 100 per cent of those questioned said Mr Connery's appearance at the SNP rally would not affect their vote.

"He's been out of the country for decades," said one. "How does he know what's good for me?" Another suggested that nationalist sentiment seemed to increase with the number of years in exile, and the distance the exile lived from home. The Bahamas, he pointed out, was a long way away, and Mr Connery had been there a very long time.

Even for some party insiders the emphasis on Mr Connery only exposes the flimsiness of the SNP's election campaign. But the delegates at least seemed to be buoyed by 007's appearance. When party veteran Winnie Ewing was kissed by Mr Connery there were a few gasps. Would Winnie ever wash again?

Planet Holyrood,  
Review Front

## SNP winning argument but losing support

BY FRAN ABRAMS  
Westminster Correspondent

THE SCOTTISH National Party gleaned a few crumbs of comfort yesterday from signs that public opinion was shifting against Nato's Kosovo bombing campaign. The latest ICM poll for *The Scotsman* newspaper showed support for the bombings waning slightly as backing for a land war increased.

The poll also suggested four out of five Scots supported the SNP's pledge to keep income tax the same rather than implementing Labour's planned 1p cut. But despite this, the nationalists still appeared to be heading for disaster in the vote on 6 May.

Just 29 per cent said they would support the SNP in the first vote, for an individual candidate, and 28 per cent in the second, for a party. The poll predicted Labour would receive 47 per cent of the vote in the first poll and 46 in the second.

Such a result would leave Labour with 62 seats, three short of an overall majority and two more than suggested by the previous poll two weeks ago.

It would give the SNP 38 seats, down four on the previous

land." Mr Swinney said. "Labour's penny bribe is hugely unpopular because people know that we cannot protect and invest in our key public services with a London Labour Tory-style tax agenda."

Meanwhile, the focus of the three other parties' campaigns turned to education, with the Conservatives and Liberal Democrats both promising to abolish charges for university tuition fees.

The Scottish Conservative leader, David McLetchie, said the move could be funded through a £40m cut in Scotland's £15bn public funding grant. The Conservatives also hoped to make savings by abolishing local authorities and cutting the administrative costs of schools.

The Liberal Democrats promised to find an extra £250m a year for education and health, while Labour promised to spend £12m from its Comprehensive Spending Review on 5,000 places for under-threes in Community First Steps Centres, which would offer services to both children and parents.

## Labour warns against apathy

BY BARRIE CLEMENT AND TONY HEATH

CONCERN IS mounting at senior levels of the Labour Party that it will fail to win an overall majority in the Welsh Assembly amid signs that its leader may be denied a seat.

An increasingly anxious party headquarters in Cardiff urged members yesterday to turn out in force on 6 May, especially in the critical mid and west Wales region where Alun Michael, Tony Blair's favourite for First Secretary, heads Labour's "top-up list".

The Institute of Welsh Politics said that a detailed reassessment of recent poll findings showed the chances of Mr Michael being elected were "too close to call".

Peter Hain, Labour campaign co-ordinator, wrote to 5,000 members, warning them that apathy was the enemy. He said that if Labour supporters backed the party's "first past the post" candidate in their constituency, but then switched their second "top-up" vote to another party, Labour might not achieve a majority in the 60-strong assembly.

WILLIAM WALLACE entered the Scottish Parliament elections yesterday, with no sign of waging the kind of bloody campaign associated with his 13th-century namesake. This Wallace is a mild-mannered family man - despite the blue face paint and leather bodice.

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THE INDEPENDENT  
Tuesday 27 April 1999



ATAL BEHARI VAJPAEE  
His Bharatiya Janata Party squeaked into power last year. Many cheered when government staged nuclear tests, but euphoria faded as food prices rocketed.



JAYARAM JAYALALITHA  
If the next election results in as finely balanced government as the last, she could hold power with her MPs from the All-India Anna Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam.



SONIA GANDHI  
As president of Congress, Sonia Gandhi has helped the party to improve its standing at state level. Her name and her widowhood help to pull in votes in the countryside.



JYOTI BASU  
The communist Chief Minister of West Bengal. Congress rejected the attempt at the weekend to thrust him into the breach and make him prime minister.



LALOO PRASAD YADAV  
Chief minister of Bihar until removed last year because of corruption charges. Controls the Rashtriya Janata Dal party, which could hold balance of power.

## FOREIGN NEWS/11

# Collapse of coalition talks propels India into election

By PETER POPHAM  
in Delhi

INDIA. THE stop-go state, went into stop mode yesterday when party leaders and the President admitted failure in their attempts to find an alternative to the government toppled by a single vote 10 days ago. The caretaker Prime Minister, Atal Behari Vajpayee, asked the President to dissolve the Lok Sabha (House of Commons) and elections will be called shortly - India's third in three years.

After more than a week of feverish talks between parties, India's political stalemate proved terminal. The Hindu nationalist Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP), which headed the fragile coalition and lost a vote of confidence on 17 April by 270 votes to 269, was unable to lure even a single MP across the barricades.

Congress fared no better. On Tuesday, the Congress president, Sonia Gandhi, told President K R Narayanan she was in a position to form a new government, with the support of 272 MPs. But an important ally that had pledged support changed its mind. Congress had hoped to take power with the support of left-wing and lower-caste parties. Among them was the Samajwadi Party, led by Mulayam Singh Yadav.



Visitors leaving the parliament building in Delhi yesterday as the country faces another election

Reuters

At state level Mr Yadav's party was locked in battle with Congress and he was forced to renege on his promise.

After Congress admitted failure, the Third Force, which as the United Front was the previous government, thrust forward the West Bengal communist leader Jyoti Basu as its choice for prime minister. With support from Congress, it

might have worked. But Congress decided that even a mid-term election - the 5th such election since 1979 - was preferable to such a messy fudge.

Thus the BJP's first extended spell in government ended in confusion. The surprise is that it lasted as long as it did, and that was Mrs Gandhi's doing. From the start, the prima donna of Tamil Nadu, Jayaram Jayalalitha, had threatened to withdraw her vital 18 MPs if the government failed to do her bidding. Mr Vajpayee did what was politically feasible to keep her happy, but her demands were outrageous. Frustrated, she might have pulled the plug at any moment, but for more than a year Mrs Gandhi gave her no encouragement. Only in the past month did Congress ap-

peal to hoarding by BJP supporters bent on making money while the BJP sun shone and confident (rightly so) that the government would not dare to act against them.

The other stain on the BJP's record was the licence given to fanatical groups on the extreme right of the nationalist movement to attack Christians with impunity.

In four key states Congress support is on the rise. For millions in the countryside Sonia, despite her Italian origin, is a Gandhi and a figure around whom the party has united. That is enough.

## Peking may outlaw cult behind rally

BY TERESA POOLE  
in Peking

ers staged a sit-down outside Zhongnanhai. The State Council leadership instructed personnel from the complaints bureau to engage in persuasion and dissuasion work," said a State Council spokeswoman for the government. "Regarding some qigong and bodybuilding activities, to our understanding, all levels of government have never banned them."

Across China, Falun Gong adherents follow the teachings and supposedly health-giving meditation and martial arts techniques of Li Hongzhi, a 47-year-old qigong master now living in New York. His main book has been banned in China, and Falun Gong has no status as an official religion, but Mr Li's followers have created the biggest non-government movement in China, and one that vents its displeasure when irked.

Falun Gong says it is not a political movement, but to Peking's eyes it represents a force the government does not control. Qigong is a traditional Chinese



Police quiz people at the Falun Gong protest

martial art, but Mr Li's version also includes warnings about modern consumer society, as well as enthusiasm for levitation. Yesterday the Religious Affairs Bureau declined to say whether the government considered Falun Gong a cult and therefore banned. "It's up to the Public Security Ministry to decide whether it's a cult," one bureau official said. "We're not clear on this matter," a Public Security Ministry official said.

Rong Yi, a spokesman for Mr Li in New York, said the Falun Gong followers had been angry

about an incident last week in Tianjin, 60 miles from Peking, where a youth magazine criticised the cult, prompting a protest in that city. Mr Li said the police had "used force" to break up that demonstration, and detained some believers for a short period of time.

It appears that through a network of Falun Gong martial arts teachers, the word was spread that followers should make their way to Peking to show their displeasure. And somehow the security forces failed to notice this huge influx of people.

## One man and his tricky cats

STREET LIFE  
SAMOTECHNY LANE, MOSCOW

"SHOW ME how you laugh at my house," says the clown, holding out a microphone into the front row.

"Tee hee hee," goes an embarrassed girl.

"Call that a laugh?" demands the clown. "Now I'll show you how to laugh."

"Just try, mate," the boy next to me mutters.

The famous Yuri Kuklachov has brought his unique Cat Theatre to Kuzminki, a working-class suburb of Moscow. I have come with a friend, who organises outings for deprived children.

The boy beside me is from this group, a cynical 11-year-old called Fedya. "I bet the cats fall and splat like mince-meat," he says.

The children, and the adults who have rediscovered the child in themselves, may be receptive but Kuklachov is going to have to work hard to win over such sneering teenagers.

Actually, I am rather sceptical, too. As a cat owner, I know the truth of the old joke where the dog says to himself: "He feeds me, he strokes me, he must be God."

The cat says: "He feeds me, he strokes me, I must be God."

You can never make a cat do what it does not want to do.

But of course Kuklachov,

who has been working with

cats for 25 years, knows that

and always goes with rather

than against their instincts.

The show opens with the

clown setting out a picnic

and the cats stealing titbits. It

is nature, but choreographed.

A ginger cat enters, seem-

ing to push a pram contain-

ing a tiny dog. "You can see

the wires," says Fedya.

"That's because the pram is

heavy," I say, "but could you

make your cat stand up on its

back legs and strut across the

stage like that?"

The acts become increas-

Typical, you're not even thinking about a holiday and twenty five come along at once.

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## Weathermen face grapes of wrath

BY CLAIRE SOARES  
in Paris

EVERYONE MOANS that the weathermen always get it wrong, but few would think of suing meteorologists for their mistakes. But that is exactly what a group of French wine producers from the Perigord region want to do.

The vine-growers are furious that Météo-France, the main French weather forecasters, failed to warn them about a heavy hailstorm that struck the area last Wednesday.

They claim that their harvest has been destroyed - an economic catastrophe for the area - and they are demanding just

vine, and those remaining have been bruised. "Our whole harvest has been lost and it has made men of all ages cry," said Mr Roger.

Hail has always posed a problem in the area. Ten years ago, the wine producers invested in 72 hail-cannons, which are managed by the group Lutte Contre La Grêle (Battle Against Hail). With three hours' warning of a hail-storm, the group will fire chemical crystals from the cannons into the clouds to prevent hailstones forming.

According to the Chamber of Agriculture, 2,080 hectares of vines suffered severe damage, and a further 5,230 hectares were mildly affected. Grapes have been detached from the

vine, and those remaining have been bruised. "Our whole harvest has been lost and it has made men of all ages cry," said Mr Roger.

Hail has always posed a problem in the area. Ten years ago, the wine producers invested in 72 hail-cannons, which are managed by the group Lutte Contre La Grêle (Battle Against Hail). With three hours' warning of a hail-storm, the group will fire chemical crystals from the cannons into the clouds to prevent hailstones forming.

He added: "With all the progress that has been made in forecasting, people seem to think we are infallible - but there is always some risk of error."

genc. Mr Lopez, a spokesman for the south-west office, told *The Independent*: "Until this year we had a contract with Lutte Contre La Grêle, but the 1998 contract has not yet been signed.

"Even though there was no direct contractual obligation, we informed the group of a grade B warning [a moderate chance of a storm]."

He added: "With all the progress that has been made in forecasting, people seem to think we are infallible - but there is always some risk of error."

The acts become increas-

ingly spectacular. Cats walk the high wire and fly out over the audience on swings. The black and white Sosiskin (Little Sausage) climbs an eight-metre pole, the drums roll and he jumps, "without parachute or gas mask", into Kuklachov's arms.

The cats' feats are interspersed with acts by promising child circus performers. At the end, Kuklachov throws giant plastic balls out for the audience to punch back and forth. Forgetting his street cred, Fedya leaps from his seat to join in.

In his field, Kuklachov is as great as Rudolf Nureyev was in ballet. "Love is the key," he says. "I hate the circus because everything there is achieved by force. This is not circus, it's theatre. The cats are playing for pleasure."

While he peels off his false nose, Kuklachov tells me that nine years ago he lived and worked in Blackpool. Because of British quarantine laws, he could not take his own cats, raised from kittens, but he managed with a temporary troupe adopted from the RSPCA. "I can communicate with any cat," he says.

Homesickness propelled him back to Russia, where he nearly went out of business as the state, generous in Communist times, stopped subsidising the arts. A pet food firm now sponsors him and donates 120 tins of meat a day - one for each cat.

Kuklachov gives me a book of tricks you can do at home. I am also carrying an armful of posters signed by the clown.

"Can I have one of those?" asks Fedya.

"You liked the show, then?"

"It wasn't bad." From an 11-year-old who has seen it all, this is praise indeed.

HELEN WOMACK

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# BUSINESS

## BRIEFING

### Terranova boosts Unigate defence

TERRANOVA FOODS, the chilled food producer, bolstered its defence against the hostile £225m bid from Unigate yesterday when it issued strong first-quarter profits. Reporting a 13 per cent rise in profits to £3m for the three months to the end of March, Terranova said the company was well placed to deliver good underlying growth.

The company said these prospects were underpinned by strategic initiatives, including expansion in continental Europe. In Terranova's last chance to issue fresh information on the bid, Terry Stannard urged shareholders to reject it, saying: "Unigate is trying to win the company on the cheap."

### Cruickshank named SMG chairman

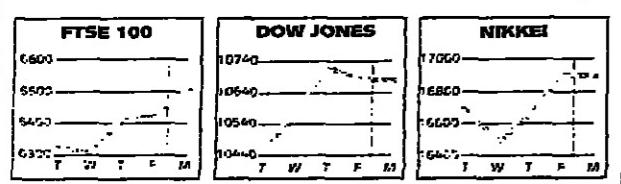
DON CRUIKSHANK (pictured), the former head of telecoms watchdog Ofcom, has been appointed chairman of Scottish Media Group, the owner of Scottish Television, Grampian Television and the *Glasgow Herald*.

Mr Cruickshank rejected suggestions there was a conflict of interest as he also advises Lord Hollick, chairman of United News and Media, on the company's bid for a third-generation mobile telephone licence. United is a possible bidder for SMG, which was put into play last month after Mirror Group sold its 18.6 per cent stake to Granada. Mr Cruickshank, who also chairs the Action 2000 millennium bug taskforce and the review of UK banking, will spend one day a week at SMG.

### Cable & Wireless in £550m sale

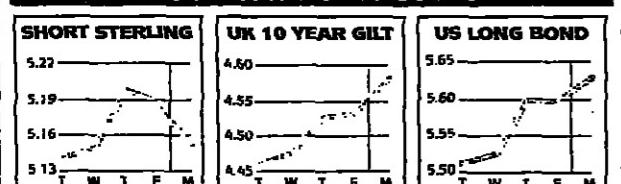
CABLE & WIRELESS is to raise £550m by selling its submarine cable-laying operation to Global Crossing in a deal which marks a further withdrawal from peripheral businesses. Cable & Wireless Global Marine has a fleet of 13 ships and 21 subsea vehicles and is one of the world's leading installers of undersea fibre optic cable systems.

### STOCK MARKETS



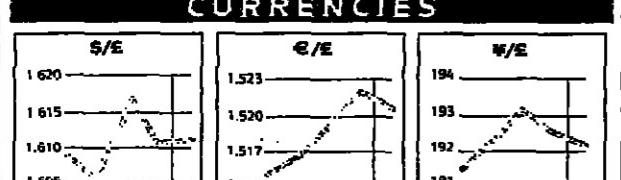
Index	Close	Change	Chg %	52 wks high	52 wks low	Yield (%)
FTSE 100	6500.60	-75.60	-1.1%	6539.80	5499.20	2.47
FTSE 250	5728.60	-4.10	-0.07	5970.90	4247.60	3.04
FTSE 350	3107.10	-30.80	-1.0%	3110.80	2210.40	2.55
FTSE All Share	3003.77	-29.09	-0.98	3010.52	2143.53	2.63
FTSE SmallCap	2533.90	-11.70	-0.4%	2793.20	1854.40	4.20
FTSE MidCap	1377.40	-8.20	-0.6%	1517.10	1046.20	3.41
FTSE AIM	929.30	-9.60	-1.0%	1146.50	761.30	1.09
FTSE Eurotop 100	3014.67	-30.65	-1.0%	3074.27	2018.15	1.85
FTSE Eurotop 300	1307.54	-10.63	-0.8%	1332.07	820.63	1.90
Dow Jones	10677.93	-12.89	-0.12	10755.74	7400.30	1.51
Nikkei	16918.51	-4.74	-0.03	17156.05	12787.90	0.75
Hong Kong	12127.02	-221.72	-1.7%	13364.42	6564.79	2.65
Dax	5356.22	-60.60	-1.1%	6217.83	3833.71	1.56
S&P 500	1357.50	-0.72	-0.05	1363.70	923.32	1.18
Nasdaq	2688.61	-47.92	-1.8%	2630.52	1357.09	0.27
Toronto 300	7045.90	-21.01	-0.3%	7787.90	5320.90	1.48
Brazil Bovespa	11054.95	-14.12	-0.13	11826.67	4575.69	2.35
Belgium Bel20	3244.67	-11.33	-0.35	3713.21	2696.26	1.99
Amsterdam Exch	565.78	-4.55	-0.81	600.65	366.58	1.83
France CAC 40	4284.60	-21.97	-0.52	4416.00	2881.21	1.68
Milan MIB30	36172.00	-341.00	-0.93	39170.00	24715.00	1.12
Madrid Iber 35	9907.20	-5.60	0.0%	10989.80	6869.90	1.81
Irish Overall	5298.45	-29.46	-0.55	5454.25	2732.57	1.46
S Korea Comp	776.30	-25.31	-3.37	780.73	277.37	0.89
Australia ASX	3129.70	-8.00	-0.26	3134.50	2386.70	2.99

### INTEREST RATES



MONEY MARKET RATES		BOND YIELDS		
Index	3 months	Yr Ago	Yr Ago	
UK	5.33	-2.17	5.37	-1.09
US	5.00	-0.69	5.27	-0.65
Japan	0.14	-0.20	0.47	-0.14
Germany	2.59	-1.05	2.68	-1.25

### CURRENCIES



POUND		DOLLAR	
At 5pm	Change	*W Ago	*W Ago
Dollar	1.6108	-0.42c	1.6730
Euro	1.5222	+0.22c	1.4079
Yen	192.20	-0.59c	221.31
E Index	104.20	+0.00	105.90

### OTHER INDICATORS

Class	Oug	Yr Ago	Index	Clg	Yr Ago	Next Rgs
Brent Crd (\$)	15.80	-0.11	13.24	GDP	115.40	3.00 112.04 Mar
Gold (\$)	281.05	-2.50	312.65	RPI	164.10	2.10 160.72 Mar
Silver (\$)	5.15	-0.04	6.32	Base Rates	5.25	7.25 Mar

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### TOURIST RATES

Australia (\$)	2.3879	Mexican (nuevo peso)	13.98
Austria (schillings)	20.28	New Zealand (\$)	3.2528
Belgium (francs)	59.67	Norway (kroner)	12.30
Canada (\$)	2.3228	Portugal (escudos)	294.70
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8516	Singapore (\$)	2.6315
Denmark (krone)	11.03	South Africa (rand)	9.4569
Finland (markka)	8.8075	Spain (pesetas)	245.31
France (francs)	9.6927	Sweden (kronor)	13.23
Germany (marks)	2.8987	Switzerland (francs)	2.3752
Greece (drachma)	482.54	Thailand (bahts)	55.37
Hong Kong (\$)	12.13	Turkey (lira)	599845
Ireland (pounds)	1.1616	USA (\$)	1.5778
Indian (rupees)	62.33		
Israel (shekels)	6.0096		
Italy (lira)	2874		
Japan (yen)	188.35		
Malaysia (ringgit)	5.8550		
Malta (lira)	0.6250		

Rates for indication purposes only

# B&B vows to fight predators as 62% vote for conversion

BRADFORD & Bingley yesterday vowed to resist predatory approaches and to become an independent high-street lender after 62 per cent of members who voted backed conversion to a bank.

After the annual meeting in a marquee on a cricket pitch in Bingley, West Yorkshire, next to the society's headquarters, executives said the society's conversion would take the form of an independent listing on the London Stock Exchange. This is likely to take place within 15 months after members formally approve conversion plans.

Lindsay MacKinlay, B&B chairman, said there was a duty to consider approaches from interested bidders if it affected the value of the society when it converts. "It would be most unwelcome, but the board would obviously have to think about the options," he said.

Analysts believe Bradf ord & Bingley would have a duty to consider approaches from interested bidders if it affected the value of the society when it converts. "There is still time to stress, by fighting like political lions, that members should still vote against conversion. The board should carry on that fight."

By ANDREW VERTIY

sexist. Last year the society made post-tax profits of £34m, up 33 per cent on the previous year.

Christopher Rodrigues, chief executive of B&B since 1996, said he was disappointed by the vote, which represents an emphatic rejection of his arguments in favour of mutuality. "I am very sad about what happened today, but democracy has taken its path and I happen to believe in democracy."

He insisted there was nothing to prevent him continuing as chief executive. He still believed in the principle of mutuality, but customer service would not be affected. "I will do everything in my power to carry out the members' wishes going forward."

Executives admitted savings rates would go down and mortgage rates up as a result of the vote. They said the society would have to be more efficient, suggesting further cost cuts are likely. They declined to comment on a likely level of redundancies.

After closing to new savings customers for four months, Bradford & Bingley will reopen products to new customers.

Analysts believe an independent B&B would achieve a market capitalisation of between £2.5bn and £3bn if it floats. The society has 220 building society branches, 40 local agencies and 370 estate agents. It also has 7,700 staff and reserves of £1bn.

Recently B&B revamped its image after research showed that the bowler-hatted image of Mr Bradford and Mr Bingley was

Outlook, page 13



Bradford & Bingley members arrive at the annual meeting in Bingley to cast their votes

Simon Ryder

## Plumber who took quiet approach

STEPHEN MAJOR, the man who ended the 148-year history of Bradford & Bingley as a building society, said he was returning to obscurity yesterday after a four-month spell as a minor celebrity, writes Andrew Vertiy.



# Hail Morgan Grenfell, comeback kings

**News Analysis:** The asset manager sent reeling by the fallout from the Nicola Horlick and Peter Young affairs has returned to the top

By LEA PATERSON

JUST two-and-a-half years after it became embroiled in one of the most notorious financial scandals of recent times, Morgan Grenfell, the asset management arm of Deutsche Bank, is outperforming almost every other major UK fund manager.

Unlike most of its peers, Morgan Grenfell beat the FTSE All-Share index in 1998, with its flagship pooled pension fund returning 16.4 per cent over the 12 months. It won £5bn of net new business last year, more than any other major UK house – not bad at a time when active fund managers are under more pressure to match the performance of tracker funds. "People have certainly been surprised at how well they've done," said one competitor.

It's all a far cry from a couple of years ago when the prospects of Morgan Grenfell – then known as Morgan Grenfell Asset Management (MGAM) – had been all but written off by the investment community. MGAM was reeling from the double whammy of Nicola Horlick – the so-called Superwoman who left the amid claims that she was plotting to defect to a rival bank – and the Peter Young scandal.

Peter Young, one of MGAM's star fund managers, was suspended after a series of "irregularities" were discovered in a number of his funds. Deutsche, MGAM's parent, bailed out investors to the tune of almost £200m, several MGAM senior managers were unceremoniously sacked, and Mr Young became the subject of a lengthy investigation by the Serious Fraud Office that still continues.

The speed of Deutsche's bailout was one reason why the damage to MGAM's reputation was not as bad as feared. But it is only part of the story. According to management at Morgan Grenfell, there were at least two other reasons why the company was able to come back so strongly. First, internal measures – a lot of time and energy was devoted into persuading MGAM fund managers to stay. And second, solid investment performance.

Karl Sternberg, deputy chief investment officer at Morgan Grenfell, said: "We would have lost clients in large numbers if we'd lost fund managers at large numbers. But we didn't."

On investment performance, Morgan Grenfell profited from spotting a series of investment trends its major competitors failed to notice. The company realised early on that the so-called "new industries" such as pharmaceuticals were characterised by high entry barriers and clear sources of competitive advantage – both good news for earnings. Unlike many peers, Morgan Grenfell did not pile into more traditional UK industries, arguing that a combination of excess capacity and low inflation would harm their ability to generate quality earnings growth.

According to Mr Sternberg, Morgan Grenfell has also realised the limits of active fund management – the company

only takes bets when it feels it can win. For example, it has refused to try to call the markets. Many UK fund managers – most notably Phillips & Drew – moved heavily into cash in the mid-1990s amid fears the bull run was about to end. Morgan Grenfell resisted the temptation, arguing it was virtually impossible to call the market at the right time. "One area where we have added

value is that, unlike many competitors, we haven't made the cash call," says Mr Sternberg.

Other Morgan Grenfell peers – including Merrill Lynch Mercury Asset Management – have been criticised for failing to rein in their fund managers. Although Morgan Grenfell fund managers are allowed a degree of discretion, the key allocation decisions – such as the weight-

ing given to cash or to bonds – is made by a central committee.

Fund managers are only allowed to vary by 1 per cent from the committee's decisions.

However, Morgan Grenfell cannot claim all the credit for their recent solid run. Put simply, its competition – at least among UK active managers – hasn't been up to much. The other major houses – Mercury,

Asset Management (AM), Gartmore, Schroders – have consistently underperformed.

AM is also struggling with the fallout from its spat with Unilever which is attempting to sue AM for its poor performance in 1997, while Phillips & Drew has seen its reputation tarnished by its move into cash.

Where does Morgan Grenfell go from here? It cannot count on

continued underperformance from its rivals. Indeed, the signs are that Morgan Grenfell's competitors have already begun to get their act together. Mercury, for example, has won \$3bn (£2.5bn) of new business in the first quarter of this year, more than in any year before it was bought by the US bank Merrill Lynch.

Morgan Grenfell, like its rivals, is also going to have to contend with the growing competitive challenge from passive fund management. And, although the company's institutional reputation may be flourishing, retail investors are still wary – Peter Young's decision to appear in court to answer fraud charges dressed as a woman only served to remind retail customers of the scandal that engulfed the firm a few years ago.

But perhaps the most serious challenge facing Morgan Grenfell is its parent company's merger with Bankers Trust of the US. The uncertainty caused by the BT deal has caused all sorts of problems in other parts of Deutsche's franchise, but the asset management business has, at least until now, remained largely immune.

Publicly, of course, Morgan Grenfell is confident the merger will be nothing but good news. Privately, both inside and outside the firm, there are doubts about how well the risk-averse culture that pervades Morgan Grenfell will go down with the innovative and brash fund BT managers.

That said, if a company can successfully cope both with losing a fund manager with the profile of Nicola Horlick and with the fallout from the Peter Young scandal, dealing with a merger or two should, in theory, be a breeze.



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Diane Coyle in Washington reports on plans to ease hardship and handle future crises

## Financial crisis hampers effort to cut world poverty

UK will vet BAe-Marconi merger

BY MICHAEL HARRISON  
Business Editor

single European aerospace and defence company.

The UK's success in wresting the merger from Brussels means that it will be examined by the Office of Fair Trading, which will submit a recommendation to ministers after a six-week investigation.

Senior BAe and GEC executives remain confident the deal will avoid a referral to the new Competition Commission and believe it could be approved by the summer.

Under its terms deal shareholders will receive 1.17 billion BAe shares, giving them a 37 per cent stake in the enlarged company. BAe will take on £1.55bn of debt and pay GEC a further £440m in loan stock.

The merger will create the biggest defence contractor in Europe and the third-largest in the world, with combined sales of \$20bn (£12.3bn) and could produce £275m of savings a year. The cost of implementing the merger will be around £200m.

Jürgen Schrempp, Dasa chairman, has since warned that the BAe-Marconi deal has killed any chance of creating a

THE LONG MARCH towards the reduction of poverty has been stalled by the financial crisis of the past two years, according to a new report from the World Bank yesterday.

The report concludes there are some encouraging trends, but warns that new inequalities between rich and poor countries are emerging in cyberspace, with little Internet access in the developing world.

"This has been more than a financial crisis. This has been a crisis of institutions not robust enough to sustain the force of an increasingly global economy," said James Wolfensohn, the World Bank president.

The report highlights some additional inequalities stemming from access to new technologies. Computer and telecommunications technologies can in principle allow poor countries to leapfrog the old technologies that are still widespread in the industrial world.

For instance, in the Philippines and Sri Lanka there is a much higher ratio of mobile telephones to land lines than there is in European states such as Belgium and France. Some sub-Saharan countries, including Botswana, Djibouti and Ghana, already have fully digital telephone networks.

For example, GDP per head has grown faster in the rich countries, reaching 2.3 per cent growth between 1965 and 1997, compared with 1.4 per cent for low income countries.

In the poorest countries, such as Niger, Uganda and Guinea-Bissau, more than half the population lives on less than one dollar a day.

Even so, the poorer nations lag far behind in the number of mobile phones in use, with just 1 per 1,000 of the population compared with 189 in the richest countries, and 16 fixed telephone lines per thousand compared with 506.

There are similar disparities in computer and Internet access. Two in every thousand people in poor countries have access to a personal computer, while more than one in four do so in the rich countries. There is less than one Internet host for every 10,000 people in the low income countries, and 375 per 10,000 in the high income ones.

There are exceptions, of course. Cuba has as many Internet hosts per capita as France, while South Africa and Venezuela rival Portugal. Among the emerging regions, Latin America boasts by far the greatest computer access. But the region ranks second to central and eastern Europe in Internet access. South Asia lags far behind in both cases, despite India's reputation for strength in the software industry.

There is much else to be gloomy about as the century draws to an end. Increases in life expectancy in sub-Saharan

Africa in recent decades have in many countries been wiped out by the spread of HIV and AIDS.

The growth of the school-age population in countries of the developing world has outpaced primary school enrolments. Living standards in Russia and Eastern Europe have dived since 1989. What's more, levels of foreign aid have fallen to their lowest in almost compared with 506.

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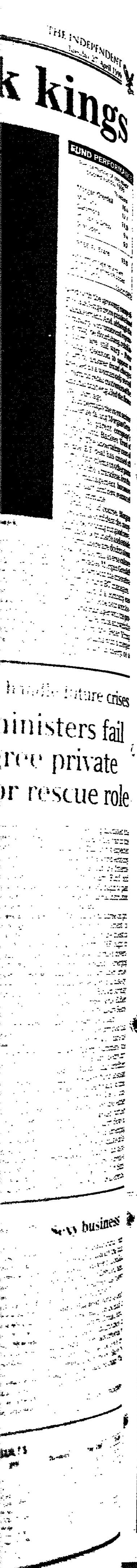
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52 week	High	Low	Stock	Price	Chg.	Td.	P/E	Div.	Yld.	PE Ratio	52 week	High	Low	Stock	Price	Chg.	Td.	P/E	Div.	Yld.	PE Ratio
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# Hanson gives strong base for FTSE rally

HANSON PROVIDED a solid foundation for a strong rally in the FTSE 100 yesterday, as dealers prepared for a positive trading update from the former conglomerate.

The building materials group, risen from the ashes of Lord Hanson's sprawling empire, cemented a 53p increase to 621.5p ahead of a major European roadshow.

The market believes that the company will this week delight confidential investors with a raft of bullish news. The focus will be on the US, where Hanson derives around half its £1.8bn turnover. Over the next five years, demand for the group's products will be boosted by a multi-billion dollar roadbuilding

LINDEN, a tiny housebuilder, was in demand yesterday amid talk that a large development is about to be given the go-ahead.

The shares built a 15.5p rise to an all-time high of 226p on whispers that the group is soon to be granted planning permission to develop a 5-acre site.

The development, which should include houses and some retail space, could add over £2m to the group's book value.

programme funded by the US government.

Hanson is expected to tell European fund managers that it is ideally-placed to take advantage of the road bonanza, having bought several small building materials businesses in the US in recent times.

Other bolt-on buys could be on the cards. Hanson's field day was completed by speculation that it might bid 200p per share for Alexander Russell, up 40p to 167.5p. The tiny building materials business was in takeover talks with RMC, which owns a 25 per cent stake, but the discussions founders after a disagreement on price.

The FTSE 100 had an odd day, finishing sharply higher on thin volume. The blue-chip index closed 7.6 higher at

## MARKET REPORT



**FRANCESCO GUERRERA**

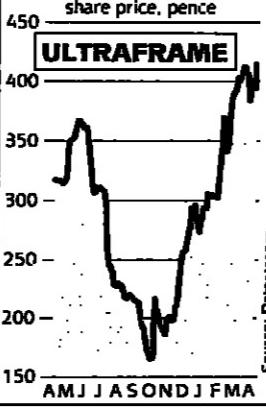
6,503.6, within a whisker of its all-time high, but the rise was confined to a few chosen stocks. The mid-cap was in subdued mood, scraping a 4.1p rise to 5,783.6. The small cap fared better ending 11.7 up to 5,533.9, another record for the year.

Telecoms were again all the rage among blue chips. Cable & Wireless soared 67p to 909p after selling its undersea cable business for a good price.

Rumours of a merger with France Telecom and of a sale of One2One continued to circulate. Orange dialled a 3p advance to 844p on whispers that the German giants Deutsche Telekom and Mannesmann could bid if they fail to buy One2One. Telewest Communications remained in the consolidation loop, putting on 14.5p to 297.5p. Cofet Telecom followed the pack, reaping a 44p reward to 1,146p.

BT was boosted by its investment in Japan Telecom. The deal, in partnership with AT&T, was well received, sending the shares 53p higher to 1,047p. The broker CSFB

## SHARE SPOTLIGHT



helped with positive noises on BT's residential and Internet revenues.

In a related sector, Flextech, the broadcast group, beamed 35p to a five-year high of 85.5p after Investec Henderson Croswaite increased its share price target by a whopping 27 per cent to 905p. Analyst Mathew Horsman likes the group's interactive shopping prospects and anticipates an important deal in digital television.

The Internet worked its magic on a couple of stocks. GEC logged on a 29.5p rise to 604.5p – a five-year peak – after consummating its long-awaited multi-billion pound deal. It bought the US Internet communications equipment group Fore for a mere £4.5bn.

WH Smith, the newsagent, finally announced details of its free web access and delivered a 38p rise to 778.5p.

Banking stocks were excited by the Bradford & Bingley vote to scrap its mutual status. The rumour mill started churning out names of potential bidders. Lloyds TSB, up 14p to 981p, and NatWest, 38p higher at 1,503, were mentioned.

Tesco took a battering, shedding 5p to 190.75p as worries over another price war prompted a downgrade from Morgan Stanley. Marks & Spencer lost another 6p to 448.25p as the Warren Buffet stake remained pie in the sky. Reckitt & Colman, the Harpic maker, slipped 14p to 717.5p on fears that one of its biggest shareholders may be looking for an exit. The fund manager Capital yesterday sold nearly 2 per cent of Reckitt, keeping just over 10 per cent.

Arriva, the transport group, was rocked by last week's bearish trading statement. It crashed 28.5p to 386.5p amid wild rumours that old accounts will have to be looked at again.

Bid rumours swept the undercard. Ultraframe, a maker of conservatory roofs, reached for the sky, rising 16p to an all-time high of 415.5p. There is some talk of a strike from cash-rich Hepworth, down 1p to 191.5p. Hepworth is also said to be looking at overseas building materials producers.

NETBET, an on-line bookmaker, yesterday marked its first day on the junior OTEX market with an astonishing rise.

The company, run by the bookie Mark Blandford, soared 102.5p to 172.5p as investors gambled on the success of the first-ever quoted Internet betting venture. NetBet, operated from an off-shore base to reduce tax liabilities, offers a 24-hour betting service on football, rugby, cricket and horses.

group Greycoat developed a 4p rise to 237p after confirming *The Independent's* story of a management buy-out funded by Mercury Asset Management.

The collapse of bid talks, probably with Spain's NH Hotels, unsettled Jarvis Hotels, which lost 20p to 189p. Bula Resources, an Irish oil minnow, firmed 0.25p to 1.25p on rumours that a large Lybian deal is near BATM, the information technology group, buzzed 63p higher to 585p after good results and rumours that a computer giant, possibly 3Com, IBM or Cisco, is building a 4.5 per cent stake.

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SEAG TRADES: 77,795  
GIILTS: 110.79-0.24

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# Ringing tills return retail stocks to favour

BY NIGEL COPE  
Associate City Editor

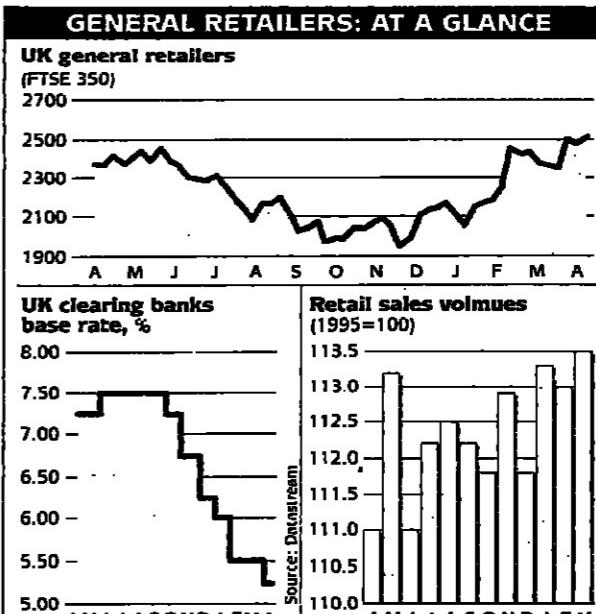
WITH THE UK ECONOMY seemingly heading for a soft landing, the stock market has started to view retail stocks more kindly. After a dreadful run last year, the general retail sector has enjoyed a strong rally since its low point at the beginning of December, rising by 25 per cent since then.

The rise has been fuelled by improving consumer confidence, which has been boosted by cuts in interest rates and signs of life in the housing market, while fading fears of financial meltdown in Russia and the Far East has boosted the FTSE 100 to near record levels.

Gradually, institutional investors have begun to move back to retail stocks, with some smaller caps making a come-back. But is the recovery sustainable, and have smaller investors missed the boat?

Views on the subject are mixed, but most analysts still see scope for value in stocks that have yet to enjoy the re-rating afforded to companies such as Next. Verdict, the retail consultants, feel the second half of this year will see an improvement in retail fortunes, helped by a "feel-good millennium factor".

Morgan Stanley recently upgraded its earnings estimates on Kingfisher, Dixons and New Look, saying: "With the UK housing market showing tentative signs of a more meaningful recovery and like-for-like retail sales volumes showing some recovery from the depressed



fourth quarter of last year, we are increasingly optimistic that the outlook for the second half of 1999 and for 2000 may not be as bad as we originally feared."

Other analysts are more cautious. John Richards at BT Alex Brown said: "I wouldn't call this a false dawn, but it is a gross exaggeration of how trading is for most retailers. Things have picked up from the nightmare scenario of the last quarter of last year, but retail sales growth is still half the level of a year ago."

Nick Bubb at SG Securities agreed: "Is there much difference for retailers between a hard and a soft landing? Possibly not. Consumers have regained a bit of confidence but are still price conscious. That is resulting in a high level of markdowns and continued pressure on margins. Profits are likely to remain under pressure too."

Mr Bubb points out that the weekly sales figures at John Lewis, one of the sector's bellwethers, are still below budget.

Analysts therefore urge caution in stock selection. But many agree on one thing – that the recent rise in Marks & Spencer shares has been overdone and bears little relation to the reality of the group's trading.

Mr Richards says the bounce in the shares shows "remarkable complacency about prospects". Mr Bubb says earnings estimates could still come down next month when M&S reports full-year results, while there is still talk of a possible dividend cut.

M&S's woes will also have a knock-on effect on the rest of the mainstream clothing sector as the wounded giant cuts prices to help stimulate demand. Companies in the firing line include Arcadia, Storehouse and House of Fraser.

Better value could be found with "cyclical plays" such as the furnishings sector. Analysts point out that sales of bigger ticket items, such as furniture and carpets, tend to lag the rest of the sector by about six months as interest-rate cuts take longer to filter through. The City likes Carpetright, which is the UK's market leader and well placed to capitalise on the problems of its main rival, Allied Carpets. DFS Furniture could also offer value on a forward multiple of 16.

Elsewhere BT Alex Brown likes Boots and Dixons. Although the price of the latter has been driven skyward by the valuation of Freeserve, its core business should also reap the benefits of the wave of new digital technology products.

Morgan Stanley has raised its target price on Kingfisher to 950p (830p yesterday), saying the proposed merger with Asda reinforces its positive view on the stock.

Its New Look target price has been raised to 270p (240p).

## Lacklustre PPL threatens US move

BY ANNA MINTON

PPL THERAPEUTICS, the company behind Dolly, the controversial cloned sheep, disappointed the City yesterday with lacklustre results for the year ending December.

The company also threatened to move to the United States if it could not secure funding for a new plant.

PPL is struggling to raise £45m to build a new facility in Scotland. It claims it has received offers from American states, including Virginia, but admits it could be difficult to persuade its scientists to make the move.

The plant would be used to

develop AAT, a cystic fibrosis treatment AAT, which aims to reduce the lung infections caused by cystic fibrosis, is derived from the milk of genetically modified sheep and is the group's most advanced product. It aims to begin phase three of clinical trials within the next year with the backing of a partner.

The City had expected the 35 per cent rise in pre-tax losses to £14.25m, but analysts said they had been hoping for an announcement regarding the partner needed to fund the

potential marketing partners are very positive". Nonetheless, analysts concede that the sector has suffered unduly from excessive hype which has fuelled unrealistic expectations.

"PPL is attractive," said Mr Woolf. "They are at a quarter of the price they were at when they went public, but they have clearly made progress since then with AAT."

Julie Simmons, biotech analyst at Beeson Gregory, said: "We're not quite as bullish as in the past, but we still consider that the shares are undervalued. On a fundamental basis they should be a buy."

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES									
Country	Sterling Spot	1 month	3 month	Dollar Spot	1 month	3 month	Euro	1 month	3 month
UK	1.0000	2.2705	2.4830	0.6207	0.6203	0.6211	0.6556	0.6207	0.6207
Australia	2.0948	2.0950	2.0952	1.3002	13.0000	12.995	13.7603	12.995	13.0000
Austria	30.948	20.957	20.922	1.1411	61.333	61.011	38.118	38.045	38.118
Belgium	61.411	61.333	61.011	1.4791	1.4790	1.4784	1.4790	1.4791	1.4790
Canada	2.3830	2.3843	2.3802	1.4791	7.0113	6.9520	7.2539	7.0113	7.0113
Denmark	11.119	11.308	11.257	0.9451	1.1526	1.1526	1.1526	1.1526	1.1526
Euro	9.0484	9.0369	8.9894	5.6163	5.6056	5.5834	5.9457	5.6163	5.6163
Finland	9.581	9.569	9.516	6.1952	6.1851	6.1697	6.5295	6.1952	6.1952
Germany	2.2705	2.2705	2.2705	1.1411	1.1411	1.1411	1.1411	1.1411	1.1411
Greece	436.68	436.72	436.62	308.16	309.36	311.56	326.06	308.16	308.16
Hong Kong	12.486	12.493	12.483	7.7486	7.7496	7.7531	8.2001	7.7486	7.7486
Ireland	1.1984	1.1984	1.1905	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474
Italy	12.22	12.22	12.22	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474	0.7474
Japan	191.22	191.58	190.18	19.31	18.84	18.84	18.84	19.31	19.31
Malaysia	6.1322	6.2592	6.4562	3.8000	3.8830	4.0100	4.0208	3.8000	3.8000
Netherlands	3.3490	3.3493	3.3314	2.0774	2.0774	2.0692	2.0737	2.0774	2.0774
New Zealand	2.3311	2.3333	2.3313	0.5497	1.8195	1.8192	1.9250	0.5497	0.5497
Norway	12.605	12.637	12.647	7.8245	7.8388	7.8552	7.8552	7.8245	7.8245
Portugal	305.07	304.68	304.68	1.6019	1.6019	1.6019	1.6019	1.6019	1.6019
Spain	1.1984	1.1984	1.1905	0.6207	0.6207	0.6207	0.6207	0.	

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# SPORT

**Football:** Departing Benfica manager laughs off white handkerchiefs as he looks forward to family life

## Souness unmoved at mock farewell

HALF THE capacity crowd at the Stadium of Light in Lisbon were waving white handkerchiefs the other week in mock farewell to Benfica's outgoing manager as a police escort led him away. Sacked for only the second time in his long and successful career, he not only has seen the season out first before departing, but has already met his successor. And no, he is not walking straight back into employment in Britain.

So how is Graeme Souness faring these days? Strangely, as he returns from a walk with his pregnant wife, Karen, and his beloved dogs in the grounds that surround his new Hampshire home near Winchester, the man is smiling. "I've had many of my football friends contacting me to express their sorrow at my sacking," he says, as he settles down in the living room.

"I have to tell them that I'm happy. I'm coming home to my wife, who is expecting in August, I've got a brand new lawnmower that I intend to use very shortly, I'm going to enjoy living in a house I've had for three years but barely slept in, and, most important of all, I'm going to see much more of my family. On a professional note I have a nice feeling about myself. Only I understand the true difficulties of the Benfica job and I know, under the circumstances, that I did bloody well. So no, it's not bravado. I'm truly a very happy man."

He seems it, as well. In truth, he's been half expecting the chop for much of his 18-month spell in Lisbon, a period which makes him the longest-serving coach at the club for six years. "I was promised \$50 million (£31m) to spend on constructing a squad capable of becoming champions again, and a force in Europe," the 45-year-old former Rangers, Liverpool, Galatasaray, Torino and Southampton manager explains. "I've actually spent \$500,000. Any other buys came from money generated by ourselves."

"Within three months I realised it was going to be very, very tough. Benfica have the most demanding group of fans I've ever come across, far, far more than Rangers or Liverpool. They think Benfica have a God-given right to be the best in Europe. But the club's been mismanaged for years now. They haven't won a league title for five years which, for a club supported by 60 per cent of the Portuguese population, is considered unforgivable. And they're still in the region of 240 million in debt."

Despite all this, Souness, together with his trusty lieutenant, Phil Boersma, hauled Benfica up from sixth to the runners-up spot in the league last season behind Porto and a place in the Champions League. It should have been time to celebrate, but Souness understood what this achievement meant.

"Coming second gave me a little



IAN STAFFORD

leeway, but it wasn't regarded as a great feat. I knew that there would be only one outcome this season if we failed to win the championship. I'm a big boy, I've been in the game now a long, long time and once I had come to terms with the way it is in a Latin country where there is just one giant club I was able to accept anything and everything."

The axe fell officially after Benfica went down 2-1 to lowly Braga last week, but Souness knew his time was up after his team of Portuguese and cheap British imports fell 0-3 at home to joint second-placed Boavista. "It was a bad result, of course, although the scoreline wasn't a fair reflection on the game. It was played in front of 80,000 people. In our next home game 15,000 turned up. It's the nature of the beast, I'm afraid."

The president asked me to come over for lunch, but I knew what he was going to say. You see, from the start of the season my job was hanging on two bad results. I've since found out that other coaches were being contacted about the job after the Boavista defeat."

Was he aware of the handkerchief send-off? Souness smiles wryly. "Well, when there's an 80,000 crowd, and over half of them are waving them at you, there's a decent chance it won't escape your notice," he replies. "It didn't bother me in the slightest. I've had 100,000 Romanians baying for my blood in Bucharest before, so this was nothing. But it unsettled some of my younger players and, when you bear in mind it happened after 10 minutes when we were just a goal down, that was pretty unhelpful."

Souness has analysed his term of office in Lisbon but is unable to find too many faults. "Any trainer's job is to get the best he can out of the group of players he has, and in that department I don't think anyone else could have got more out of them than me. I'm super-critical about myself, but I'm leaving the club in a far better position than when I started. I don't care who they are. I'd defy anyone to have done better under the circumstances made before me."

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For instance, Emile Ntamack is a world-class wing. That does not make him a world class or even a competent international full-back.

True, the days are long gone when a wing was considered a try-scoring luxury whose only other function was to throw the ball, usually non too accurately, into the line-out, a pattern with which the French, by the way, persisted for longer than any other nation. Wings and full-backs can sometimes now be exchanged, as outside halves and full-backs always could be and indeed still are.

Ntamack, however, always ap-



At peace in his Hampshire garden: 'I've got a new lawnmower that I intend to use shortly,' says Graeme Souness David Ashdown

peared liable to spill the high ball.

I wished him good luck for his future. "It's a bit bizarre, isn't it? Once the decision's made, you want to get out and get on."

Perhaps more bizarrely, he spent last Saturday night in the company of Jupp Heynckes, the man who will be replacing him at Benfica. Heynckes knows a little about Souness' current experiences. Last week the former German international player was told he was on his way out of Real Madrid shortly before he won the European Cup. Still,

it was an awkward moment. "I got the feeling he was a little uncomfortable," Souness admits. "I could quite see the funny side of it. Anything goes in a Latin country, and

Iers, and was sacked after six games. This followed an unhappy spell at The Dell. "The next job has to be the right one, with people who want to go forward and achieve. I thought this was the case at Southampton, but I was told a tale. Nope, I'm in no hurry whatsoever. I'm going to enjoy the summer."

We take a stroll beside the stretch of the River Itchen at the moment. He actually owns and watches as the brown trout fit their way through the waters. Does he regret his 18 months in Portugal? "No, not at all," he insists. "The Portuguese are lovely people, but they take their nice, friendly heads off and leave them at home when they go to a

match. You never stop learning in this game, and I believe I'm a better coach now than I was when I started in Lisbon. Football is a fickle game in England, but it's not a patch compared to Portugal. If you can work at Benfica, you can work anywhere."

What if another European giant came in for him? Graeme Souness stops and looks at me with an expression that begged no debate.

"You mean a huge club whose supporters are so desperate for success that their lives almost depend on it, but there's no money?" He shakes his head and screws up his face. "I wouldn't touch it," he says. "Not a chance."

"Now is the right time to go; I have spoken to Rudi Straueli, the Bedford coach, and he understands my reasons." Straueli probably understands the reasons why another of his international forwards, Scott Murray, is considering offers from Newcastle and Saracens, but if the new Bedford is going to progress at all, they cannot afford to haemorrhage genuine talent.

There was reassuring news of Zinzan Brooke yesterday as the Harlequins captain-coach continued to recover swiftly from a whiplash neck injury suffered at Saracens on Sunday. The former All Black No 8 was not detained at Watford General Hospital and while another appearance this season was considered unlikely, doctors told him he would regain full fitness sooner rather than later.

WALES SQUAD (Those in brackets are and Jones); Backs: S Howarth (Sale), N Howarth (Llanelli), M Robinson (Salford), N Wales (Rheged), D Lewis (Cardiff), G Jenkins (Swansea), K Morgan (Pontypridd), A Barnes (Richmond), M Taylor (Swindon), L Davies (Cardiff), S Gibbs (Cardiff), S Jones (Llanelli), R Howley (Cardiff), D Lewis (Cardiff), M Edwards (Cardiff Blues), P Williams (Pembroke), D Morris (Cardiff), D Morris (Gwent), B Evans (Swansea), D Young (Cardiff), A Antibeth (Swansea), G Jenkins (Cardiff), G Horgan (Cardiff Blues), C Williams (Richmond), I Gough (Pontypridd), C Myatt (Llanelli), M Williams (Llanelli), A Moore (Swansea), S Oates (Llanelli), C Williams (Cardiff), S Williams (Neath), G Lewis (Pontypridd), R Arnold (Newcastle), M Williams (Pontypridd), I Robbyer (Llanelli), D Williams (Llanelli), B Evans (Swansea), P John (Pontypridd), B Marshall (Llanelli), G Williams (Richmond), J Davies (Llanelli), G Lewellyn (Harlequins), H Jenkins (Llanelli).

## Villepreux must not be a French fall guy

WE ALL agree it has been a marvellous Five Nations season, the best for years. It will not, I hope, be thought grudging if I say its fascination derived less from the quality of the rugby than from the capricious nature of the scorelines and the reversals of form in two of the countries involved. I refer, of course, to Scotland and France.

Throughout the season, from the moment they took the field in the Dublin rain, the French looked several courses short of the full menu at lunch. Many observers, some of them French themselves, have blamed their performance on a lack of concentration on the task in hand. They were, according to this explanation or excuse, looking forward to the World Cup instead.

Others have blamed one of their coaches, Pierre Villepreux. The French are fond of sending supposed enemies of the people to the guillotine - though in this respect



ALAN WATKINS

their recent rugby record is no worse than that of England or Wales.

I hope Villepreux does not go the same way as Geoff Cooke or Jack Rowell, Alan Davies or Kevin Bowring: partly because he is one of the most engaging characters in world rugby, partly because France played in a slow, clumsy, above all joyless way which was

contrary to everything he has ever believed in.

My own view is that France's disappointing season derived largely from straight errors in selection. For these the other members of the committee of public safety, Jean-Claude Skrela and Jo Maso, must take their share of responsibility.

For instance, Emile Ntamack is a world-class wing. That does not make him a world class or even a competent international full-back.

True, the days are long gone when a wing was considered a try-scoring luxury whose only other function was to throw the ball, usually non too accurately, into the line-out, a pattern with which the French, by the way, persisted for longer than any other nation.

Wings and full-backs can sometimes now be exchanged, as outside halves and full-backs always could be and indeed still are.

Ntamack, however, always ap-

peared liable to spill the high ball.

I would have been better to restore

him to his proper position and play Jean-Luc Sadoury at full-back. People said he was injured. He was not so injured as to be unable to play

for Colomiers against Ulster in the final of the European Cup. When the international season itself was underway, he turned out for France A.

The long-term injuries to Christophe Lamaison and Stephane Glas not withstanding, if I find it difficult to believe the French could not have come up with two better centres than the ones who took the field on their behalf.

Superficially Jim Telfer, the Scot

ish coach, could not be more dif

ferent from Villepreux: a stern Presbyterian to Villepreux's Renaissance prince. Yet it was Scotland rather than France who played the more jewelled and more artistic rugby.

Telfer, by contrast, used the massive Peter Walton intelligently

at No 6 as a 60-minute strength-sapper. When up to six substitutes were allowed in internationals for tactical reasons as well as for injuries, I said this could change the

game. So it has proved - up to a point.

I am glad Graham Henry, the Welsh coach, took my advice and fielded an entire reserve front row

against England; even gladder that he has got on terms with the Quinell brothers. And Scott Gibbs is now one of the acknowledged Celtic saints, along with Saints Barry, Bleddyn, Gareth, Gerald and JPR.

It might so easily have ended differently. If Thomas Castaignede had kicked his conversion, and Neil Jenkins missed his, Wales and not France might have finished at the bottom of the Five Nations' table.

This, along with the results of

Ireland-France and England-Sco

land games, is what I mean by the

capriciousness of the scorelines. As

it is, all my fellow countrymen have

to do to complete their present and

doubtless temporary happiness is

get the new stadium ready in time

for the World Cup.

# Orpen fills favourite role

BY GREG WOOD

FOR ALMOST nine months, some punters have been telling themselves that their ante-post bet on Stravinsky for the 2,000 Guineas, struck after his winning debut at York last summer, might yet come good and make them feel awfully clever. Not any more. Stravinsky was an 8-1 chance for the Classic last year, and the same price yesterday morning despite three subsequent defeats, but his name was not among the five-day declarations a few hours later. After all that waiting and hoping, his supporters will not even get a run for their money.

**RICHARD EDMONDSON**  
Nap: Selkirk Rose  
(Nottingham 2.45)  
NB: Hadeqa  
(Nottingham 4.15)

And there are probably a few of them who backed Etizaz for the 1,000 Guineas, too. They may well be seeking counselling this morning, following the simultaneous scratching of Godolphin's main contender for the fillies' Classic. "Etizaz worked at the weekend but was not 100 per cent after her work and it is too close to the race to have a problem," Simon Crisford, Godolphin's racing manager, said yesterday. "It's a big disappointment, but we are not anticipating a long-term problem. We would be looking at the Irish or French Guineas."

In Stravinsky's absence, his stable-mate Orpen may now start favourite for the 2,000 Guineas, as Aidan O'Brien sets out to win the race for the second year running. Eleven more horses were also scratched, to the relief of the Newmarket executive, which might otherwise have had to ballot horses out of the season's first Classic. There are now 22 entries left, and the track's safety limit is 23.

O'Brien also declared Lavery and Saffron Waldon, but his challenge may well rest entirely with Orpen. "We are going to try and do the right thing by Stravinsky," the trainer said.



Ray Cochrane will replace Frankie Dettori on Valentine Waltz, the Nell Gwyn Stakes winner, in Sunday's 1,000 Guineas

Ed Whitaker

"We took him out of Newmarket because we were told it had rained overnight and the ground will probably be good at the very best for the 2,000 Guineas. He could go for the French 2,000, but only if the ground is good or quicker."

Godolphin supplies three of the 22 declarations, with Island Sands apparently their main contender, but there is no decision yet about which of them Frankie Dettori will ride.

"Some of the horses have just arrived in this country," Crisford said. "They've had a long journey so we'll have to see how they travelled and make a decision later in the week."

One of the few riding vacancies worth having in the 2,000 Guineas has been hand-

ed to Pat Eddery, who will partner Compton Admiral, the Craven Stakes winner, for Gerard Butler. Eddery has won the race three times, on Lomond, El Gran Senor and Zafonic, and takes over from Dettori, who partnered Compton Admiral in his successful trial over the Classic course and distance. "I am delighted to have him," Butler said yesterday, "but not half as delighted as he is to get on the horse."

Gary Carter has also picked up the ride in the race, though he will be more hopeful than confident on Jeremy Noseda's Desaru, a 33-1 chance. In the 1,000 Guineas, Ray Cochrane will fill another space left vacant by Dettori when he rides Valentine Waltz, the Nell Gwyn Stakes

winner, for John Gosden. Michael Roberts has been booked to ride Lamzena for Geoff Wragg. Lamzena finished fifth to Valentine Waltz in the Nell Gwyn Stakes, the same position which On The House filled back in 1982 before going on to win the 1,000 for Wragg's father, Harry. With any encouragement being welcome at the big day approaches, this coincidence has not been lost on Lamzena's trainer. "Though it's something of a long shot I'm hoping that lightning can strike twice," Wragg said.

Goodwood is to stage a consolation race for the Stewards' Cup. The Stewards' Sprint Stakes will be held on the Friday of Glorious Goodwood, the day before the Stewards' Cup.

Proceedings on a charge of conspiring with a private detective to burgle the home of his former stable jockey Norman Williamson. A pre-committal review of the case commenced at Bow Street Magistrates Court in London yesterday.

■ Direct Route heads the British party on today's opening day of the Punchestown Festival. Adrian Maguire will replace Paul Carberry on Dorans Pride in tomorrow's Heineken Gold Cup. Carberry is in hospital recovering from emergency surgery on his spleen.

Bally, who intends to cut his stable strength from 30 to 65, is along with Toby Baldwin, the only current trainer to have sent out winners of the Cheltenham Gold Cup. Carberry is in hospital recovering from emergency surgery on his spleen.

Betting on racing, page 17

Away from racing his life has been traumatic and he faces

## BATH

HYPERION  
2.00 SARANGANI (nap)  
4.00 Lord Banks  
2.30 Bring Sweets  
3.00 Inya Lake  
3.30 Tul

GOING: Ect.

STALLS: Straight course - far side, round course - inside.

DRAW ADVANTAGE: Low best St 5 & 161yds.

■ C: Left-hand course - 1st post 5m to the left, and is as well as the way. ■ C: Right-hand course - 1st post 5m to the right. Both courses 2nd post ADDITION: Club 54. Tattersalls 21 Silver Race 25. Course 2E. Accompanied under-25 free. CAR PARK: Centree of course E7 for car plus driver and E2 for each passenger, remainder free.

FIVE-YEAR STATISTICS

■ LEADING TRAINERS: M Champion 14-13 (2-3) R Charlton 13-17 (27-77%) P Cole 13-18 (27-75%) P Cole 13-19 (23.3% 8 Miles 11-13 52s) J Hills 11-17 (53%) 13-14 (11%) 15-16 (11%) 17-18 (11%) 19-20 (11%) 21-22 (11%) 23-24 (11%) 25-26 (11%) 27-28 (11%) 29-30 (11%) 31-32 (11%) 33-34 (11%) 35-36 (11%) 37-38 (11%) 39-40 (11%) 41-42 (11%) 43-44 (11%) 45-46 (11%) 47-48 (11%) 49-50 (11%) 51-52 (11%) 53-54 (11%) 55-56 (11%) 57-58 (11%) 59-60 (11%) 61-62 (11%) 63-64 (11%) 65-66 (11%) 67-68 (11%) 69-70 (11%) 71-72 (11%) 73-74 (11%) 75-76 (11%) 77-78 (11%) 79-80 (11%) 81-82 (11%) 83-84 (11%) 85-86 (11%) 87-88 (11%) 89-90 (11%) 91-92 (11%) 93-94 (11%) 95-96 (11%) 97-98 (11%) 99-00 (11%) 01-02 (11%) 03-04 (11%) 05-06 (11%) 07-08 (11%) 09-10 (11%) 11-12 (11%) 13-14 (11%) 15-16 (11%) 17-18 (11%) 19-20 (11%) 21-22 (11%) 23-24 (11%) 25-26 (11%) 27-28 (11%) 29-30 (11%) 31-32 (11%) 33-34 (11%) 35-36 (11%) 37-38 (11%) 39-40 (11%) 41-42 (11%) 43-44 (11%) 45-46 (11%) 47-48 (11%) 49-50 (11%) 51-52 (11%) 53-54 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art  
Cootie  
Steps  
to Solv  
crisis  
BY DAVID AMBERSON

# Scotland's options hit by Old Firm

**THE SUSPICION** that Scotland's match with Germany in the Weserstadion here tomorrow will be a friendly too far - for both countries - gained currency yesterday when the European champions lost two of the players who will represent Bayern Munich against Manchester United next month.

While Craig Brown and his depleted squad - hastily reinforced by the Heart of Midlothian midfielder Colin Cameron - were kicking their heels in Glasgow following delays to their flight, Erich Ribbeck was pondering a reduction in Germany's options after the withdrawal of the midfielder Markus Babbel and the goalkeeper Oliver Kahn.

Babbel, who had scored for the European Cup finalists against TSV 1860 in Sunday's Munich derby, pulled out because of a groin injury. His club colleague Kahn, the Bundesliga record holder for clean sheets, has a stomach problem. To add to Ribbeck's concerns, the Werder Bremen striker Marco Bode is doubtful with a muscle strain.

Unlike his Scottish counterpart, who sent for Cameron only after five players dropped out, the German coach has not felt it necessary to call up replacements for the outfield players at this late stage. However, Hans-Jorg Butt, the penalty-taking keeper from Hamburg, has arrived to provide back-up for Borussia Dortmund's Jens Lehmann.

Brown, who cannot have been surprised to lose the Old Firm trio of Jackie McNamara, Craig Burley and Neil McCann for a game which takes place just four days before the Premier League collision of Celtic and Rangers, may view the indisposition of the Bayern duo as

## FOOTBALL

BY PHIL SHAW  
in Bremen

evening up matters somewhat. Of his original selection, David Hopkin and Matt Elliott have also succumbed to knocks.

Cameron, who has missed much of the season with a pelvic injury, did not discover that Brown wanted him to travel until 2am yesterday.

Having been out for a meal with friends in Fife, Cameron returned home to find that his mother had left a message instructing him to ring the Heart's manager, Jim Jeffries, "no matter what time it was". He wondered whether he might have transgressed against club discipline, but admitted to a "sneaky feeling" that it could be "something to do with Scotland".

Then he realised that his passport was being processed to confirm their worst fears. Paul Breitner, Beckenbauer's former colleague with Bayern and West Germany, decreed that the national team were now on a par with Albania and Moldova. Another German of similar vintage, Gimpler Netzer, claimed they had "no players anymore, only runners".

Subsequent wins over Northern Ireland (3-0) and Finland (2-0) on the Euro 2000 trail have put the Florida flop into a calmer perspective. The match was, after all, a friendly played during the German winter break when players were regaining fitness after a two-month hiatus.

The Scots are unlikely, therefore, to benefit from any deficit in morale on the part of their hosts, although the true worth of the fixture may not become evident until after their crucial Group Nine visit to Prague on Sunday night.

Brown has never set much store by results in non-competitive games, which is just as well in view of Scotland's patchy record. But, with two European Championship matches to come in early June, away to the Faroe Islands and the Czech Republic respectively, he will be keen to try out fringe players. He also tends to regard such experiments as useful in terms of fostering the kind of togetherness that has helped

Scotland to gloss over shortcomings in quality.

Both he and the 51-year-old Ribbeck - the surprising and, some would argue, desperate choice to replace Brown's friend Berti Vogts eight months ago - have found themselves caught between the pressure to deliver victories and the need to freshen up ageing teams with younger talent.

Germany's failure at France 98, followed by the defeat in Turkey which signalled the end for Vogts, prompted great soul searching within the nation's football fraternity. Franz Beckenbauer was among those who articulated the worry that the tradition of producing harmonious, efficient and successful sides was a thing of the past. The new generation, it was said, were not developing because of a surfeit of cheap foreign imports in the Bundesliga.

A 3-0 humiliation by the United States in February appeared to confirm their worst fears. Paul Breitner, Beckenbauer's former colleague with Bayern and West Germany, decreed that the national team were now on a par with Albania and Moldova. Another German of similar vintage, Gimpler Netzer, claimed they had "no players anymore, only runners".

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# SPORT

SOUERS' LISBON LESSON P19 PAUPER AT THE PALACE P22

## Keegan insists his kids can cope

FOOTBALL IS not good at perspective. The hatred shown towards Manchester United by Leeds supporters at Elland Road on Sunday, at the same time as the nearby airport received refugees from an extreme manifestation of tribal intolerance, underlined that.

Yesterday, as England flew towards the Balkans, Kevin Keegan sought to show the game's better side and enable some good to come out of the increasingly pointless trip to Hungary for tomorrow's friendly. Keegan, in tune as usual with the popular pulse, asked the players to donate a portion of their match fees to the Kosovo

### FOOTBALL

BY GLENN MOORE  
in Budapest

Crisis Appeal. It will not be that much, the players are on £1,500-a-man fees, but it showed that the sport was not entirely unaware of the society in which it operates.

"It is something I believe we should do," said Keegan, "a gesture to show we care. We are about to enter an area where there is a war going on next door and I definitely believe this is something the England football team needs to do."

Budapest is 200 miles from Belgrade and there was some nervousness about tomorrow's fixture with Sol Campbell, who has since withdrawn through injury, expressing his disquiet at the weekend. Now England are here, however, the only indication of any concern is a slight increase in security. Keegan added: "I am happy with the security arrangements. We wouldn't be going if there was a problem. One thing I know, the game should go ahead."

Most of the players here would agree - for sure it represents a massive opportunity. Francis Jeffers could have been playing for Everton in tonight's FA Youth Cup semi-final, in-

stead he will be training with the national team. The 18-year-old could even make his debut tomorrow though fellow Merseysiders, team-mate Michael Ball and Liverpool's Jamie Carragher, who were also called up on Sunday evening, are more likely candidates for an international start.

"Carragher has a very mature attitude and won't be out of place in an England squad," said Keegan. "He can fulfil a number of positions but I believe his place is on the right side of a back three. It allows me to change the formation. Ball has been on the fringes of the squad and has progressed

in a difficult season for Everton. The chance for Jeffers has come very early but his confidence is sky high. He scored a terrific goal on Saturday with a very clever run, an international-type run. I liked that. I am a firm believer we have got to reward the kids when we have a chance."

Which is one way of putting it. Cynics might suggest that with Premiership managers reluctant to release players, Keegan is better off bringing in youngsters whose clubs appear to have little to play for. It is unlikely that Ball and Jeffers would both be here if Everton were still in the relegation mire.

Keegan, as ever, was positive. "I don't see the point of falling out with managers, we have to work in tandem. They have all played ball with me, when they've pulled players out they've said 'do you want him to come down for a medical?' But what is the point of asking an injured player to sit in a car for seven hours? If Alex Ferguson tells me Andy Cole has an ankle injury I trust that."

The absence of Cole and Campbell prevents Keegan continuing with the two partnerships he particularly wanted to use. Campbell and Martin Keown, Cole and Alan Shearer. Nevertheless, he added: "Peo-

ple say what is the point of the match? There is always a point to an England match. We have the nucleus of a good team sprinkled with stardust and we will take something from this game. A few of these youngsters are going to return as full internationals and they could make a fantastic impression."

Three of the uncapped squad members could start: Emile Heskey or Kevin Phillips will probably play alongside Alan Shearer; Ball or Michael Gray should start on the left; and Carragher or Brown will be included if Keegan, as expected, opts for a 3-5-2 formation.

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# TUESDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • PLUS THE INFORMATION DAILY



**S**ean Connery is doing his bit in the run-up to the Scottish elections. But where are his fellow artists: the writers and rockers, the movers and moguls who helped create the Scotgeist? They're too busy making deals with Hollywood studios or London publishers to play politics with Holyrood or Westminster. They're staying a step ahead of the game, and they're making it pay. Pat Kane introduces a major series on the cultural life of New Scotland

It takes only a few words to sum up the relationship between arts and politics in a self-governing Scotland: culture brought about by the parliament. And now that it's here, culture is scattering about the four winds. The job, in essence, has been done. Scots voters know quite keenly why they want a polity - because thousands of creative types over the last three decades have kept telling them how distinctive their country is. Not necessarily better or worse, but at least distinctive - thus worth exerting sovereignty over. Now, just a few days before the elections and a few months before a new century, the troops of the Scottish cultural front are demobbing. Who wants to link arms, write prose poems and celebrate the new dawn? It's time to party, make deals and hustle like crazy.

Let me freeze-frame a few scenes from the current whirl, all of them in Glasgow, that will hopefully make the giddy intoxication of this moment obvious. First, the UK premiere of *Orphans*, Peter Mullan's multi-award-winning first movie, at the Atlantic Quay cinema in Glasgow last week. They were all there, the complete firmament of modern Scottish culture - the junkie novelists and the podgy stadium rockers; the local TV moguls and the sitcom matriarchs; the brand-new auteurs and the bland old chancers, all crammed into a brain-frazzling multiplex foyer and networking like it's 1999.

But this is New Scotland networking - and you have to establish that correct mix of prolet-than-thou with insane ambition. The director's big in Cannes, dealing with Hollywood - but he's also a member of the Scottish Socialist Party. You watch these astonishing performers on screen and remind yourself that, a decade ago, half of them used to plead with you to come and see their Brechtian sketches on a wet Monday night.

All right, the talk is of projects and contracts, advances and collaborations - but delivered with that aright-pal-aye-keepin' busyness nonchalance which disguises the fact that they're now cosmopolitan luvvies, through and through. And even though the movie is about pathological working-class Catholics - come on, tell me a "new" Scottish story - it really feels, and looks, like some kind of lost Fellini-Cassavetes collaboration. That is, it's a real movie, a movie-movie, not just some community theatre performance captured on film.

Despite the frantic glugging of cheap champagne, everyone knows the game has been raised a notch or two tonight. The same people have swapped their megaphones for mobile phones, their agit-prop for product pitching. And you know what? They're not the slightest bit guilty about it. Most of them feel they've earned a little schmooze-time.

But this is the movies, after all - and whether in the shadow of Holyrood or of Hollywood, its bullshit always walks tall. For a richer consideration of national character, how about a meeting of five of the best Scottish writers, at a basement do in a Glasgow bookshop, for World Books Day? Surely here you'd expect a degree of forensic soul-searching, some ponderous divinations of the Scotgeist?

Nah. What exercises these writers - Andrew O'Hagan, Janice Galloway, Des Dillon, Don Paterson and Meg Henderson: a real power panel from the Scottish modern canon - is what exercises every other writer in the Western world. That is, distributors, percentages, marketing strategies, the perfidy of agents, whether to fear or love the Internet, whether to recommend or discourage creative writing courses...

Each one of them writes out of a deep well of Scottish culture and tradition - but all five are on London publishers, branches of the big conglomerates. And selling their properties very widely, thank you; most of them have had their stories optioned by other media. Now, where is the wine?

One last scene: a meeting with John McGrath, the eminence of Scottish political theatre, at a press conference to promote the latest movie he's producing. He's as urbane and articulate as ever, with a shock of white hair flying off his head to the left. But his language becomes most focused when he's talking the language of *The Player*: "The male star's just done a romantic lead to Demi Moore... the female star's alongside Liv Tyler and Ralph Fiennes in their new movie... the US distributor's pre-sales are good, we aim to get worldwide sales at next year's Cannes..."

This is the man who founded the 7:34 theatre company in the radical Seventies, based on the proposition that seven per cent of the population owned 84 per cent of the wealth. McGrath catches me looking a little stunned. "They say all the best capitalists are ex-Communists," he quips.

I could mention many, many more instances like this. In fact, working on the new *Sunday Herald* broadsheet in Glasgow, I am one. The paper exists partly because we know that there's a market opportunity in selling new media to the Scottish bourgeoisie - and the talent is around to make it a good product. But we're also hearing stories about a "creative Scotland" - an enterprising generation of dodgers, divers, duckers and weavers, symbolic analysts in every field - which seems a million miles away from the fist-wavers and folk-warriors of the Seventies and Eighties. The song has changed from nationalism to commercialism in Scottish culture, from "what are we?" to "here we are - buy us!"

Are Scots artists such hucksters now because they're secretly admitting their debt to Thatcher? From 1979 to 1997, from the first shrill tones of Thatcher to the last mutterings of Major. Scottish culture reinvented itself as a defensive moral identity. Her "values" were not our "values" - and on that moral ground,

between social democracy and neo-liberalism, a cohesive cultural tradition was built.

Writers such as James Kelman, Alasdair Gray and William MacInnes stood there - as did hundreds of other actors, pop singers, TV scriptwriters, poets and celebrity presenters. These people often found themselves literally standing together, too: these were 18 years of shivering on platforms, sharing drums, kits at protest gigs, granting politicians and trade unionists their requested photo opportunities...

Whether declared or not, this was in the classic sense a cultural front: the close association of Scottish arts with anti-Tory politics gave the resistance a lot more poetry and humanity than it otherwise would have had. So when Scots voted in two separate elections for their own parliament in 1997, they were voting for something that was wreathed in word, image and song - something more resonant, that is, than just another level of national administration.

But the thing about words, images and songs in a globalising, informational age - whether they're Scottish or otherwise - is that they often mutate and change; the signs come loose from their referents, the celebrity machine can anoint them at any time. Who wants to keep on grimly defending Scottish identity, when the pager just won't stop buzzing? And who wants to keep hearing about it, when everybody enjoys our local heroes when they go global?

To wit: young Scots actor-chancer becomes the biggest star in the biggest movie of all time; it takes only four years from *Trainspotting* to *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace*. How the hell did that happen? And what kind of "values" - other than the kind of be-kilted cheekiness he displayed on the cover of *Vanity Fair* - does Ewan McGregor take with him into the global firmament?

Probably no other value than a relaxed, mutable Scottishness; and, for most people, creators or consumers, that's quite enough to be going on with in the new Scotland. The hands helped put the bricks in place at Holyrood by building the foundation stones for a modern, confident national identity. But now that the construction cranes are swinging, the time for introspection is over.

Once again, the artists in Scotland are ahead of the politicians, currently enmeshed in a grim battle of fiscal pennies and geopolitics. The creative types are now interested in Scottish routes, rather than Scottish roots. How do we take these distinctive structures of feeling into the world, is their agenda; what audiences, what markets, what collaborators, what money-men do we need to make good work happen here?

If this sounds as though Scottish culture is already shooting beyond the confines of the British state, implicitly presuming that it may have a global impact, then you're hearing correctly. In that sense, independence has already been declared in this country. But, as is usual in Scotland, the imagination always anticipates the political nation.

The writer is associate editor of the *Sunday Herald* and one half of the group *Hue and Cry*.

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Paul Taylor on nationalism and the new wave of Scottish playwrights

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**MEDIA**

## KOSOVO AND BALKAN CRISIS

### PLEASE ACT NOW

It's a month since the conflict in Kosovo escalated and an ever growing number of refugees desperately need emergency assistance: food, shelter and clothing simply to survive.

It's a crisis of horrendous proportions and Y Care, in conjunction with church organisations, is helping to relieve the suffering through an emergency feeding and assistance programme to provide nutrition, shelter and clothing to refugees in Albania, Macedonia, Montenegro and other parts of F.R.Yugoslavia.

Please help us help these desperate people survive the coming weeks and months.

Please help by sending whatever you can today.  
Thank you.

Help us to help people to rebuild their lives

Call our free 24-hour credit card hotline:  
**0800 013 1055**

HERE IS MY GIFT TO THE PEOPLE OF KOSOVO

Name (Mr/Mrs/Ms/Ms)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

I wish to give £2.50 £1.00 £0.50 £0.25 £0.10 £0.05 Other £ \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose a cheque/PO payable to Y Care International OR Please debit my

Bankers \_\_\_\_\_ Account \_\_\_\_\_ Visa \_\_\_\_\_ Amex Card \_\_\_\_\_ CAF Charity Card \_\_\_\_\_

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Expiry Date \_\_\_\_\_

For \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Expire \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Please send this coupon to: Terry Waite, Y Care International, FREEPOST, London E17 3BR.

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**Y CARE**  
INTERNATIONAL

EFFECTIVE AID THROUGH YOUTH WORLDWIDE

**Media aid for Serbs**  
Sir: I am concerned that the press and broadcasting media are giving aid and comfort to the Serb enemy in the present war. I imagine this is not intended, but the fact that Serb propaganda reaches us so constantly via correspondents in Belgrade and elsewhere reflects, I believe, an inability on the part of the media to understand the necessary change of gear they must make in a shooting war.

It is a great strength in our country and other democracies normally to listen to all points of view in matters of contention. But in war, stricter rules must apply. Decisions have been made, whether the media like it or not, to commit men to battle. Everything possible should be done to support the men at war and every means used to avoid undermining the morale of those in battle and those "who only stand and wait". The media need to descend a little from their Olympian heights of detachment.

In the 1939-45 war Defence of the Realm Acts prevented the publication of news tending to aid and support Hitler. If such measures had not been taken, public morale would have been sapped over the six years of the conflict, as it was sapped in America in the Vietnam War. The media now should learn the lesson, as the present war and its aftermath drag on through the years - yes, years - that they have a vital part to play if we and our Nato allies are to come out of it successfully.

DENYS WHATMORE  
Cheltenham, Gloucestershire

Sir: My stomach churned when I saw television pictures of Tony Blair, Robin Cook and George Robertson sitting down to a sumptuous celebratory banquet as the bombs rained down on Serbia and the refugees shivered in their tents. Blair and the others were celebrating 49 years and 11 months of Nato success and one month of unpardonable folly.

Nato has got the military tactics wrong, the politics wrong and the refugee crisis wrong - with 600,000 refugees, Britain has admitted 159. This is shameful. Folly compounds folly. Give up now, Tony, before you get us into an even bigger mess.

Let the UN sort it out now.

Dr ALEX B GARDINER  
Glasgow

Sir: Referring to Kosovo, Fergal Keane asks: "Do you sit back and do nothing when you have the power and scope to do something?" (Comment, 24 April).

Nato has "done something" in Kosovo - it has escalated a government-terrorist conflict into a major catastrophe.

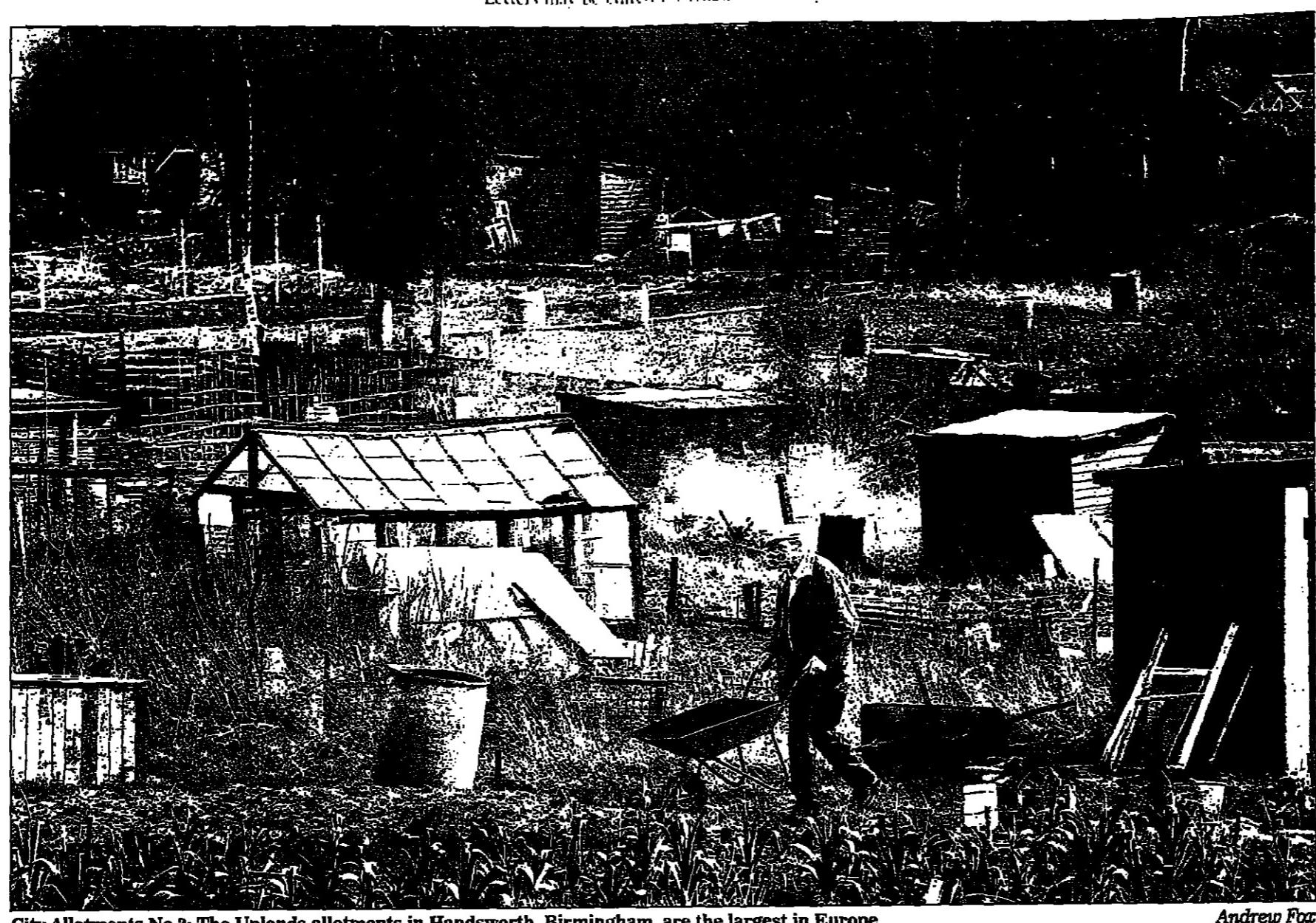
The text of the Rambouillet plan shows the level of diplomacy that took place. Rambouillet insisted on a Nato force, not an "international" one. It also insisted that Nato have free unrestricted access to the whole of Yugoslavia, not just Kosovo (article 8) including free access to airspace, roads, ports and other facilities. It would also grant Nato complete immunity from legal processes for any acts it may commit during the occupation article 6.

When, hardly surprisingly, Yugoslavia refused to sign this agreement, our leaders decided that bombing must commence and so must the predictable humanitarian catastrophe. Clearly, this is not diplomacy, it is politics by ultimatum.

We can "do something". We can exhaust all diplomatic and peaceful means to resolve a conflict before we escalate the violence. A glance at Rambouillet gives the lie to the claim that "talking hasn't worked".

GLENN BASSETT  
Enfield, Middlesex

Sir: Milošević's war aims are very simple: to eradicate the Albanian population of Kosovo and then to hide the evidence. Our war aims should be equally simple: to stop this happening, then bring the guilty to trial. Yes, we have made mistakes and yes there will be tragic accidents but let us not



City Allotments No 2: The Uplands allotments in Handsworth, Birmingham, are the largest in Europe

Andrew Fox

forget exactly what is at stake: the future of an entire population.

Air strikes are not enough. A ground force must be sent in. It should be large, heavily armed and given orders to respond to any resistance with equal force. Such action is, I believe, justified and essential if we are to save those Kosovars left in Kosovo.

We could do nothing to save the Jews in 1939. Today we can save the Albanians.

STEPHEN RUTHERFORD  
Hitchin, Hertfordshire

Sir: We must of course do all we can to help the refugees fleeing from Kosovo, but I do not believe a land incursion into Kosovo and/or Serbia would be either quick or successful. We need only to look at Northern Ireland to realise that racial, ethnic or religious conflicts cannot be solved by either partition or martial law.

Education is the key. Until all parties realise that they have far more in common than they have dividing them, tensions will always arise. In this instance one of the great forces for good could be the European Union. The carrot of EU membership and the resulting aid packages and trade benefits should be dangled in front of Serbia, on condition that they reverse the ethnic cleansing.

ANDREW BUCHAN  
Glasgow

Sir: Having bombed all the bridges in Serbia and Kosovo, how do Nato ground troops intend to get around? Will they swim?

CATHERINE LEWIS  
Bristol

Carless rapture

Sir: I gave up owning a car four years ago. I would like to inform Leon Stevenson (letter, 24 April) that I am not a bachelor with a quiet settled life and few out-of-London social contacts but a middle-aged mother with four teenage children, a very busy working and social life and many out-of-London friends.

I and my children manage perfectly well. We travel on public transport, use taxis - for which I rarely pay more than £3 or £4 a ride - and I no longer have the stress of traffic jams and parking in London. When I go out I can drink without worrying, and I do not have to ensure that I have change for parking meters every time I leave the house.

When I go to the supermarket I get a taxi home for little more than the cost of the car park, the taxi driver loads my shopping into the cab, unloads it and delivers it to my front door; and I am home in less time than it used to take me to collect my car from the multi-storey car park.

I have discovered public transport routes that I didn't know existed. I have found that most shops will deliver large items for nothing or for a nominal fee. If I visit friends out of London who are inaccessible by public transport, I hire a car at a cost of £30 for a day or £60 for a weekend.

Getting rid of my car has saved me an enormous amount of hassle, stress and money. I wish I could

persuade more car owners in London to do the same.

BRIDGET SHIELD  
London SE18

#### A 'crank' writes

Sir: The tone of Jane Bussman's article, "Can you feel the heat?" (22 April) would suggest that she, in a 15th-century setting, would recommend burning at the stake for anyone who had the feebleness of mind to believe in the concept of electricity - something beneficial which can't be seen, touched or easily explained to one who finds the house.

Many so called "New Age"

techniques and therapies are indeed centuries old. Feng shui being a classic example. Sure, some marketing people have a nasty habit of achieving product sales on the back of emotional angst. This is an unfortunate reality which needs to be balanced against the many people who derive enormous benefit from "alternative" therapies, strategies and beliefs.

It is also unfortunate that the author casts ridicule on those who

wish to investigate things that she chooses not to begin to understand. Perhaps the article was commissioned as a fun piece which would generate an amusing reaction from "New Age cranks" - easy to write, with some "back of an envelope" research and a pinch of prejudice thrown in.

However, was the author wise both to castigate her gender and to give credence to a Class A drug in under 60 words?

RICK MARTE  
Newcastle upon Tyne

#### No contest at polls

Sir: While all of the interest has been focused on who everybody is going to vote for in the Assembly elections, a vital issue of the local elections in Wales has been ignored.

In many unitary authorities in Wales, councillors have already been elected unopposed. This means that some people will have no voice on the local government elections. They won't be able to say whether they want more spent on schools or less spent on roads. They won't be able to praise or

condemn their local councillor's record. They won't be able to do this because unopposed councillors don't have to face an election.

Last year the Welsh office considered the large number of unopposed wards in Wales at election time. They ignored electoral methods of dealing with the problems such as proportional representation. Instead they concluded that all political parties would have to try harder to contest more wards. A year later, a large number of people still don't have a vote in the local elections. Isn't it time to reconsider another electoral system that ends unopposed wards and brings more accountability to local government?

RUSSELL DEACON  
Senior Lecturer  
UWIC Business School  
Cardiff

#### Co-op fit for battle

Sir: It is interesting to know that the American and South African financiers seeking to "buy" the Co-op (report, 26 April) think that Co-op members are worth only £2,000 each.

Members of the Co-operative Movement are not cheap cans of beans to be bought and sold by City slickers. The Co-ops constitute a social and economic movement clustered around distinct principles which it has recently been reviving. This largely explains why the last ill-fated bid mounted by Andrew Regan, Hambros Bank and their collaborators inside the movement left them all flat on their faces.

They underestimated the Co-op's determination to fight for its survival.

That threat also helped to rally Co-op members to a degree not seen for generations. As a consequence, the Co-op is now better prepared to repel carpetbaggers and many members up and down the country would relish the fight.

NIGEL TODD  
Newcastle upon Tyne

#### Access to justice

Sir: The Access to Justice Bill is now being scrutinised by a Commons standing committee. MPs have a brief opportunity to improve this highly flawed measure. The opportunity must not be wasted. As currently drafted, the Bill will remove legal aid assistance from thousands of our most vulnerable people and widen the gap between the haves and have-nots.

Where is this Government's commitment to equality? Where is its commitment to end social exclusion? A new clause to guarantee non-discrimination and an "equal footing" for all before the law has already been dismissed as a "gimmick" by the Lord Chancellor. The Government has also flouted its own guidelines of November 1998 which require all measures to be screened for their potential to discriminate, both directly and indirectly. The Bill is in its later stages in Parliament, yet no assessment of its equal-treatment impact has appeared.

The Lord Chancellor has given his Bill a bold and unambiguous name. Only if he accepts a number of important amendments in the coming weeks will the substance of the Bill match the title.

MICHAEL MATHEWS  
President  
The Law Society  
London WC2

#### Care in crisis

Sir: Short termism - getting the highest amount of care for the smallest amount of money - will mean a shortage of care facilities in the future ("Care homes lose battle to survive in funding crisis", 21 April).

As homes are forced out of business the elderly have to be looked after somewhere, by someone. The public sector has demonstrated that it cannot provide care at the fees that it pays the independent sector. Typically, local authority residential homes cost about £100 per week more than the private sector.

Like farmers, we have complained for years that we are being inadequately compensated for our efforts and, like farmers, we have a visible capital asset which means that no one believes us.

Our fee income has fallen significantly below the rate of inflation for nine years in a row. Both what we earn and what we spend it on are determined by statutory bodies. Stifling over-regulation and disappearing margins are leading many operators to consider giving up. If the Government cannot or will not allow local authority funds for the reasonable cost of independent sector care, then statutory provision will have to be made.

ANDREW MAKIN  
Yorkshire Branch Secretary  
Registered Nursing Home  
Association  
Keighley, West Yorkshire

Sir: If there has been a survey into the extent of age discrimination in the NHS (letter, 21 April), perhaps there should also be a survey into what old people expect. As a 75-year-old, I expect priority to be given to those younger than myself. I hope that those with their lives ahead of them and those with

parental and occupational responsibilities will always have their needs preferred.

HUMPHREY KAY  
Peasey, Wiltshire

#### As she is spoke

Sir: It is impossible to set standards of pronunciation (letters, 24, 26 April). Languages are changing all the time, mainly as a result of natural human laziness when speaking them. Look at how Latin has "deteriorized" into Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French.

JULIEN EVANS  
Chester, Buckinghamshire

Sir: Whatever happens, do not let the BBC be browbeaten into stopping Penny Tramter from saying "particuly". It's the best bit of the weather forecast.

DAVID BUTLAND  
Bradford, West Yorkshire

## 'Generation of Vipers' and other forgotten classics

AT THE Bath Book Fair on Saturday I was struck by the plethora of books that you can't imagine anyone ever reading again. I dipped into a collection of letters by W H Hudson and found him saying that he had just been forced to read a book by Mrs Humphrey Ward and, although it was not as bad as Robert Elsmere, he never again wanted to read anything by her (I did once read the very same Robert Elsmere, a novel about a clergyman losing his faith, because I liked the binding, and Hudson is right - it was terrible. I imagine that all novels about clergymen having crises of doubt are awful, but this was really hard work).

As I put the W H Hudson back, wondering whether anyone would ever again read him, let alone Mrs Humphrey Ward (was she the last

female writer doomed to be known by her husband's name?), I found my mind wandering back to the books I was devouring in New York in the late Fifties and wondering if anyone else had read any of them since then. The summer of 1959 was the first bit of my life I had spent unprotected - I had just left school and had nine months to wait to go to university, so I was packed off to stay with an aunt in the Bahamas, after which I made my way to New York, got a job and more or less looked after myself.

One of the publishing successes of the season was a book about the underside of New York called *Subways Are For Sleeping*, which I bought in order to acquaint myself with the great city of which I was a resident, if only temporarily at the YMCA in West 23rd St. In fact, it

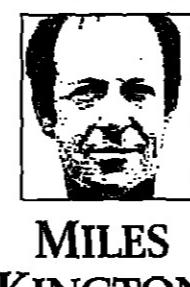
wasn't really about the rough side of New York at all. It was about a dozen or so eccentrics living in Manhattan whom the author had encountered and who seemed worth writing about. There was one man, for example, who always lived in other people's houses. House-sitting is not unusual these days, but back then it must have been very odd to find a man who spent his whole life living in and looking after places when the owners had gone on holiday.

There was also a tramp who sat all day down on the Battery watching the boats come and go and became such an expert on the currents and tides that he became employed full-time by the New York Harbour Authority.

But the man I liked the sound of best was the millionaire who de-

fended force, as the full text of the amendment makes clear: "A well regulated Militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."

BERNARD A FAY  
Marbella, Spain



MILES  
KINGTON  
*Few people now remember the great Ring Lardner Sr. Does anyone at all remember Junior?*

cided that the best way to spend his money was not in excess but in small, if expensive, whisms. One of

these consisted in going out after midnight with a bag of golf clubs and a bag of golf balls and hitting full-blooded golf shots down the middle of a dark and deserted Sixth Avenue. Occasionally the rich golfer would hear the far-off tinkle of breaking glass as his ball strayed off course to hit a window, and he would know that he had to iron out his slice again...

Well, that was *Subways Are For Sleeping*. On a more literary level it was also the time of the emerging Beat poets, so I sometimes hung around Greenwich Village looking for Jack Kerouac or Allen Ginsberg or Gregory Corso. I preferred the writings of Corso, because I thought they were not only funnier but more juvenile, and I still have somewhere a copy of his *The Happy Birthday of Death*, which I

bought that year. I never did see any of them in the flesh, but I did see *Pull My Daisy*, the short Beat Generation film they had just made together, which was showing in the Bleecker Street cinema in the Village, and I can safely say that it was the worst film I ever saw in my life.

Actually, a book which had a far bigger impact on me than all the Beat stuff was *Generation of Vipers* by Philip Wylie, an iconoclastic writer who thought we kids should think for ourselves and not take the old baloney handed down by the grown-ups, and although I can't remember anything he said, I can clearly remember the cold-water-in-the-face effect of his lecturing.

And I still clearly recall the book I bought to take with me on the ship home (yes, you still had scheduled transatlantic crossings then), *The*

*Ecstasy of Owen Muir*, by Ring Lardner Jr. Few people now remember the great Ring Lardner Sr. Does anyone at all remember Junior? Well, in 1958 he had just written this satirical novel about Catholicism, in which the rich Catholic hero gets married five times, each time getting rid of the wife in ways the Catholic hierarchy accepts as valid without actually calling them divorce. It was funny and clever, and I have never met anyone who has ever heard of it. Nor have I met anyone who has read a Phil Wylie book or *Subways Are For Sleeping* or *Robert Elsmere*, or seen *Pull My Daisy*...

Coming soon: your voting forms for the Ten Top Forgotten Books of the Century: the book getting the least votes wins...

Britain's response  
Balkan

The a  
not n

Access to justice

Care in crisis

## Britain's inadequate response to the Balkan refugee crisis

THE ARRIVAL of 161 Kosovar refugees at Leeds airport is a welcome start. But it is still a very long way from the Government's promise of taking in 10,000 refugees from the Balkan conflict. This airlift from Macedonia must be swiftly followed by others; whereas Germany has already taken nearly 10,000 refugees, Britain's efforts so far have been grossly inadequate.

Germany's speed in taking in refugees is not just a response to its misdeeds in the Second World War. The Germans recognise that the Kosovar people have suffered murder, rape, arson and exile, and that 600,000 of them are still living in appalling conditions in overcrowded camps. Britain and France have been slow to take in Kosovars, in part because of specious arguments that sheltering refugees furthers the desire of the Yugoslav regime to expel Kosovo's Albanian-speaking majority.

Giving refuge to the most vulnerable of the Kosovars is the right thing to do. By removing 100,000 people from the immediate vicinity of the conflict, the international community eases the pressure on poor countries with overstretched resources. Furthermore, the relations between Slavs and Albanians in Montenegro and, particularly, Macedonia are already difficult. It would be disastrous to both Nato's tactics and its aims if these countries collapsed under the human tidal wave that has hit their shores. And with a ground war becoming increasingly likely, people must be removed from the borders of Kosovo where they run a risk of being caught up in the conflict.

Many of the Kosovars who will come to the UK will be desperate to return to the mountains and valleys of their own country. They will want to return not just from sentiment but also to resume possession of their farmland.

However, there is no need to deny that some of those who come to this country will never leave. Some will have nothing to return to in Kosovo: their families will have been killed; their livelihoods will have been destroyed.

The Kosovars who come here will form connections in Britain. Men and women will fall in love. Kosovars educated here will become integrated into the local population. Britain is already a multi-ethnic and, in the main, tolerant society. There is every reason to believe that a European community, albeit a Muslim one, should fit in easily in this country.

British people have shown, through their generous donations to this newspaper and other appeals for charity, that they are keen to help the refugees. For those who do want to return - and they may well be the majority - the best solution is to retake Kosovo as quickly as possible, whatever it takes. Although Britain has not caused the crisis, it has a moral responsibility to help solve it. There is no reason why we should not take thrice 10,000.

## THE INDEPENDENT

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## Access to justice for those who need it

A CIVILISED society governed by the rule of law is impossible without law being available to all. That is why the current spat between Lord Irvine, the Lord Chancellor, and the Law Society, the solicitors' governing body, is more than an amusing side-show. The immediate cause of the row is a set of advertisements in national newspapers. The Law Society suggests that the Access to Justice Bill will restrict legal aid for victims of negligent employers, domestic violence, housing disrepair and police discrimination. The Lord Chancellor is so infuriated that he has asked the Law Society to remove the advertisements. That is going too far. The Law Society should be allowed to express its opinion.

But he is right to press ahead with his wider campaign to reform legal aid. The Bill attempts to tackle the increase

in the cost of legal aid by differentiating between help for criminal and civil cases. People accused of a crime will still be entitled to legal aid after means tests. This will not be true of litigants in civil cases unless they are involved in either a family law case or a personal injury case.

Excessive litigants should not expect taxpayers to fund their obsession. By encouraging the development of "no win, no fee" arrangements for civil matters, the Government forces solicitors to take a hard look at a case before taking it on and using up the precious time of the courts.

If the Bill is enacted, it will be operating in an altered legal environment. As of this week the recommendations of the Woolf Report will be introducing the biggest changes to the civil legal system in a generation. Through fines and the removal of legal obscurities, the new procedures encourage litigants and solicitors to settle cases as speedily as possible. The less time and money that is wasted on trivial cases, the more money will be available for ensuring that everyone who needs access to justice gets it.

## Are we being served?

"AND THE Belgians are playing the joker!" It's a long time since these words were heard on television, during the final edition of *It's a Knockout*, in 1982. That Channel 5 is extorting this old format, complete with its presenter Stuart Hall, is an unlikely event in itself, marking the moment when British TV went terminal. But if also comes at a time when the BBC is so short of ideas for sitcoms that it is bringing Victor Meldrew out of retirement for a new series. Something has clearly gone wrong with the creative dynamo of those in charge when all the broadcasters' schedules are stuffed with shows that are either Seventies repeats, such as *Are You Being Served?*, Seventies revivals such as, heaven help us, *Jim Davidson's Generation Game*, or Seventies survivors such as *Emmerdale* and *Last of the Summer Wine*. It may be too early to report the strange death of British TV, but it seems to have one foot in the grave.

# The amazing thing is that there is not more violence on our streets

YESTERDAY I typed "nail bomb" into the box in the search engine, and waited a while for the invisible idiot savant to scan a trillion Internet files. Ten seconds later I had captured two dozen pages of references to nail bombs from all over the world, and had been plunged eyes first, into what many would regard as a modern nightmare.

The first site belonged to a heavy metal band, presumably American, called Nail Bomb. You may not recall that their two extant albums are called *Point Blank* and *Proud to Commit Commercial Suicide*. On another music site, Nail Bomb's wares were offered for sale, along with such feelgood items as Napalm Death's *Fear, Emptiness, Despair, Cradle of Filth's *Sodomizing The Virgin Vamps*, and Skeleton of God's Urine Garden*. So this is what young Ewan Blair and Prince William are listening to...

The next series of sites belonged to news operations and campaign groups, and simply detailed attacks with nail bombs across the globe. There were fatal nail-bomb attacks in Paris in 1995, that were then linked to the conflict in the French colony of Algeria. It was a nail bomb that killed two people at the start of the Atlanta Olympics in 1996. Also in the US, nail bombs have been used against abortion clinics.

Over here, nine years ago, a pro-hunting activist planted one under his own car to try to discredit hunt saboteurs - and got a short prison sentence for his folly. Less well known has been the recent series of nail-bomb

explosions in squares and market places in China, planted, it is conjectured, by opponents of the government in fact, nail bombs are going off all over the place.

As it happens, as from this morning I also know how to make one of these simple and cheap devices. Following a string of connections (or "threads") from my original enquiry, I eventually fetched up at a site (which I will not name, lest this article falls into the hands of a seriously unimaginative would-be terrorist) which explained in patient detail how the same bombs as those used in Brixton and Brick Lane may be assembled and primed. The circuitry is laid out in easy-to-follow diagrams, and little dos and don'ts are helpfully provided, and all with a deprecating humour worthy of Alan Titchmarsh.

The site's guardian, however, is grumpier than your Alan when approached directly. He (surely, he must be a he) welcomes e-mails that will contribute positively to the vast amount of useful information he has available. But he is clearly fed up with all the boasting.

"I do not care what you did with this knowledge," he says weary. "In fact, if you are writing to tell me what you did to an enemy, or your high school, I think you are an idiot. Why? Because you just committed an illegal act and you are bragging about it." And he adds a health warning: "Most of these text files can kill YOU. If you try these items, and kill yourself? Good. Darwinism is not a bullshit concept."

I imagine this chap to be a Dennis Hopper lookalike: a tired, grizzled old

plain-clothes battalions of the Israeli army had been drafted into Golders Green for the duration. It was a comforting thought. But not for the columnist who yesterday thundered that these bombings were a disgrace, that one was too many and that two looked suspiciously like carelessness. "If the police cannot stop them, and stop them now," he fulminated, "just why exactly do we have a Metropolitan police force?"

And here we should begin to take hold of ourselves. If the Chinese police do not have sufficient powers to prevent such attacks, how on earth can we demand of our police force that they do better? We live in a free and open society. People are allowed to wander the streets with sports bags, drive our streets with trunks full of God knows what, sit in their attics experimenting with chemicals, and go to funny little meetings with other strange people.

There are more than 58 million of us in this country. As your night train sweeps through town and countryside, it passes thousands of lighted windows. There are miles after miles of kitchens and lounges and garages, and in all of them live or potent our fellow citizens, with their various loves, dislikes, ambitions and hatreds. Not only will some of them be deranged, but many will also be seekers after some sort of glory. After all, what impulse is it that demands that you impersonate a paedophile simply so that you can appear on the *Kilroy* show? Many of us are desperate to be noticed. Few of us have newspaper columns to help us do it.

And yet we feel very vulnerable, don't we? Sitting in the window of a café in North London yesterday, I suddenly wondered who was next. The claim from a Jewish community spokesman that "the community is on the alert" made me wonder whether

So, item one: information on how to make bombs, very easily available. Item two: millions of people in the country, lots of them mad.

Item three: a great and growing need for celebrity, however it is earned.

And, item four: an open society in which it is relatively easy to pass un hindered by the authorities.

Put like this, what is truly extraordinary is the fact that so few bombs explode on our streets, in our schools or outside our public buildings. This is no consolation for those injured in such attacks, and for the relatives of those who will doubtless be killed if the bombers are not found. But the truth is probably that these blasts have been perpetrated by the same gang of tattooed lunatics who have always been there. There is no groundswell of support for the BNP, no far-right mass rallies. I detect no lingering support for the bombers.

In other words, I don't believe that these bombs tell us anything we did not already know. Except, perhaps, about the strangely peripatetic life of an unattended sports bag in a city street. This is not a plea for everyone to relax his or her vigilance; there is a bad, sad bastard out there who needs to be caught. But I really don't think the explosions should cause another bout of hand-wringing, pessimism and despair about our society.

For all our problems, for all that one of our most popular broadcasters was brutally killed yesterday, this remains a tolerant and peaceful country. Two explosions do not make a dystopia.

## QUOTE OF THE DAY

"The more popular she was, the more ordinary she was with us."  
Jennie Bond, BBC presenter  
reacting to the death of her colleague Jill Dando

## THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Peace is indivisible."  
Maxim Litvinov,  
Soviet diplomat



## The AA understands that getting to the airport on time is the first problem that needs fixing

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## MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD  
International comment on the  
celebration of Nato's 50th anniversary

THE EVOLUTION of the alliance's strategy reflects the change of United States security strategy. Nato, which used to be Washington's main tool to confront the Soviet Union

during the Cold War era, was chosen as a new weapon by the United States to dominate Europe and even the world. The United States, the only superpower, vowed to lead the world

in the next century, attempting to impose American values and the American political system on others. The analysts also believe that the United States' strategy to build a mono-polar world order goes against the historical trend of the world's multi-polarization and is certain to fail. *China Daily*

NATO MUST find a way to end the war in Yugoslavia successfully. Europe is ending the

century much as it began, with a war sparked in the Balkans. Already, much of Kosovo has been ethnically cleansed, and there are real fears that the war could spread even further. As the Nato leaders convened for their three-day party, we hope they kept the champagne corked and avoided self-congratulation. As they did, their new mission is already being defined in blood in the Balkans. *The Corning Leader, US*

THE ALLIANCE concluded what should have been a triumphal anniversary celebration by declaring that it was united on the subject of a blockade, when it was clearly nothing of the sort. Nato announced it would be prepared to take action in support of democracy outside its own region. It would be a disaster if its search for a post-Cold War role became a return to conflict with its former Cold War enemy. *The Age, Australia*

NATO IS a step away from having to plan its own wake. Yugoslavia is winning the war in Kosovo thanks to Nato's incompetence and irresolution. If Nato cannot defeat Yugoslavia - and if Slobodan Milosevic does not lose, he wins - why have the alliance at all? Nato has done much good, and was an essential ingredient in the defeat of communism, but nostalgia is no reason to keep decrepit alive. *Boston Herald, US*

## PANDORA

EWAN MCGREGOR (pictured), topliner of the big summer *Star Wars* prequel, doesn't go to Knucke Junction. "I can talk a good fight but I'd run a mile if one ever happened," McGregor says. "I had a fight once but I just got punched to the floor and that was it." The refreshingly unsterotypical Scot may have to make some attitude adjustments when the much-hyped movie eventually hits our cinemas. "Suddenly all these people are coming up to me with posters to sign," the pacific thesp says. "May the Force be with you." People have actually said that to me... I think that's quite batty."

**SMILEY FACES** were hoping that the success of the Lockerbie negotiations would foreshadow a similar deal to bring PC Yvonne Fletcher's killers to justice. Don't hold your breath. Pandora sees liability issues and a ballistics report roadblocking the suspected shooter's surrender.

**WINNING TEAM.** Now that first-division champions Sunderland have booked their premiership berth for next season, is the manager Peter Reid thinking differently to avoid the Yo-Yo syndrome that has pushed Nottingham Forest to the drop? Reid dummied parliamentary lobby journalists when he arrived for their morning briefing this week with Alastair Campbell (wheels down from Washington DC) and Fraser Kemp (Lab Houghton and Washington East). The simian manager looked and learnt as Campbell and the hacks tackled the Kosovo war. Next stop for the Sunderland boss was Downing Street. Perhaps this visit down south will inspire the former England star to add more strength and depth to his squad - the premiership is a league of its own.

**TODAY'S SLANGUAGUE** guide is to Asian youth phrases. Chirpsing: flirting with the aim of pulling and subsequently plodding. Pudi (among Muslim kids) or fandhi (to their Hindu counterparts): beautiful girls. Benched: insult implying the other party is incestuous. Is it (pronounced iizzit) used as an

acknowledgement of a definitive statement, equivalent to "Oh really" - cf innit, all-purpose intensifier (eg "This place is the dogs, innit"). Having a session: smoking cannabis. Munch: takeaway food. Chat to you later: speak to you soon.

**ELLEN BARKIN** stars in the appropriately titled *Drop Dead Gorgeous*, a scathing comedy about American beauty pageants - and Pandora's spies say Barkin, one of the smartest players in La-La land, steals the film. Alas, someone's stolen her boyfriend. Ron Perelman, the billionaire chairman of Revlon, was spotted hooking up with a well-upholstered cable TV star. The man must have rocks in his head.

**TOM JONES** was asked by connections of a 10-year-old Watford fan to come and sing at her birthday party. The 60-year-old singer, who looked as though he'd put on a pound or two at Momo's Arabesque bash earlier this month, declined the gig on health grounds. Pandora wishes the old rote well. FYI (For Your Information): Last time we looked, Uncle Tom's taste in femmes ran to rather younger laydeez.

**A DELICIOUS** moment during Donald Macintyre's Peter Mandelson documentary earlier this week. Mandy, it revealed, loves Andy... Andy Williams, the singer? Pandoraphiles will want to go buy the book (*Mandelson: The Biography*, HarperCollins) on this one.

**LAST WORD** on Hugh Hefner's 73rd birthday party at his Holmby Hills hideaway. Hefner complained he felt faint and bunny people hit the panic button. A Hefner mouth-piece now dismisses the incident as a "moment" and blames it on the Playboy boss drinking on an empty stomach. She also says that Hef is seeing three women - conveniently named Mandy, Sandy and Brandy. A case of too much on his plate but not enough in his belly?

Contact Pandora by e-mail: [pandora@independent.co.uk](mailto:pandora@independent.co.uk)

## My place in Welsh history - for £150



TOM DAVIES

*It is rather wonderful being the leader of a great political party - and I recommend it to all*

election addresses, which dates back to the 1890s and has proved to be of great use to researchers and members of the public". Ah so, a place in political history already. And all for £150.

Then I had to put in my nomination papers, all signed by my wife. The Celtic Alliance secretary, complete with a £50 deposit which I am extremely keen to get back. Again

they were all very nice to me in County Hall, but you could see they were trying hard not to laugh when they saw my eyebrows disappear into my hairline on being told that there were no fewer than 40,000 properties in my constituency.

Clearly I then had to order some 40,000 brochures from my next-door neighbour, who just happens to be a printer, and they are now piled up in 20 boxes in my hallway. They cost me about £1,400, but there is only the slimmest chance of them all getting delivered.

Every party needs a rosette, so another neighbour, the journalist and quilter Judy Stephens, ran me up a rosette the size of a large pizza, complete with my Celtic cross logo. The trouble is, when I've got it on and am out on my bike, I'm not sure if I'm canvassing or about to take off on a new crusade to win back the Holy Land from the infidel.

The bicycle is crucial to my media image of the little man fighting the big system. We at the Celtic Alliance are now frantically trying to set up a photograph of me on my bicycle looking up at Alun Michael's hi-tech battle bus.

The battle is not an easy one since my parliamentary constituency of Cardiff South and Penarth - which is also Alun Michael's constituency - is as strange as they come, stretching from the chunky, well-heeled seaside town of Penarth through the wilder suburbs of Grangetown and Tiger Bay and the grim, working-class terraces of Splott, to the sprawling estates of Llanrumney and Trowbridge.

In some parts the residents are clearly worried about Molotov cocktails, since it is all but impossible to get anything through the letterboxes. I put one of my brochures into the hands of a four-year-old and told him to give it to his mother. This mite, who barely reached up to my knee, simply glared at me and told me to go and have sexual relations with myself. Or words to that effect.

There is a high level of apathy in these elections, but I am hoping the Celtic Alliance will break through all this with its bold and radical policies for reviving the artistic and sporting heart of Wales.

All Welsh artists have now been silenced, but I'm telling them that the Celtic Alliance wants to set up:

## We should not rule out a peaceful solution in Kosovo



ANATOL LIEVEN

*We need to reach a compromise - not with Milosevic but with the Serbian nation*

much simpler, but would involve the occupation of the whole of Serbia, with everything that would mean for terrorism, partisan warfare and political quagmire.

Before moving towards a ground war, we therefore need to make a serious attempt to reach a compromise - not with Milosevic, who is by now largely irrelevant to the real long-term issue, but with the Serbian nation. It is with this nation that we are now at war, and it is with this nation that we shall still be dealing when this war is over.

The mission of Strobe Talbott, the US Deputy Secretary of State to Moscow this week gives us the chance to use Russia to achieve such a compromise - and this would also do something to restore our dangerously shattered relations with Moscow. However, for this to work, we cannot simply follow US policy so far, which has essentially been one of telling Russia to tell Belgrade to surrender. If we are going to get the Serbs to agree to a settlement without defeating them on the ground or bombing them into starvation, then

any settlement will obviously have to be a negotiated one. To achieve such a settlement first of all means facing facts. The most important of these is that Albanians and Serbs cannot now live together in a common state - indeed, this was already apparent 10 years ago. A large number of Albanians cannot possibly be asked to live again under the threat of Serbian military terror; but equally, a withdrawal of Yugoslav forces from the whole of Kosovo and their replacement with Nato troops would sooner or later lead inevitably to the formal separation of the whole of Kosovo and the flight of its Serbian minority. Nato will not stay there indefinitely to protect them.

To achieve such a result, in an area that Serbs regard as of critical historical and emotional importance, will require their complete military defeat. To maintain such a settlement against the threat of a Serbian *retourne* will require a permanent Nato commitment in the region. It would probably also involve the heavy arming of Albania by Nato - a grotesque proposition, considering Albania's record as a failing state.

The only way to get out of this hole is to partition Kosovo. This could begin with the creation of "safe havens" for the Kosovar Albanians covering some two-thirds of the existing territory of Kosovo and akin to those established for the Kurds of northern Iraq in 1991. Yugoslav forces would withdraw behind a line patrolled by UN forces with a Nato component and guaranteed by the UN (including Russia) as well as Nato. This would allow most (though by no means all) of the refugees and those displaced within Kosovo to return home and would secure their safety. Nato would, however, have to give a formal

assurance to Yugoslavia that, unless Yugoslav forces crossed that line, NATO air attacks would not resume. This solution would obviously mean the Serbs giving up most of Kosovo. Its attraction for them, however, would be that it would involve *de facto* partition. This would leave them in control of both of the remaining areas of Serbian population and of the emotionally most significant places: the battle field of Kosovo Polje itself and the Serbian monasteries.

This would be achieved by leaving in Serbian hands both a large swathe of territory in the north and a small, separate bit in the west adjacent to Montenegro and containing Peć (the site of the old Serbian Orthodox Patriarchate) and the monastery of Decane. This division would give the Serbs a great deal more than their present share of the Kosovar population would justify, but it would be roughly in line with their historical position in recent centuries, before the higher Albanian birthrate radically changed the local balance.

*The author's 'Chechnya: Tombstone of Russian Power' is due out in paperback in June*



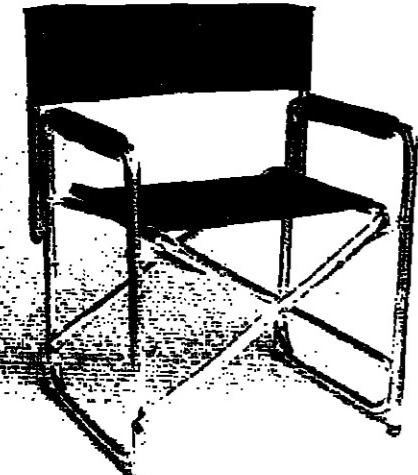
Viktor Chernomyrdin greets President Milosevic. Antonic Dragan

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## Key components of a happy society

**SEXUAL HEALTH** tends to be seen as a private or lifestyle issue, and primarily the concern of specialist health services. Yet it can be argued that the great innovations in sexual health, including universal access to contraception, the establishment of specialist services to treat sexually transmitted infections and the 1967 Abortion Act, have done more than any other public policy measures this century to promote public health.

In our modern pluralist society, the lifestyle approach to sexual health reflects our wish to recognise that conventional approaches to morality are no longer adequate and that informed choice is an essential underpinning of sexual health. Locating sexual health firmly within the new public health agenda opens up the possibility of a new approach to enhancing human health and well-being by promoting the healing and creative power of sexuality.

Behavioural, emotional, social and political factors all impact on an individual's ability to take control of and enjoy their sexuality, and to protect and celebrate their sexual health with knowledge and confidence.

In recent years, the main thrust of public health policy in

sexual health has been towards raising awareness about HIV/AIDS and the establishment of services to treat and care for people who have contracted HIV. Less attention has been paid to other aspects, particularly inequalities in the ability to exercise choice and autonomy, the integration of sexual health into generic health and social policies and practice, and to the sexual health needs of socially excluded groups.

While specialised services are frequently clear and focused in their approach, there is often confusion and ambivalence about the potential contribution of non-specialists to the promotion of sexual health. Locating sexual health firmly within the new public health agenda opens up the possibility of a new approach to enhancing human health and well-being by promoting the healing and creative power of sexuality.

We need a definition of sexual health that reflects sexuality as positive and life-enhancing, and an awareness of the social, economic and political forces that impact on sexual health for individuals



PODIUM

ANNE WEYMAN  
*From a speech by the chief executive of the Family Planning Association to its annual conference*

and communities. The Family Planning Association's definition of sexual health is "the capacity and freedom to enjoy and express sexuality without exploitation, oppression, physical or mental harm".

If we examine how the population's sexual health measures up to this definition, we find that there is a wealth of qualitative and quantitative evidence which indicates that sexual health is poor.

Indicators of sexual health show a worrying position: approximately one-fifth of all pregnancies end in abortion; there were 446,000 cases of sexual infections diagnosed in genito-urinary medicine clinics in 1997, an overall increase of 5 per cent; a sixth of couples seek assistance for infertility. These figures demonstrate the current deficit in sexual health and the urgent need for action.

There must be a coherent national approach to sexual health as a primary component of human health overall. We need the Government to ensure that its new sexual health strategy employs an integrated approach, to avoid the

issue being marginalised because of a narrow, problem-led focus.

It should include a number of key objectives: encouraging openness, knowledge and understanding about sex; ensuring that all young people receive effective education about sex and relationships; and reducing inequalities for groups with poorer sexual health.

In addition to the overall strategy and the integration of sexual health into mainstream services, social inequalities need to be tackled in culturally sensitive specialist services. This has important consequences for the ethos and values of local services.

Sexual health is central to well-being and has a major impact on physical and mental health. The current problem-led approach limits the effectiveness of policies to meet the needs of all the population. We need a new approach, a new strategy that places sexual health firmly within the public health agenda and, in doing so, celebrates sex and relationships as key components of a happy and successful society.

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# Sex, lust and confusion



**TERENCE BLACKER**

*The English male has confused desire with a yearning for a woman who can take charge*

A CERTAIN amount of unseemly boastfulness has attended the allegations that two of Hollywood's most beautiful and dignified film stars, Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise, required daily coaching in the art of making love from a couple of English - yes, English - sex experts.

Elsewhere, as if to confirm this new and unexpected aspect of the national character, it was reported that Candace Bushnell, the American author of reports from the front line of New York singlehood, *Sex and the City*, had visited London and found that Englishmen were wonderful, sensitive, erotically attuned creatures. The international rumours about their performance - starting much too slowly, ending much too quickly, and so on - had been put about by jealous English-women anxious to discourage potential sex tourists from flying in from Manhattan.

It is all very flattering and, some would say, after decades of leering contempt from smug, randy foreigners like Norman Mailer, much overdue. "She had a gift," Mailer wrote in *An American Dream*, before interrupting his sex scene for a joke at our expense. "She was giving me a short lecture with her tongue on the habits of the Germans, the French, the English (one sorry bite, indeed), the Italians, the Spanish." The cliché about the English being bad in bed has been given a regular outing in books and TV programmes ever since, and even appeared on TV in last week's *Frasier*, an episode during which the ghastly Daphne was revealed never to have slept with her boyfriend. "She's English," Niles explained to gales of knowing laughter from the studio audience.

No doubt, the ever-busy spinners of Westminster will seize on the Kidman/Cruise case and Bushnell's enthusiastic endorsement and set out to change our image in this, as in other areas. Forget Cool Britannia, the message will go out. From now on, it's Red-Hot Britannia. Pistols-Through-the-Sheets Britannia.

If this is the case, the first target for the marketing folk should be the English sex symbol - for nothing reveals more about our confusions and insecurities than the examples of national womanhood that are held



Diana Dors at home in Maidenhead, 1956: the 'dirty-postcard blonde' - for the British male, up there with the 'mummy' and 'jolly little sister' ideals of womanhood

up by the media as exemplars of erotic perfection.

How startling it must be for a foreign visitor, for example, to discover that according to the press, the entire male population is in lustful thrall to a cheery, ruddy-faced, ginger-haired gardener whose main claim to fame appears to be that she mulches and digs without wearing a bra under her shirt. To her credit, Charlie Dymock is as startled and embarrassed as anyone by her elevation to the ranks of national pin-up, although a quick consideration of other favourite fantasy figures suggests that her solid, homely, unthreatening good looks and nonsense competence made her ideally qualified.

For, somewhere along the line, the English male seems to have confused desire with a deep, irrepressible yearning for a woman who can take charge, who can bring order and discipline and a certain rough companionship to his life. It would be too easy to blame the class system with its nannies and boarding schools for this longing for an authority figure, and it would also be wrong: every Englishman, whatever his background, seems to

hanker after a Mummy figure.

Twenty years ago, a character such as the newsreader Angela Rippon or the sullen actress Glen Jackson played the role to perfection. Serious, ambitious and masterful, they were occasionally skittish enough to appear in self-parodic mode on the Morecambe and Wise Christmas show. During the Eighties, the entire nation abased itself in masochistic adoration of Margaret Thatcher, with the more daring MPs and political commentators later owing up to what Julian Critchley described as "a bat-squat of sexual desire" as she bullied and hectored us all.

Somehow, as the Mummy figures grow older, their allure remains. There are film and theatre critics who still attest to the allure of Dame Judi Dench, while Charlotte Rampling, now at an age when she no longer frightens us with her dangerous, erotic power, has also become a leading sex symbol of the Mummy variety. In the political arena, Clare Short has taken over the Thatcher role while Harriet Harman, described by Gyles Brandreth in his forthcoming diaries as "an inexplicable half-inch away

from being wonderfully attractive". Is waiting in the wings. In fact, for the Mummy figure, matters of conventional attractiveness are of secondary importance: doubtless there are discipline-crazed Englishmen who harbour intimate fantasies about Ann Widdecombe. While it would be unfair on all parties to put Charlie Dymock in that company, she intoxicatingly combines the bossy competence of the mother figure with a hint of that other English sex symbol, the jolly little sister, most memorably exemplified by Felicity Kendal.

Equally reassuring to the English male is the more obvious pin-up, the dirty-postcard blonde, with her inevitably large breasts spilling in comic profusion out of a low-cut dress. The trendsetter here was probably Diana Dors, whose life was being dramatised in ITV's *The Blonde Bombshell* this week, and who was the subject of Sunday paper tit-tat over the weekend. "She was not sexy," a former lover called Michael Caborn-Wakefield recalled. "She was one of the least randy girls I ever went out with. For her, sex was a game."

That, of course, is the point of the

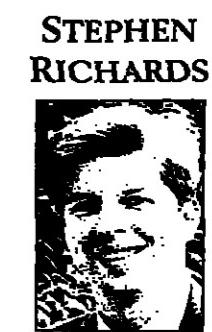
dirty-postcard blonde. The exaggerated blowiness of Dors and such successors as Barbara Windsor, Samantha Fox and Melinda Messenger does not represent sex any more than a McTill postcard or a Carry On film does. It's an idea of naughtiness, a one-dimensional substitute, something hilarious and furtive, a quick flash of knicker, a giggle, maybe even a grope, while the missus's back is turned. The idea of a genuinely arousing scene - touch, tension, feeling, vulnerability - involving Babes or Sammy or Melinda, is unthinkable. They stand for the female distant, comical, inflated and, above all, safe.

If only we could report that it was only the English male who was fearful of intimacy, preferring authority, competence or a laugh to the real thing; but there is evidence that women are just as confused. Alan Titchmarsh, the grinning, bashful middle-aged gardener is said to set hearts a-flutter across the Home Counties. Even more disturbingly, Des Lynam was reported to be receiving 10,000 letters from adoring female fans during last year's World Cup coverage, the tabloids describing him, in all apparent seri-

ousness, as "the nation's heartthrob". The blazer, the boring saloon-bar drone, the twinkle in the eye, the grey moustache: are these really women across the country for whom this is the stuff of erotic fantasy? It defies the imagination. The spin doctors aiming to rebrand the country's sexual image might also have a word with our novelists. In fiction, perhaps as in life, something goes awry when the Englishman becomes passionate. Who could forget the sex scene in Richard Thorncroft's *The Dark Clarinet* when, at a key moment of seduction, the lover was received "like the flaps of a security-screening machine at an airport", or Kingsley Amis's attempt at erotic fervour in *The Green Man*? There was a lot of wool and other material, some cheek, some panting, some movement, some pressure and lack of everything else. Suddenly it all turned very immediate and as much as anybody could deal with.

Some cheek, some panting, Charlie Dymock, Des Lynam. If this is the English way of sex that Nicole and Tom are alleged to have been learning, no wonder they ended up in court.

## RIGHT OF REPLY



A member of the Campaign for an English Parliament replies to an article by Anne McElvoy

IT IS wrong for Anne McElvoy to characterise all those of us who are calling for an English parliament as "snug, arrogant and excluding southerners". Only some of us are like that!

Indeed Ms McElvoy's suggestions for a new English parliament saint emphasise what a diverse lot we are in England. This diversity is represented by the membership of the Campaign for an English Parliament. We have members from Yorkshire to Dorset and from Herefordshire to Norfolk. The campaign includes Europhiles and Eurosceptics; members of the Conservative and the Labour Parties; monarchists and republicans. Most of us have not been active in politics before.

An English parliament, perhaps outside London, need not mean more politicians and more expense. A smaller UK parliament at Westminster and a renegotiation of the Barnett formula should mean that the English parliament would work for itself.

We are not opposed to regionalism, but do have some concerns about the creation of competing regions without any overall national focus for England.

If the UK Parliament becomes the guardian of England's interests, what credibility will it have in Scotland? If the UK Parliament cannot represent England's interests who will?

We are calling for a constitutional convention to examine all the options for the government of England. Proposals developed by the convention would be put to the people of England in a referendum. An free and open debate is surely better than trying to pretend that there are no shortcomings to the present arrangements. Perhaps what our opponents fear is that this would open up a genuine debate about how we are governed.

## Tales of wine and chocolate

### TUESDAY BOOKS



**CHOCOLAT**

BY JOANNE HARRIS. DOUBLEDAY, £12.99

**THE VINTNER'S LUCK**

BY ELIZABETH KNOX. CHATTO & WINDUS, £10



IN HENRY James's last completed novel, there is a scene in which a Continental aristocrat remarks that tea, for the English, has a very particular relationship with morality: "so that the more one drank it the more moral one became". In *Chocolat*, the third novel by Joanne Harris, chocolate occupies a comparable position. Throughout the moody and atmospheric narrative, chocolate is directly or indirectly responsible for the healing of family rifts and for bringing the idea of hope to the community's more desperate inhabitants; it serves as a spur to change for the oppressed characters; it even acts as a sort of solid, malleable foil to hypocrisy.

*Chocolat* tells the story of Vianne

Rocher, a mysterious and exotic woman who arrives in the French village of Lansquenet with her daughter Anouk, and almost immediately opens a little chocolate shop and cafe.

The villagers soon flock to La Celeste Praline, eager to sample its dazzling selection of confectionery: the three-nut cluster, the Eastern Journey, the

peche au miel millefleurs soaked in eau de vie, and the Nipples of Venus. But La Celeste Praline is not without its detractors. The more religious villagers are angered by its opening on the first day of Lent and soon Vianne has a fevered adversary in Father Reynaud, who resembles a petty, vindictive priest from a Balzac story, although he lacks the intellectual powers of such a character. A portion of the novel is told from Reynaud's point of view and, as his fury with Vianne as temptress and champion of the dispossessed mounts, we are party to his psychotic fantasies of revenge.

As the story unfolds, more instances of the discord at the heart of this apparently serene village come to light. La Celeste Praline soon becomes a sort of sanctuary, where Vianne feeds chocolate to the villagers and listens to their fears and hopes and dreams.

Harris writes confident and stylish prose. The technical descriptions of chocolate-making, which are my favourite parts, are written as though the process itself were a sort of magic. If the book is slightly lacking in the emotional intensity it seeks, *Chocolat* is still a richly textured tale, evoking the claustrophobia of village life, and its amusements, with an impressively light touch.

In *The Vintner's Luck* by the New Zealand writer Elizabeth Knox, wine takes almost as important a role in the lives of the characters as chocolate does in Harris's book. Set in 19th-century Burgundy, the novel opens one

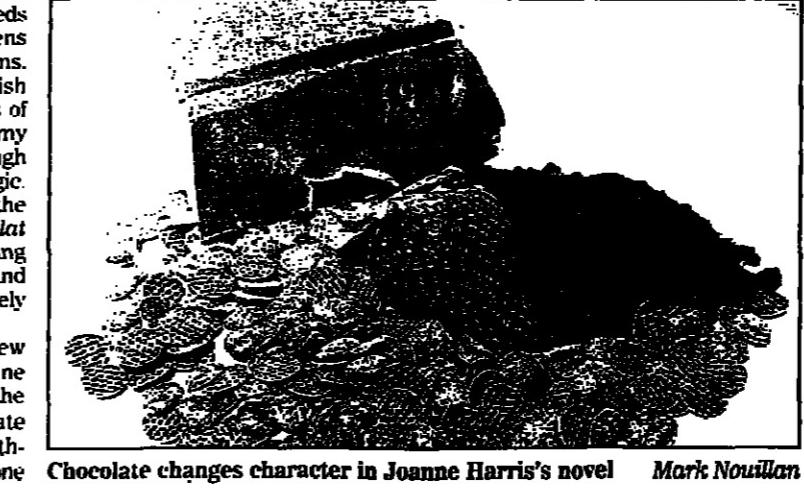
midsummer evening when Sobran Jodeau, a young wine grower is visited by an angel in his vineyard. The angel is a physically beautiful creature with huge wings and a smell of snow. The confused adolescent Sobran appeals to it for guidance in matters of the heart.

*The Vintner's Luck* chronicles the angel's visits to Sobran, every year on the anniversary of that first night. Sobran and the angel drink wine from his vineyard, and soon their relationship seems to Sobran the most valuable and important in his life. Through marriage and fatherhood, improvements in the vineyards, the ups and downs of Sobran's military career and family disputes, the angel acts as a spiritual guide, almost a branch of his con-

science, as well as Sobran's closest friend. When one of his daughters dies, the angel even agrees to check that she is all right in heaven. After a while, their partnership falters when it becomes clear that angels can have uncomfortable secrets and lapses of spirit.

*The Vintner's Luck* is a strange book, both whimsical and deeply ambitious. Although rich with twists of fate and feeling, it does not wholly convince in its evocation of 19th-century France, nor in its darting between real and imaginary worlds. At times the narrative aims for a sort of fluid, worldly ease, like that of, say, André Gide's novel *The Immoralist*. At other moments, it seems to strive for quite a fanciful, almost fairy-tale tone, and then suddenly seems to see itself as a historical epic, novel of ideas, or even a poem. Although I did not find it wholly successful, some of its incidents are sharply drawn and memorable - such as when the hero, travelling as a soldier, has sex with a pregnant Russian prostitute whose waters suddenly break around them.

SUSIE BOYD



Chocolate changes character in Joanne Harris's novel *Mark Nouillon*

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### TUESDAY POEM

**SEASHELLS**  
BY PAUL VERLAINE. TRANSLATED BY NORMAN R SHAPIRO

Each seashell in the walls where we  
Made love - our grotto rendezvous -  
Has its own special property.

One has our souls' deep crimson hue  
Snatched from our hearts' blood when I flare  
And flame with passion, as do you;

This one affects that look you wear -  
Languid and pale - when, listless, spent,  
You scold me for my mocking air;

This one would sport the innocent  
Curve of your ear; that one, like bud  
Of rose, your neck's: pink, corpulent;

But one there was that fired my blood.

From 'One Hundred and One Poems by Paul Verlaine: a bilingual edition', translated by Norman R Shapiro (University of Chicago Press, £19.95). © The University of Chicago. All rights reserved

# Melba Liston

THE CODE of behaviour at ladies' finishing schools never recommended taking up the trombone. The instrument didn't rival the piano or the cello in drawing room decorum. And yet the only two well-known women trombonists were both glamorous to look at. Melba Liston was one of them and the English Annie Whitehead, assured enough to appear naked with her horn on the sleeve of her last CD, was the other.

Melba Liston certainly saw every side of show business. On one occasion she was stranded with Billie Holiday, both of them broke in a hostile South Carolina, and on another she walked about playing a harp in the film *The Ten Commandments* (1956). She suffered the perils of being the only woman in travelling big bands. "Rapes and everything. I've been going through that stuff for all my life. Yeah, well, you know, it's a broad and she's by herself. I'd just go to the doctor and tell him, and that was that. But the older I got, the less it happened. I don't know how old I was," she laughed, "but it stopped all together."

It was her talents as a composer and arranger that distinguished her, rather than her work as an instrumentalist. She wrote scores for innumerable big bands including those of Quincy Jones, Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie. Her long association with her mentor, the pianist and composer Randy Weston, took her to the forefront of modern jazz and Tony Bennett, Billie Holiday, Abbey Lincoln and Diana Ross were among the vocalists that commissioned work from her. She recalled,

I was born in Kansas City, Missouri, but I was raised between there and Kansas City, Kansas, where my grandparents were. I got my trombone when I was seven. They decided to form a music class at my elementary school and a travelling music store came with a variety of instruments. When I saw the trombone I thought how beautiful it looked and knew I just had to have one. No one told me that it was difficult to master. All I knew was that it was pretty and I wanted one.

She had problems using the slide: "I was tall then, but I didn't reach to sixth and seventh position. I used to have to turn my head sideways." By the time she was eight, Liston was good enough to play solo trombone on the local radio. Her mother had found a trombone teacher for her. "He wasn't right. I don't know how, but I knew. So I said no, cancelled, and went on my own. I was always good in my ears, so I could play by ear."

The family moved to Los Angeles in 1937. Liston was bright enough to join high school there in the eighth grade, although she had only been in the sixth in Kansas. "My music teacher at the school was real nice. He rode home with me and asked my mother could he adopt me. He said he wanted to further my music and he wanted to send me off to some teachers. But I didn't go. I just wanted to stay home with my mom." Some of her schoolfriends introduced Liston to Alma Hightower, a music teacher who ran a big band

made up of children from the neighbourhood. But the two fell out after four years when, at 16, Liston joined the musicians' union. Her teacher thought that she wasn't ready for such a step.

Liston joined the pit band at the Lincoln Theatre in Los Angeles:

They would have a movie and then the show would take over. The all-girl Sweethearts of Rhythm band played at the Lincoln and they wanted to take me with them when they finished. I was riding with two of them and they got to carrying on - I mean not carrying on with each other. And I said, "I'll be back," and I went and hid. Then I went and told my mother. I went on back with the band at the Lincoln. I was writing music by this time for this time for different acts who would come in and didn't have their music. I was at the Lincoln for about a year, I guess.

In 1943 the theatre stopped showing and Liston joined a new big band being formed by the trumpeter Gerald Wilson, who had just left the Jimmy Lunceford band. Wilson's band was good enough to go on tour and when it reached New York took over from Duke Ellington at the Apollo Theatre. It made records back in Los Angeles, and

*She suffered the perils of being the only woman in travelling big bands. 'Rapes and everything. I'd just go to the doctor and tell him, and that was that.'*

Liston also recorded in a small group with the tenorist Dexter Gordon, an old schoolfriend. Gordon had composed "Mischievous Lady", one of the numbers they recorded, as a tribute to Liston. "My big influences were Tommy Dorsey and Lawrence Brown, but I didn't work towards being a front-line soloist," she said. "I was a slow player, a ballads and blues player. My ear was all right but I was involved in arranging all the time and didn't go jamming and stuff like that."

Liston stayed with Gerald Wilson until in 1948 the band broke up in New York. She and Wilson joined Dizzy Gillespie's progressive big band that at that time included the saxophonists John Coltrane and Paul Gonsalves and the pianist John Lewis. "That was a fantastic band and so different to anything that had ever happened in California," said Liston. "The music, the whole attitude and personality of the band was so exciting. I just couldn't believe it." When Gillespie broke the band up



Liston playing at the Nice Jazz Festival, 1980

David Redfern

problems, and the musicians had great difficulty getting back to New York where, loyal to Jones, they rejoined his band when he put it together again.

Liston spent most of the Sixties working in New York freelancing as an arranger and playing on studio sessions. She was house arranger and conductor for the Riverside record label. She scored the music for albums by Milt Jackson, Randy Weston, Gloria Lynne and Johnny Griffin. She also arranged albums for Marvin Gaye, Billy Eckstine and the Supremes. She worked often with the trumpeter Clark Terry and they briefly co-led a big band. She also played for Charlie Mingus, appearing at his infamous New York Town Hall concert of 1962.

Quincy Jones had been a trumpeter in Gillespie's band and when he formed a band to tour in Europe with the show "Free and Easy" with music by Harold Arlen he asked Liston to join. "Several of us who were in Dizzy's band went with Quincy's orchestra. I was writing all the time for that band and Quincy would write the light tunes. They were his kind of thing. Ernie Wilkins wrote the hard-swinging Basie-type numbers and I did the ballads and standards. We had a nice little family circle going." Despite its popularity the package hit financial

she hears what I do and then expands it," said the composer. "She will create a melody that sounds like I created it. She's just a great great arranger."

Returning to Los Angeles in the late Sixties she worked with youth orchestras. She moved to Jamaica in 1973, staying there until 1979. She taught at the University of the West Indies and the Jamaica Institute of Music in Kingston. On her return to Los Angeles she formed an all-girl septet called Melba Liston and Company. The group was the main attraction at the 1979 Kansas City Women's Jazz Festival. Although she dropped the all-girl line up, the band survived until 1983.

The partnership with Weston flourished and in all the two made many albums together, including *Blues to Africa*, *High Life*, *Little Niles*, *Spirits of Our Ancestors*, *Tanjah*, *Music of the New African Nations*, *Volcano Blues* and *Music of the New African Nations*.

"Melba is incredible," said Weston, explaining the philosophy of their composing.

But we both knew that to do a recording we would want to have the older musicians to give us that foundation, and then we would get the younger musicians on top. The older musicians have the knowledge; they know all the secret things that we don't know about music. Melba always made sure that we would have that kind of base.

Liston died due to appear at the Camden Jazz Festival in 1986 but was prevented from doing so by the first of several strokes, and from then on was confined to a wheelchair. Subsequent strokes forced her to give up playing, but she continued to compose and arrange.

Last week a concert was given in her and Randy Weston's honour at Harvard University.

STEVE VOCE

Melba Doretta Liston, trombonist, composer and arranger; born Kansas City, Missouri 13 January 1926; married; died Los Angeles 23 April 1999.

# Michael Melford

IT WAS characteristic of Michael Melford that, when asked to write a book on cricket since 1945, he told the publisher "with more truth than modesty that I was not of the stuff of which historians are made". The publisher persisted and "we settled for a contemporary view of events in the last 45 years".

Melford then balked at the publishers' proposed title: "Melford on Cricket" and would settle for nothing more vainglorious than *After the Interval*. The book was published in 1990 and remains an unsung minor classic, a scrupulously fair account, written with wit and insight, of what we can now see was the Indian summer of English cricket, the last years before the making of profit became more important than playing the game.

Michael Melford was born in St John's Wood, north London, in 1916, the son of Austin Melford, whose name can be seen among the credits of several British films of the 1930s, who helped revive the seaside pierrot shows at the Apollo Theatre in the 1920s and who was a leading member of the Co-optivists. Michael, in contrast to a man of the theatre, preferred not to be centre-stage, if anything, rather off-stage.

He was a leading middle-distance runner at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford, and a member of the Oxford athletics team that toured North America in 1937; he won a Blue the following year and took a degree in Law.

He wrote memories of that American tour in *I Was There*, a series of reminiscences by Daily and Sunday Telegraph sportswriters published in 1966. Oxford and Cambridge, reported Melford, had defeated Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell.

Our victories, however, had been achieved only by the odd event - and they had been won by the brilliance of the few, including Ali Ifran, the massive Turk, who was allergic to training and lay on his bed all day to avoid what he called staleness but rose in time to win the Weight.

Melford joined the Royal Artillery in 1939 and with three two-pounder anti-tank guns was ordered to defend a stretch of the Scottish coast, the Royal and Ancient at St Andrews. "All those heroes of those and other days," he wrote, "if they wanted the Old Course to survive, had to rely on a perfectly ghastly player with a slice which ranked high among the horrors of war or peace."

He served in Egypt, Tunisia and Italy, was demobilised from the Balkans, in the rank of major, and was appointed athletics correspondent of *The Observer* in 1946, later occupying the same post with the *Daily Telegraph*, covering the Olympic Games in Melbourne 1956 and Rome 1960.



Melford: Who are you?

He became deputy to E.W. Swanton on the cricket pages and the first cricket correspondent of the newly founded *Sunday Telegraph*. He served the two newspapers with distinction for 32 years and after his retirement continued to write obituaries and contribute to *The Telegraph Cricket Yearbook*. He was a close friend of Peter May and helped May with his memoirs *A Game Enjoyed* (1985). He was also associate editor of the first edition of the encyclopaedic *World of Cricket* (1966).

Despite his self-disparagement he was both a useful cricketer, playing for Hampstead and Nondescripts, and a golfer respectable enough to be asked to write a history of the Denham club. He offered a shy but warming welcome to newcomers to the England press box during his own tenure there where his dignity and demeanour made him never less than an elder statesman.

On his last tour in the West Indies, in 1981, the England party was dogged by an enthusiastic follower, a retired manufacturer from Yorkshire. Albert was affable but could not refrain from talking about his business, his ups and downs, his deals and takeovers. On the penultimate night of the tour, Melford, at a loose end, seeing Albert alone by the bar, invited him to dine. Melford listened stoically to him for almost two hours.

The following morning, he told us: "Strange chap, Albert. At the end of the meal he stood up, thanked me and then asked 'Who are you?'"

DERRICK HODGSON

Michael Austin Melford, cricket writer; born London 9 November 1916; married Lorna Powell (two daughters); died Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire 19 April 1999.

# Martin Shuttleworth

IT IS said that writers of exiguous output - E.M. Forster and Bruce Chatwin the names most often quoted - enjoy reputations in excess of their worth. If so, Martin Shuttleworth should be a writer of inordinate fame, for in a long career of devoted authorship he completed and published very little.

The maverick son of a soldier (General Sir Digby Shuttleworth of the Indian Army), Shuttleworth went predictably to Wellington and more typically to King's College, Cambridge, where he read English. Among contemporary friends there he numbered Simon Raven and Mark Boxer.

In 1957 his appointment as literary editor of the weekly *Time & Tide* convinced him early that office life was not for him, and he was at once more at home writing verse plays for David Thomson at the BBC Third

Programme. Leaving London for good in 1960, winning a prize fellowship in Bristol University's drama department, Shuttleworth wrote a play, *Goat Song*, for the Bristol Old Vic and formed a film company that lived long enough to produce a pair of commendable documentaries.

For the next two decades, writing all the time, he continued to haunt the provinces, first as head of Liberal Studies at the Leicester College of Art and Design (from 1967), then at the Portsmouth Polytechnic (from 1971), where running the Fine Art department allowed him again to make films, and finally to Farnham (from 1979), where he was both tutor and librarian at the West Surrey College of Art and Design.

Not least of his gifts as a teacher and man was the charm and fluency of his running commentary on life, which he delivered with total openness, passion and merriment. His talk ran rings round life's ordinary confusions. He was a master of the digression so engaging that bringing him back to the point seemed ill-mannered. In a witty way he also remained an undergraduate subversive, a rebel with too many causes to cope with.

His retreat to his adored Spain in 1988 was an advance, a final act of self-liberation from routine. Earlier, in 1982, for Sue Bradbury at the Folio Society, "this big untidy vagabond of a man" (as she describes him) translated "superbly well" from the Spanish Diego Hurtado de Mendoza's *The War in Granada*. He threw himself into 16th-century Andalusian wars with such longing to illuminate the subject from within that his introduction almost rivalled the book in

length. His inability to cut forced Folio to "induce the birth" by taking the typescript into their own hands.

So with Shuttleworth's voluminous fiction. Rumours were always circulating of vast novels under way. A mountainous thriller was completed, apart from finishing touches. His perfectionism partook of neurosis; he balked at completing a book for fear of betraying its original design. Late he wrote most of a novel, *Bonzo*, about a psychiatrist with a skeleton not only in his cupboard but actually in his consulting room, the bones of a German aristocrat labelled in Spanish, which Shuttleworth managed to conjure into an effortless metaphor. The book will surely surface.

His marriage in 1953 to Diana Moorsom was of the closest. To their children, Benedict, Emma, Lucy and Jason, their parents offered

the lure of liberty, the patience of care and the benefit of the doubt.

Martin Shuttleworth was the most open-air man of his literary generation, careless of his career, never happier than when walking in the high Pyrenees, delighted to get back to his desk provided he had no deadlines. His most recent enterprise, which he insisted on calling a potboiler, was *Just in Case*, a bilingual guide to the language of illness, useful equally to doctor and patient, when sick in Spain or Britain. He had just sold the English rights. His last work looks doomed to success.

DAVID HUGHES

Martin Digby George Shuttleworth, writer and teacher; born Nevers, Pembrokeshire 28 August 1929; married 1953 Diana Moorsom (two sons, two daughters); died London 19 April 1999.

# Bob Irving

BOB IRVING was one of the best and strongest-running second-row forwards of his era, who shone in Great Britain's most memorable rugby league successes but who generally managed to be at the wrong club at the wrong time during his domestic career.

Although he was born and played his early rugby in Huddersfield, with the St Joseph's club, he was pinched from under the noses of the local professional side by Oldham and taken over the Pennines at the age of 16. His impact there was so immediate that he was a regular in the first team pack by the end of that 1964-65 season. Not the tallest of forwards, his great asset was the way that he

could break through defences with the explosive power of his running. Selection for Great Britain Under-24s soon followed, and for his native Yorkshire. By 1967, he was also a fixture in the Great Britain side, playing twice against France and then in all three Tests in the series that was lost to Australia in the deciding match at Swinton.

Irving was also a member of the 1970 Lions touring party to Australia - the last to return home with the Ashes - although he played only in the first Test at Brisbane. He was back in the starting line-up for the New Zealand leg of the tour.

Indeed, it was remarkable that he figured in international deliberations

tries for the Roughyeds, without which they would have been in even more dire straits.

On his departure, Irving had the misfortune to be a member of one of the less successful Wigan teams of the post-war period, although he was in the side that beat Salford to win the Lancashire Cup during his first season at Central Park. In four seasons, he played 154 games - this was long before anyone worried about the workload on players - and showed that he had not lost his eye for the try-scoring chance by crossing the line 40 times before he moved on in 1970.

On a more exalted stage, Irving was a member of Great Britain's World Cup-winning squad in France in 1972. By the time he left Oldham in 1973, Irving had won 11 Great Britain caps and his record in a lack-lustre club side also shows what an effective forward he had become. In 296 appearances, he had scored 80

starting with Salford, followed by Barrow, then in one of their ambitious phases of importing players from Lancashire and Yorkshire in a bid to recapture their glory days. He played and, for six months, coached at Blackpool Borough, the town where he had a hotel, until he was sacked in the middle of a particularly bad run of defeats.

His last club was Swinton and he retained his knack of try-scoring to the extent that his last months as a player in 1982 still brought him seven tries in 18 appearances. It was a tally that younger forwards would have envied.

At the time of his death, Irving was planning to return to Australia

with the Rugby League Lions' Association to watch Great Britain this autumn. By a remarkable coincidence, the Test side is now coached by a man whose career followed Irving's almost exactly. Andy Gooday, a Yorkshireman who played for Oldham and Wigan, also made his name as a devastating ball-runner from the second-row. That helps to illustrate the way that Irving's playing style set a pattern for the future.

DAVE HADFIELD

Robert Irving, rugby league player; born London 9 November 1916; married Lorna Powell (two daughters); died Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire 19 April 1999.

DERRICK HODGSON

Joe 150

Michael Melford

## Jill Dando

**THE COVER** of this week's *Radio Times* shows a 37-year-old woman at the prime of her professional career and about to take the most significant step of her personal life. Jill Dando was moving on from the *Holiday* programme, where she had become part of the nation's consciousness, synonymous with entertaining yet insightful reports from around the world, to her new series, *Antiques Inspectors*. The move was in part because she planned to marry her boyfriend, Alan Farthing, in September. She told the magazine that "getting married this autumn was certainly an additional incentive to spend rather more time in England".

Jill Dando was born in Weston-super-Mare in 1961. When she was a few months old, she was diagnosed as having a hole in the heart. She received major surgery at the age of three, from which she made a complete recovery. At Worle comprehensive school in the Somerset resort she was, by all accounts, an unremarkable schoolgirl with an uncommon interest in television: she once wrote to Jimmy Savile asking him to fix it for her to appear on TV. After taking her O levels, she moved to Broadac Sixth-Form Centre where she became head girl in 1979.

Her single-mindedness steered her straight from a Level 2 to a journalism course at the South Glamorgan Institute of Higher Education and a job on her local newspaper, the *Weston and Somerset Mercury*. In terms of her later career, the time she spent as a print journalist there was relatively languid, though she did become an accomplished member of the local amateur dramatic society.

In 1985 Dando's potential as a broadcaster was spotted by John Liley of BBC Radio Devon. Her appointment as a reporter marked the start of a highly productive and successful career with the corporation. She became presenter of the station's breakfast programme, and was soon signed up by BBC South West's television news magazine, *Spotlight*.

Her ability to glide seemingly effortlessly from one medium to another was a testament to her professionalism and sheer hard work unimpeded by the kind of complicated personal life that often blights the career of rising stars. In 1986, when she was 24, her mother died after an 18-month battle with leukaemia; her father still lives in Weston-super-Mare.

Dando's personal and professional roles converged when she moved to network television in 1988, aged 26. Bob Wheaton, then editor of *Breakfast Time*, recruited her initially as an occasional stand-in presenter on the BBC1 morn-

Dando in Sydney Harbour, 1996, while shooting an episode of *Holiday* for the BBC

ing news magazine. As her presenting shifts became more regular, she began a long and occasionally stormy relationship with Wheaton that was to last for most of the Nineties.

BBC executives spotted her potential for other, higher-profile shows. In 1993 she rejuvenated the long-established *Holiday* programme by bringing a mix

*Under intense pressure to get everything right on the first take, she remained as dignified off camera as she was on screen*

of journalistic integrity and genuine charm to travel television. She thrived on punishing filming schedules – 30,000 miles or more in a year – combined with regular stints as BBC1 newscaster and *Crimewatch* presenter.

Her fellow *Crimewatch* presenter, Nick Ross, said yesterday, "You will only ever hear kind things about Jill, because

elling, but the encounter was telling. In 1994 I was on holiday at a resort in Jordan when a coachload of tourists, plus film crew, suddenly turned up. Dando was making a film about a high-speed holiday dash, and was obliged to work in real time to fit in with the tour operator's schedule. Under intense pressure to get everything right on the first take,

she remained both shiningly professional and resonantly human – as modest, decent and dignified off camera as she was on screen.

Throughout her rise to fame, Dando remained down-to-earth and caring; she worked hard for charity as well as for the BBC. Recently, her personal life became ascendant; in January this year Dando's new boyfriend, the gynaecologist Alan Farthing, proposed to her. She accepted, and the couple had planned to marry in a church ceremony in September after her stint presenting the *Holiday* spin-off *Summer Holiday*.

Only very rarely does a broadcaster become so much a part of our lives that the mere mention of the name is enough to conjure up an instant and wholly positive image. Jill Dando achieved this in a television career that lasted barely a decade.

SIMON CALDER

Jill Wendy Dando, broadcaster: born Weston-super-Mare, Somerset 9 November 1961; died London 26 April 1999.

## GAZETTE

## DEATHS

**BROWN:** Dame Gillian Gerde Brown, DCVO CMG, former Ambassador to Norway, died suddenly on 21 April, aged 75. So greatly loved sister of Juliet Franklin and daughter of the late Gerda and Walter Brown. Funeral service at St Mary with St Paul, The Strand, SW10 on 7 May at 1pm, followed by private cremation. Family flowers only, but donations, if desired, to the Anglo-Norse Society and Somerville College, Oxford, c/o Leverton's, 212 Everesholt Street, London NW1 1BD. Memorial service to be announced later.

**CWLEY:** On 21 April 1999 in King's College Hospital, Robert Hugh, beloved husband of Ann. Private cremation will be followed by thanksgiving memorial service later in the summer. No flowers please. Donations if desired to Médecins Sans Frontières c/o Chelsea Funeral Directors, 91a King's Road, SW3 1LJ. 0171-534 3281.

**DOUGHERTY:** Joyce, widow of JMD, died peacefully after a long illness on 23 April, in her 77th year. Will be greatly missed by her daughters Anne and Gina, sons-in-law Piero Marigli and Bruce Miller, grandsons Tom and Daniel, and all members of the family. No flowers, please, but donations if desired to Trinity Hospice, 38 Clapham Common

BIRTHS,  
MARRIAGES  
& DEATHS

North Side, London SW4 0RN  
(0171-787 1000).

**KAPLAN:** (née Baranov, Ruth Estelle) partner of Yehuda and mother of Leon, Simon and David, died in hospital on 24 April, aged 80. Burial on Tuesday 29 April at 3.30pm at The Crematorium, Ridgeway, Hertingthorpe, Rotherham. Intensely missed by family, friends, comrades and colleagues. If preferred, instead of flowers, donations may be made to Cancer Research UK, 73a St George's Road, London SW1 1RL. 0171-354 1421.

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam), call 0171-293 2012 or fax to 0171-293 2010; notices are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra).**

## BIRTHDAYS

**Professor John Barron, Master, St Peter's College, Oxford, 65;** Mr Christopher Batescombe, ambassador to Jordan, 55; Mr Pek Botha, former South African government minister, 67; Miss Darcey Bussell, ballerina, 30; Mr Donald Buttress, Surveyor of the Fabric of Westminster Abbey, 67; The Most Rev Lord Eames, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of All Ireland, 62; Mr Michael Fish, weatherman, 55; The Marquess of Hartington, Her Majesty's Representative, Ascot, 55; Sir Peter Imbert, former Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, 66; The Right Rev Eric Kemp, Bishop of Chichester, 84; Mr Jack Kingman, actor, 78; Sir Harry Melville, former Principal, Queen Mary College, 91; Mr Kerry Pollard MP, 55; Mr Gwyndaf Prosser MP, 56; Mr Richard Ralph, Governor of the Falkland Islands, 53; The Hon Nicholas Serota, Director, the Tate Gallery, 53; Lord Taylor of Gryfe, former chairman, Morgan Grenfell (Scotland), 57.

## ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Jean-François Millet, painter, 1842; Edward Gibbon,

historian and writer, 1737; Cecil Day Lewis, poet and novelist, 1904; Deafie Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, 1404; Ralph Waldo Emerson, writer, 1823; Harold Hart Crane, poet, committed suicide 1932. On this day: the English defeated the Scots at the Battle of Dunbar, 1388; the London Zoological Gardens opened, 1828; Britain recognised the state of Israel, 1950. Today is the Feast Day of St Athanasius of Nicomedia, St Asicus or Tassach, Saints Castor and Stephen, St Florbert of Liege, St Maughold or Maccul, St Zita.

## RECEPTIONS

Vizard Oldham The partners of Vizard Oldham, Solicitors and Parliamentary Agents, held a reception yesterday for clients and friends at the Institute of Directors, London SW1, to celebrate the launch of the firm as one of the successor partnerships to the old firm of Vizards, which ceased to exist on 31 April 1999. The reception was preceded by a lecture given by Sir Bruce Martin QC, Chairman of the National Health Service Litigation Authority, entitled "Clinical Negligence Litigation in the New Millennium".

ROYAL  
ENGAGEMENTS

The Prince of Wales, President, Business and Community, presents the Commonwealth Entrepreneurs Awards at St James's Palace. The Princess Royal visits Egypt. The Duchess of Gloucester opens the new premises of Versary Software, 99a Old Bond Street, London W1. The Duke of Kent, Vice-Chairman, British Overseas Trade International, opens the Warrington Business Connection Exhibition at Butterwood Warrington, opening the Autograph Show. Mrs Widnes, Cheshire, opens the Millennium Learning Centre of the Priory School Sixth Form and Community College, Warrington. The Grand Master of the Order of the Garter, the Duke of Edinburgh, attends a dinner for the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Sweden and others in the Great Hall, Windsor's Inn, London WC2.

## CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts its Queen's Guard at St James's Palace, 1pm. The Royal Coldstream Guards mounts the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, 1.30pm, band provided by the Welsh Guards.

## LECTURES

National Portrait Gallery: Jonathan Stephenson, "Artists' Techniques Series: Sir Anthony and the alchemists", 1.10pm.

## CREATIVITY

## LOKI

Kerb-crawling at King's Cross Station (Eric Bridgstock). Backgammon: Surprisingly, the doubling cube turns a quadrupling cube (CH). Using dice with meases (BB). Gammoning a vegetarian (EB). Hangman: Using the Cyrillic alphabet (BB). Promoting the abolition of capital punishment (JO'B). Using acronyms (CH). Scrabble: Tipping a "Q" into an "O" (TMOG). Bionic fingers, able to read tiles in bags (CH). Snakes & Ladders: Using an escalator (JO'B). Using a mongoose (Sue Johnson). A female player with a ladder in her tights (MG). Enlisting the Fire Brigade's assistance (CH).

Go: Using a police loudhailer to announce that a group of men is surrounded, and to tell them to come out with their hands up (BB).

Cluedo: Hiring a private detective (EB). Murdering one's opponents (SJ). Patience: Using a marked deck (TB). A display of temper (JL). Other: Firing a blank at the starter in University Challenge; playing blackjack whilst under 21; modest results at

Brag: releasing a cockroach during a beetle drive (Peter Thomas). An e-mail contributor stealing all the envelopes from the Creativity pigeonhole at *The Independent* (Ella O'Key).

Eric Bridgstock and those Dublin cubes, T.M. O'Grady and John O'Byrne, each win a copy of *Chambers Dictionary of Quotations*, kindly donated by an "O" (TMOG). Bionic fingers, able to read tiles in bags (CH). Snakes & Ladders: Using an escalator (JO'B). Using a mongoose (Sue Johnson). A female player with a ladder in her tights (MG). Enlisting the Fire Brigade's assistance (CH).

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## CHESS

## JON SPEELMAN

Apart from Michael Adams's splendid win, the great sensation at the tournament in Dos Hermanas was Viswanathan Anand's execrable form, which netted him seven draws and two losses without a single win to share last place on just 3.5/9. Clearly, the usually scintillating Indian is in serious need of a long rest, but his play must also have been adversely affected by negotiations that started way back on 12 March – long before the beginning of Dos Hermanas on 6 April – as to a possible match with Gary Kasparov in October.

Billed as the "Ultimate World Chess Championship", this has been set up by the Dutch businessman Bessel Kok, the dynamo behind the wonderful Swift tournaments in Brussels in the late Eighties and the now long-defunct Grandmasters' Association (GMA), which last year organised Kasparov's match with Jan Timman in Prague. Intended as a warm-up for the aborted World Chess Council (WCC) world championship match with Alexei Shirov.

The organisers' deadline of Friday 23 April has passed, and there had still been no reply by Sunday night. But, before leaving, Anand told the top Spanish chess journalist Leontxo Garcia, of El País, that he considers the offer serious. No doubt, Anand will want some further time at home to compose himself. But at least there is now some possible action in the troubled world championship arena.

## OBITUARIES/7

## HISTORICAL NOTES

## Was the first human being really a male?

A FEW weeks ago, newspapers throughout Europe and North America carried a story about the unveiling, in New York, of the first page of "the only handwritten and illuminated bible to be commissioned since the advent of the printing press 500 years ago". The new manuscript bible, whose calligraphy is to be done by the scribe to Queen Elizabeth's Crown Office at the House of Lords, will incorporate imagery "reflecting a multi-cultural world".

will always be profoundly distressing – and no amount of scholarship can argue around them. But the Bible sometimes offers more of a resource for feminists – be they interested in historical or religious issues – than might at first appear.

For example, does the story of the Creation stories actually point to the equality of woman and man – centuries of interpretation to the contrary? Might it even be incorrect to think of the first human being, Adam, as a male? Is it incorrect, further, to interpret the Adam and Eve story as a parable of sexuality and gender roles, rather than as a parable of moral freedom and personal responsibility?

That new manuscript bible is scheduled to be finished in the year 2004. It will be a work of art. The translation being used, its creators emphasise, is that of the New Revised Standard Version – a translation that takes explicit pains to use gender-inclusive language. Well, fine. But inclusive language is merely a sideshow. The important feminist activity in biblical scholarship is taking place in a bigger arena. And the show is in for a very long run.

Cullen Murphy is the author of *The Word According to Eve: women and the Bible in ancient times and our own* (Allen Lane, £20)

## Jurisdiction of the Court of Appeal

## TUESDAY LAW REPORT

27 APRIL 1999

**THE COURT** of Appeal had jurisdiction to entertain an appeal against part of the reasoning of the Divisional Court in its decision on an application for judicial review.

The Court of Appeal dismissed the appeal of the second "Bloody Sunday" tribunal against one of the grounds for allowing an application for judicial review of its decision to grant only partial anonymity to certain witnesses who had been granted complete anonymity at the original inquiry.

The original tribunal of inquiry had been set up in 1972 under Lord Widgery to inquire into the events in Londonderry on "Bloody Sunday", in the course of which 13 people were killed and others were injured as a result of shooting by the British army. In January 1998 the Prime Minister announced that a second tribunal would be set up to conduct a fresh investigation. Both inquiries had the same terms of reference.

On 17 December 1998 the second tribunal gave a ruling that five soldiers who had admitted having fired live rounds on the day in question, and who had been allowed to give evidence anonymously at the Widgery inquiry, would not be allowed to remain completely anonymous in that their surnames could be revealed during the course of the present inquiry, unless special circumstances justifying such anonymity were shown to apply in individual cases.

Four of the soldiers applied for judicial review of the tribunal's ruling. The Divisional Court declared the ruling invalid on five grounds, and accordingly held that the matter

of anonymity should be returned to the tribunal to be re-determined. The tribunal appealed to the Court of Appeal against the decision on one ground, namely that the decision was flawed because of a misunderstanding of the nature and extent of the anonymity granted to the applicants by Lord Widgery" and that it was "important for the Inquiry to have a clear perception of what was granted in 1972 and what ended".

On the appeal, it was argued for the applicants that, pursuant to section 16(1) of the Supreme Court Act 1981, the Court of Appeal only had jurisdiction to entertain an appeal against "any judgment or order", and not against one of the reasons for a decision.

**Edwin Glasgow QC, David Lloyd Jones and Michael Bools (Treasury Solicitor) for the applicants; Christopher Clarke QC, Alan Roach and Jacob Green (Philip L. Rudd) for the respondent; Edwin Glasgow QC, David Lloyd Jones and Michael Bools (Jacqueline Duff & Co) for soldier H, an interested party;**

## WORDS

## CHRISTOPHER HAWTREE

experimental, adj.

*Statesman's Manual* (1818), where it first appears: "The understanding or experimental faculty, unirradiated by the reason, has no appropriate object but the material world." Oddly, it was first used as an adverb (1647) by Henry More – and to describe the spiritual influence on the soul.

Woodhead's text is more Cole Porter. He "learned reliance / On the sacred teachings of science": youth should "do what all good scientists do. / Experiment."

## THE JOYS OF MODERN LIFE

42. AIRLINE FOOD  
BY CLAIRE GERVAT

THE METAL trolley rattles into the aisle. It must be at least 20 rows away, but already a Mexican wave of descending tray tables is rippling its way back towards you. The tantalising smell of hot food seems to fill the air as the cabin staff move with agonising slowness in your direction. If it weren't for the lack of leg room, you'd be on the edge of your seat with excitement. It can only mean one thing: you're about to get an airline meal.

Far too many people seem to think it's clever to sneer at the food on planes, especially those who'd be hard pushed to rustle up a boiled egg and soldiers on *terra firma*. They're obviously missing the point - I bet they don't like *Sunset Beach*, either.

For a start, in a world where restaurant menus are so encyclopedic you need to have done a speed-reading course to get through one by the time the waiter comes, it's a relief to have just two options for your main course, and none at all for your starter or pudding. Better still, there aren't any mystery, voguish ingredients, or complex descriptions to decipher; on a recent flight, the choice was "chicken or fish".

Of course, it's when you actually get your food that the real fun begins: all those little square boxes to explore, lids to remove, foil to rip off. You never quite know what you're going to find, but one thing you do know - it's bound to be as square as the boxes. There'll be cubes of beef, chunks of fried potato, slabs of fish, cheese and biscuits with corners. These cunning cooks can even make a chicken with corners. Squarest of all, though, are the puddings.

And what puddings they are: yellow sponge with pieces of mystery fruit inside green mousse topped with a swirl of non-dairy cream; sometimes even green mousse sandwiched between two layers of yellow sponge. In normal

circumstances, you'd give anything green and sweet a wide berth if you wanted a long life, but you have a little taste because you've eaten everything else, and before you know it, it's all gone.

This isn't a problem, however, as calories get lighter the higher up you go, so by 37,000 feet they hardly have any effect at all. This means you can eat the pudding without guilt, even if you never touch them back on earth.

Then you can sit back and wait for some smiling member of the cabin crew to bring the tea and coffee. This, too, is a welcome change from the usual eating-out experience of snooty waiters. And they don't even expect a tip. Well, I could always add something to the bill, you think. Then you remember: there won't be a bill. You settle back with a contented sigh: not long till the next meal.



Tony Healy, Australian cryptozoologist, addressing the UnConvention: few of the yowie stories he's heard begin with the words 'well, I'd just come out of the pub...' Mykel Nicolacu

## Hairy, smelly, spooky

The man above is lecturing *The Fortean Times'* annual UnConvention on the subject of the yowie, or Australian Yeti. The theme of the event? Millennial psychosis, of course. By Andrew Mueller

**D**uring the slower stretches of the morning lecture on UFOs, pseudo-science and new religions, the man sitting in front of me reads a red pamphlet advertising a company that offers the chance to get married in a zero-gravity environment. The rest of the auditorium seems largely composed of unaccompanied, dishevelled, red-eyed males, their faces encrusted with the arduous stubble of those who have no reason to bother scribbling intently in notebooks.

In the room across the hall, merchandising stalls team with *Star Trek*, *Star Wars* and *X-Files* toys, flying-saucer egg-cups, rocket-shaped salt-and-pepper shakers, and books with titles like *How to Contact the Dead and Parties*. A computer offers to read your aura for £15 a go, and some sort of ICA-affiliated group touts for volunteers to participate in a - hopefully purely theatrical - re-enactment of the 1978 mass suicide by the followers of loony evangelist Jim Jones.

In the lobby downstairs, a small flock of Marilyn Manson clones perch on the edge of their chairs with cups of tea and earnestly discuss recent developments in spirit photography - a phenomenon which, given that they all look as if they are well used to looking in mirrors and seeing nothing, may represent the only chance any of them are ever going to have of getting a passport for their holidays in the gloomy, forested uplands of Transylvania. By the entrance behind them, new arrivals are welcomed by

a small child dressed as an alien.

This year's UnConvention is the sixth annual para-scientific talkfest staged by the reliably entertaining and intriguing journal, *The Fortean Times*, and is the biggest yet, drawing speakers from all over the world and a crowd estimated by Paul Sieveking, one of FT's editors, at somewhere between 1,000 and 1,500. For two days, this mostly quiet and cheerful crowd partake of seances and psychic energy experiments, and shuffle dutifully between lectures; in this latter respect, at least, UnConvention feels a bit like being back at university, except that everybody arrives before 11 o'clock and the lecturers are a good deal less demurred. The scheduled topics include millennial psychosis, poltergeists, monsters and - of particular interest to this Australian attendee - yowies, the mythical giant apemen occasionally spotted galumphing through the forests of the Great Dividing Range.

The yowie is introduced to a somewhat bemused audience on the Saturday afternoon by a likeable, soft-spoken Australian cryptozoology researcher and writer called Tony Healy. Healy specialises in mythical and semi-mythical Australian fauna from the Tasmanian Tiger (which definitely existed once and may still do) to the bunyip (which probably never existed but might have), though the yowie is his driving passion. Since the late 1960s, Healy has been compiling reports of sightings of apemen all over the world - the American Bigfoot, the Canadian Sasquatch, the Nepalese Yeti and the yowie of his homeland.

Having previously thought that claims of yowie sightings were generally the province of people who'd either been at the blue mushrooms or out in the sun without a hat, I am impressed by both the lengthy list of testimonials that Healy submits and the equanimity with which he admits that the sole, hurriedly snapped, ill-focused, black-and-white photo of a yowie he has ever managed to acquire "could just as easily be a penguin, really".

Healy's self-effacing approach to his area of interest is very much in keeping with the *Fortean* ethos - the FT itself generally regards paranormal phenomena and their more excitable adherents with an amused disdain. In fact, if

superstitious I get, I am beginning to think there may be something uncanny or paranormal about the yowies. Yeah - you can see them, and I've never heard any doubt from the people who have that they are flesh-and-blood creatures, but you can't kill them, for whatever reason."

The dozens of eyewitness reports - including one by a federal Senator, Bill O'Chee - that Healy has collected in his decades of research yield both remarkable similarities (the loping, ape-like gait, the thick all-over hair, an overwhelmingly foul body odour often likened to burnt electrical wiring) and maddening inconsistencies (casts of alleged yowie footprints range from three-toed to six-toed). Healy also

depicted in cave paintings that long predate the British invasion of the continent. While it is easily conceivable that a violent, knuckle-dragging, pot-bellied, no-necked, sub-human could lurk in the subconscious imaginations of Europeans, there is no way that the early Australian aborigines could ever have seen either giant apes or Rugby League.

The last thing I do is attend one of the seances, where 16 of us hold hands in a dark room, and to the accompaniment of suitably portentous taped piano music, try to get some objects daubed with glow-in-the-dark paint, to move about. The tambourine, the bell and the slate stay obstinately put, but the wicker ball appears to roll about a bit and float, briefly, and the candleswick falls over with a startling bang. Both of these could have been engineered easily enough by either the host, Dr Richard Wiseman, or someone under the table, giving the clothed a tug, but when the lights come back on, one of the other seance-goers is pale and shaking, and another is struggling with tears.

The governing theme for this year's UnConvention was, inevitably, the impending millennium and the madnesses associated with it - although, ironically, the increasing attentions at successive UnConventions may be, like the rising memberships of apocalyptic cults and interest in the paranormal enumerated by a couple of UnConvention lecturers, a result of exactly the same contradiction: that of a godless world approaching a portent-laden date. We all want to believe in something.

"We hadn't had a decent yowie sighting for years," Tony Healy told me. "But there's [sic] been about a dozen in the last few months."

*Healy admits that the sole, ill-focused, black-and-white photo of a yowie he has managed to acquire 'could just as easily be a penguin'*

UnConvention has a serious flaw, it's that most of the speakers seem less interested in their putative subjects than fascinated by the people who take those subjects at all seriously, and so much of the weekend basks in an inevitable atmosphere of self-consciously ironic superiority.

However, when I speak to Healy the following day, he does, eventually and shyly, suggest that he believes that there may be something more to the yowie phenomenon than he let on during his lecture.

"The longer I stay in this business," he says, hesitantly, "the more I ask if anyone ever

concedes that the lack of photographic or skeletal evidence is baffling, but contends that remarkably few of the yowie stories he has heard begin with the words 'Well, I'd just come out of the pub...'

"There's no reason why these people would make these stories up," he argues. "You know what Australians are like - any excuse to laugh at people."

Another factor that continues to gnaw at Healy is that the yowie, or something very like it, exists in Aboriginal as well as Anglo-Saxon Australian folklore, and appears to be

depicted in cave paintings that long predate the British invasion of the continent. While it is easily conceivable that a violent, knuckle-dragging, pot-bellied, no-necked, sub-human could lurk in the subconscious imaginations of Europeans, there is no way that the early Australian aborigines could ever have seen either giant apes or Rugby League.

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A high

distinctions out of four exams in her psychology MA, which was the highest result out of the whole of the university. My other sister, Rita, was an energy broker, but now she wants to do more environmental work. She did really well at college, too."

Moreover while Robbie's academic record is up to scratch, his parents are not impressed with his choice of accommodation. "They've been here," he explains of the rundown house where all the students live, "and they think it's very grubby - they reckon I should be tidier. My mum thought the bathroom and kitchen were absolutely disgusting. I tell them both that we're students and we don't care."

Robbie reckons his mum and dad don't understand what it's like for students in Manchester. "My mum went to college in India and lived at home," he continues, "and

my sisters lived in really nice accommodation. Rupa did her degree at York and lived in a great Victorian house, while Rita lived in decent flats in Luton. Manchester hasn't really got nice houses for students, unless you pay loads of money. This estate agent told me there are so many students here that there aren't enough houses for them, so owners can charge a lot for rubbish."

Meanwhile, the students are being hassled by their landlord again. "We've had a letter from him saying he's going to come around and inspect the house, and if it isn't clean he's going to send some people in and charge us £100," explains Robbie. "He's basically being arsey about everything." Robbie's also worried about getting his deposit back when he moves out in the summer. "We'll put down £220 each, but I don't know whether we'll ever get

chester for a year out, apart from Dave, and he wants to go back into halls," he says. "He thinks he can make more of university and have a really hectic year before he leaves. I want to live in a house, because it will be quieter, but I would have liked to have lived with Dave."

Rosie has just come back from Catford, south London, where she's been staying with her parents. "I'm glad to be back in Manchester again," she explains, "because it's a smaller city than London and everything's easy to get to. You can pop down to Sainsbury's and go to nice bars and stuff. It's more of a big deal to go out in London."

Not that she's got the time to go anywhere at present. "I've got eight exams coming up, so I'm revising a bit of everything. I haven't got a revision plan or anything like that. I'm not a born organiser."

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"Mind you, I could always go back home and work in the Harrods sale again."

When her nose isn't in a text book, Rosie's coping with revision pressure by planning her summer holidays. "I want to go to Switzerland to visit a friend there," she says, "but I also want to visit my family in Italy. My dad's side come from a little village near Naples, and I saw my granddad, aunt and cousins when I went back last year. Also, I really want to go to Mexico at the end of July with five friends. Oh, and then I'm going to France with my boyfriend afterwards."

So how is she going to pay for all this travelling?

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THE FINAL exams of the second year are looming, and everyone's feeling tense. Robbie has recently returned from the Easter break at his parents' house in Leeds. He's feeling parental pressure to do well, but he reckons that's a good thing.

"My mum and dad brought us up to be ambitious; they wouldn't have anything else," he explains. "They are a little bit pushy but I feel quite lucky to have parents like that. I'm not sure how they feel about my work at the moment. I know that they think I drink and go out too much... and since I got back to Manchester I've been going out every night. Now I need to stop and settle down."

But Robbie has a tough act to follow. Both his sisters were model students. "My elder sister, Rupa, went to Bristol and she's just perfect and really intelligent. She got three

Final term is underway. The house is a tip, exams are nigh, the future's grim. Better get a job at Harrods. By Cayte Williams

### THIS STUDENT LIFE



SUMMER TERM, WEEK 1  
AT THE MANCHESTER  
STUDENT HOUSE

that back." Robbie's hoping for better luck for next year. He's already looking for a house to share with five different friends. He's not going to share with any of his current housemates. Why not?

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chester for a year out, apart from Dave, and he wants to go back into halls," he says. "He thinks he can make more of university and have a really hectic year before he leaves. I want to live in a house, because it will be quieter, but I would have liked to have lived with Dave."

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But

# HEALTH

New anti-ageing treatments promise to slow the process of growing old – if you can afford them. By Polly Sellar and Roger Dobson

## The price of eternal youth

**O**nce, the bearer of a crinkling complexion had two options: to grow old gracefully or to submit to the scalpel. Now dermatologists seem to have discovered a third way. The latest option for those hoping to turn back time lies in cosmetic dermatology, a relatively new medical specialty. This involves the use of recently developed skin drugs to reverse some of the age-related changes that mark out mature faces, and devices, such as lasers, that quite literally obliterate them.

As with so much in Western life, the US is at the forefront of these developments. There are just 300 dermatologists serving the entire UK population, compared with tens of thousands in the US. Extraordinary advances in the understanding and treatment of ageing skin has meant that there are many more medics willing and able to eradicate your lines and age spots.

Not all wrinkles are inevitable signs of the ageing process. Many, if not most, are in fact the result of sun damage. The result of both holiday burn and imperceptible daily wear and tear is what's now termed a "prematurely" aged skin – a thinner, less elastic dermis (the lower level of your skin) and a thicker, toughened epidermis (the outer layer). The naturally aged skin, by contrast, exhibits a fine, thin epidermis and a springy, thick dermis with lines forming almost exclusively where the skin folds to allow for facial movements.

So if you feel your face betrays your youthful grace, what exactly can cosmetic dermatology offer? An initial foray into this brave new world might involve alpha hydroxy acid creams or peel procedures. This family of naturally occurring acid compounds have been the darlings of the cosmetic cream concoctors for some years now (with no drug classification, AHAs, as they are known, are open to use, and indeed abuse, by anyone with a mind to create a face cream). In the dermatologists' rooms they are administered at much higher percentages than you can get over the counter – anywhere from 15 per cent in a cream to 90 per cent in a chemical-peel procedure. These acids dissolve the protein chains that bind skin cells together and, depending on the concentration used, will do anything from brighten a young but dry and dull complexion by clearing cellular detritus, to burning away sufficient layers of epidermis in older skins to engender fresh new growth devoid of many of its previous lines and blotches.

Next on the agenda might be a vitamin-A-derivative preparation. If your skin displays many of the classic signs of UV-induced premature ageing or photo-damage – thick, rough, brown-spotted surface, with finely criss-crossing lines over cheeks and forehead that are normally undisturbed by expression creases – tretinoin, or Retin-A as it is familiarly known, may be indicated. It is a drug and so requires a prescription, and was first used in the early Eighties by a US dermatologist, Dr Albert Kligman, who administered it to acne patients. The cream did such a good job of getting the skin to increase its cell turnover rate that it prevented dead skin cells from lingering long enough to clog pores and cause spots, and sufficiently increased the volume of cells in the epidermis to plump out wrinkles.

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If your concern is, instead, the depth of the creases that traverse your face, or the deflating nature of once full and youthful lips, a filler may be prescribed. Collagen is the best known of them, but is rapidly being eclipsed by newer replenishing agents. Your own fat can be a source of facial-line filler and many dermatologists now believe that it can be the longest-lasting of all the temporary fillers. The newest filler, however, is permanent, albeit reversible. Softform is a surgically inserted, hollow, pliable tube of non-porous Gortex. It is usually used along naso-labial folds (the "smile" lines running from the nose to around your mouth) or along the vermillion border of lips to increase their volume. Once in place, your own tissue grows into the hollow to anchor it.

Botox is perhaps the most exciting weapon in the dermatologist's anti-ageing arsenal. It's not a filler, but it can soften existing lines and prevent future ones. It is taken from the botulism bacterium, but is purified before being injected into the muscles that are responsible for frown lines, crow's feet, and even neck lines. Its effects are temporary, up to three months for the first injection but progressively longer for each subsequent treatment.

But if your complexion is crinkled beyond the help of these methods, you might try laser resurfacing, the newest variation on the chemical-peeling process. The latest generation of lasers can obliterate a birthmark, zap warts, erase spider veins, remove unwanted hair, and iron out wrinkles and age-spotted skin.

Of the many different lasers in use, the two employed for skin resurfacing procedures are the CO<sub>2</sub> and the erbium-YAG. Both work by vaporising the water content of a cell, which results in a burn. The skin is so keen to regenerate itself that it is bothered to replicate many of the lines it built up over time.

With all new medical technology come voices of caution. And those raised in relation to cosmetic dermatological should be doubly heeded, not least because the rules and regulations governing who can do what to whom in this country are alarmingly lax. You can't really go too far wrong with AHAs, but higher-strength ones – those above 15 per cent – should be used under the supervision of a trained physician. Retin-A, or Retinova, can only be prescribed, but some disreputable companies got around this by setting up GPs in offshore locations who issued "prescriptions" to mail-order customers. Use too much Retin-A, or use it on the wrong sort of skin, and you can end up with a very red, raw face. And despite their "new improved" status, lasers remain highly destructive. Dermatologists admit they are on a steep learning curve as to what they can do, and that it's a full-time job keeping abreast of the developing technology.

There is now much more than simply "hope" in a jar of skin cream. But those keen to benefit from the latest advances should be aware that these treatments are not as risk-free as the sweet-smelling concoctions we're used to buying. With any cosmetic procedure, you want to be certain you're remedying an existing problem rather than creating a new one.

PS For a list of dermatologists, contact: British Association of Dermatologists (0171-333 0266)



Sunny disposition: soaking up the rays takes its toll on skin. Sun-worshippers may be among those trying anti-ageing treatments

Edward Sykes

Dermatologists admit they are on a steep learning curve as to what they can do

## A time-machine in a tablet

AN ANTI-AGEING treatment nicknamed the "time-machine tablet" is about to land in Britain.

The capsule of compounds, based on extract of crushed grape seeds, has been hailed by celebrities such as the French actress Isabelle Adjani and Princess Caroline of Monaco, who claim that it puts a break on advancing years by combating skin damage from sun, pollution and smoking, and smoothing out wrinkles to keep them young.

The supplement, Oligomeric Pro Anthocyanidolic capsules, or OPC, is claimed to have an antioxidant effect 50 times more powerful than vitamin E and 25 times more powerful than vitamin C. It is said to work by blitzing the body with antioxidants, currently the fastest-growing sector of the health supplement market.

No disease or infirmity seems too big a challenge for antioxidants. They can, it's claimed, delay or prevent the onset of cancer and heart disease, slow down the ageing process, extend life span, boost fertility, reduce memory loss and keep the skin young. These compounds are produced by the body and also occur naturally in many foods, including broccoli, tomatoes, nut oil and spinach.

In the body, they protect cells from being attacked by free radicals, which

are produced naturally by metabolising cells, and can damage DNA.

The question is whether taking supplements containing antioxidants can boost the body's capacity to fight off the ill-effects of ageing, or whether they are merely excreted – as expensive urine. Experts are still unsure.

There is also concern that much of the research work that has been done with antioxidants has been done either in the laboratory, or on animals.

"The concept is a valid one but there has not been the scientific scrutiny that they really do produce the benefits in humans that are claimed. Most of the systemic internal studies on antioxidants have been done on animals," says Professor Nick Lowe, a dermatologist at the Cranley Clinic in London. "There you can show decreases in risks of skin cancer and other cancers with some mixtures, but I think it is rather a leap of faith to believe you are therefore going to get improvements in humans."

"We did a study when I was at the University College of Los Angeles, which lasted eight years, where we looked at using beta carotene as an antioxidant. We wanted to see if there was any reduction in skin cancer when you supplemented diets with beta carotene

compared to placebo. We found no benefits. There have also been studies on bowel cancer, but to my knowledge there has not been a published study on the systemic effects of antioxidants on ageing in the human skin. Many of the activities of antioxidants are presumed from how they work in the test-tube."

As we get into our thirties and forties the levels of antioxidants, like many other things, start to diminish. It's believed that production of the enzymes that neutralise the free radicals can be encouraged by supplements, and by eating food containing antioxidants.

One man who is in no doubt about the value of taking antioxidants is Professor Lester Packer, head of the Packer Laboratory at the University of California. He says that they can both prevent disease and extend life span. "Thousands of studies have now confirmed that antioxidants can help prevent numerous diseases and will not only enhance life, but in all probability extend it. There is overwhelming scientific evidence demonstrating that those of us who eat a diet rich in antioxidants and take antioxidant supplements will live longer, healthier lives," he enthuses.

There are scores of different types of antioxidants, but Professor Packer and his team have identified a number of key players – vitamins C and E, lipoic acid, glutathione, and a special molecule he calls COQ10.

"What we have found here is that these work together to bolster and strengthen the entire defence system. When combined they greatly enhance the activity of one another," he says.

OPC, from Laboratoires Caudele in Paris, is designed to increase the body's levels of antioxidants by the use of grape seed polyphenols mixed with borage and primrose oil.

Many people regularly take antioxidant supplements, and many have changed their diets to include food rich in natural antioxidants. But it is still not known whether synthetic antioxidants are as good as the real thing.

"We know how antioxidants work and from animal studies we know they are beneficial, but there is still a debate on the benefits of taking antioxidant internally to combat free radical damage. For many people the jury is still out," says John Lovell, a cell biologist.

Professor Packer, however, practises what he advocates with daily diet boosters. And that, he says, is why he is still a full-time scientist at 71.

RD

## A high price for the NHS

THE CALL came late on Thursday evening as I was preparing to go home. "Would you be interested in a medical negligence case?" asked a woman's voice.

I admit that my heart sank. Like all health reporters I am a target for aggrieved patients wanting to tell of the crimes and misdemeanours of the NHS. Invariably there is too much detail and too little proof, and the cases are repetitive.

I gave my standard response. Would she like to set down brief details on a single sheet of paper and send it to me? "So you are not interested," she said. I paused. I don't know why I relented – perhaps it was her flat Yorkshire vowels, or her matter-of-fact delivery. "All right," I said. "Tell me, as briefly as you can."

The Independent was not the first newspaper she had

called. Others had responded as brusquely as, at first, had I. But as I listened I realised this was a story worth telling. The case of Patricia Brody, who gave birth to two stillborn children and had her womb removed before the age of 20, who spent 15 years in ignorance of what had happened and then a further 10 fighting for compensation to pay for; she hopes, two surrogate births, appeared in yesterday's newspaper.

Mrs Brody had an abnormal pelvis, which was too narrow to allow her to give birth naturally. That might just have excused her doctors when her first pregnancy ended with an emergency Caesarean and a stillborn child. But when it happened a second time, with disastrous consequences (an emergency hysterectomy), it

### HEALTH CHECK



looked like culpable carelessness. She was childless, barren and still not 20 years old.

Hers looks like a cast-iron case for compensation and 25 years later that is what the courts have agreed. And yet, and yet. She was offered, and turned down, first £60,000 and then £100,000. If her final award were twice this sum – which is unlikely – it would still be

small compared with the £1m and £3m awards made in the last year. But, as with all negligence claims, when the huge costs of the case are added in, it remains a major drain on the NHS.

For make no mistake, justice for Mrs Brody is bought through the imposition of a tax on the sick. The cost of meeting claims like hers is rising at £100m a year and now tops £300m a year – £300m that is paid out of the NHS budget and would otherwise be available to improve rundown hospitals, train more obstetricians and improve maternity care.

Mrs Brody argues, with justice, that when you look at the sums awarded in libel actions to minor celebrities who have suffered nothing worse than a blow to their pride, £100,000-plus for the loss of a family seems a

paltry sum. But in a public service like the NHS should not different rules apply? Negligent staff should be penalised and injured patients compensated, but though the award of punitive damages may save the consciences of those responsible, it can only harm patients who come later, by depriving them of already limited resources.

Yesterday marked the launch of a new, fast-track process for dealing with medical negligence claims which should help to stem their ferocious growth and improve satisfaction for damaged patients. Some measures should be simple to implement. If Mrs Brody had an apology and a full explanation 25 years ago, she would have been saved a lot of pain, and the NHS would have been saved a heavy bill.

OUR FAMILY is currently in the middle of an epidemic of ringworm. One child's hair has fallen out and two of us have itchy, scaly skin patches. This is the second time it has happened. Is there a way to prevent it?

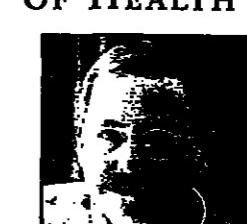
Ringworm is not caused by worms, but by microscopic fungal organisms that cause a ring-shaped rash. A second at-

MY SPLEEN was ruptured in a car accident and had to be removed in an emergency operation. I have been advised to take penicillin daily for the rest of my life. Is this really necessary?

It is possible to live a long, healthy life without a spleen, but you are at increased risk of potentially life-threatening infections caused by the pneumococcus organism. A daily dose of penicillin will substantially reduce the risk, and many people without spleens take it for years with no apparent ill effects. You may also be offered vaccination against pneumococcal infection for added protection, but you still need to take penicillin.

FOR YEARS I have had an overactive thyroid gland. Each time it flares up I am treated with carbimazole tablets and beta-blockers. My specialist has now suggested radioactive iodine treatment,

### A QUESTION OF HEALTH



DR FRED KAVALIER

to cure the problem once and for all. Will it work, and is the radioactivity dangerous? This destroys the thyroid gland so it cannot become active again. Radioactive iodine is usually given as a drink. It is active for only a few days, and the success rate is high, though you may have to take thyroxine tablets. There is no evidence of a risk of cancer or any other serious illness.

Please send questions to A Question of Health, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL; fax 0171-293 2122; or e-mail to health@independent.co.uk. Dr Kavalier regrets that he cannot respond personally.

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# From genesis to revelation

**Sick. Exhibitionist. Wrecker of civilisation. Genesis P-Orridge was so vilified that he left the country. But the founder of the cult band Throbbing Gristle is back and performing at the Royal Festival Hall, of all places. What's he up to? By Declan O'Neill**

**G**enesis P-Orridge is talking about transgression. Nothing new there, except that this is in the middle of a discussion about the pantomime dame.

"The dame was probably a trickster; almost like the court jester," he says. "The pantomime dame is the one who is allowed to say the unsayable and break stereotypes."

P-Orridge could be talking about himself, the arch-exhibitionist, a subcultural Widow Twankey who has been saying the unsayable and frightening the nation's youth with his music and performance art for 30 years. On 1 May, the *grande dame* returns with his new group, Thee Majesty, in a pantomime pageant of transgressive troubadours, Time's Up, at the Royal Festival Hall.

From the performance art group Coup Transmissions through to Throbbing Gristle and Psychic TV, P-Orridge's most enduring and distinctive achievement has been his refusal to accept the boundaries between art and everyday life. "Certain individuals," he says, "seem to be prepared to take greater risks for the psychic hygiene of the species."

Though he thrives on the exposure, any critical perspective of his work has been distorted by the negative reaction to his personality. Few musicians can go through so many stylistic transformations as P-Orridge and emerge with reputations intact. "A British *fata*," is how the Royal Festival Hall's events organiser, David Sefton, describes the media onslaught that prompted P-Orridge to leave the country for America in 1990. Though they pioneered a new paradigm in art, music and fashion, little has been written about the legacy of Throbbing Gristle. "TG's place in the whole scheme of things has taken a while to be fully estimated," says Sefton, "but it's a good time to be talking about Genesis."

The Genesis who fondly recalls how he "used to do things like stick severed chickens' heads over my penis, and then try to masturbate them, whilst pouring maggots all over it," seems far removed from the softly spoken 49-year-old who has just finished watering the plants and feeding his fish. What he misses most about England, he says, are, "Quickbrew teabags and Aeron chocolate". But does England miss Genesis P-Orridge?

With Throbbing Gristle the subject of

Simon Ford's new book, *Wreckers of Civilisation*, the re-release of the entire TG back catalogue, and now Time's Up, P-Orridge has never been so popular. TG disbanded 19 years ago, but their cult status continues to flourish.

"They never really went out of fashion," says Ford. "They always just found a new audience in each generation that comes along, and I think it's because they're not really specific to a particular style and period." Perhaps with the passing of William



TG disbanded 19 years ago but their cult status continues to flourish

Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary, our homegrown subcultural gurus are gaining a grudging respect.

Back in 1976 it was a different matter. "These people are the wreckers of civilisation," exclaimed Nicholas Fairbairn, the Tory MP in the *Daily Mail* following Coup Transmission's infamous Prostitution show at London's ICA. Throbbing Gristle - Chris Carter, Peter Christopher, Genesis P-Orridge and Cosey Fanni Tutti - played at the opening party with the punk band Chelsea performing under the name LSD. A raucous affair during which huge amounts of alcohol and psychedelic drugs were consumed, it caused a scandal chiefly because it featured photos of Cosey taken from porn magazines. Not to mention the used tampons in a sculpture called *Tampax Romana*.

Though Prostitution marked the end of the performance art, TG assimilated the same sense of transgression. "Rather than translate popular cultural forms into high art," says Ford, "as Warhol and the hipsters had done, TG transformed high art into popular culture."

Four guys thrashing their punk guitars was not enough for P-Orridge and TG

instigated a whole new epidemic of electronic music, an aural assault of infrasound, ear-bleeding feedback, tape loops and white noise. P-Orridge described TG gigs as "the reduction down to the critical moment between being dead and alive".

TG assimilated Fluxus-inspired mail art and punk's Xeroxed DIY dynamic to form Industrial Records. This gave the band full control over marketing and production, but also laid the foundations for a new aesthetic, a new audience, and a new musical archetype. The sound they self-mockingly labelled Tesco Disco, their logo was a picture of the chimneys at Auschwitz, and the company slogan was "Industrial Music for Industrial People".

Pioneering the use of different media, they released every TG "disconcert" on cassette, as well as work by Cabaret Voltaire, SPK, Clock DVA and other exponents of what became known as industrial music, releasing the first music videocassettes and generally lavishing care and attention on the material. Critic Jon Savage calls the TG tape box set "an obsessional fetish of considerable power". *Industrial News*, their own fanzine, gave advice on everything from clothing to weapons. They used camouflage chic as packaging and clothing long before it hit the High Street, having an entire TG camouflage outfit made as part of Lawrence Dupre's Avant Guerre clothing range.

"Within TG we liberated the use of the lyric forever," says P-Orridge. "There was no longer a taboo on what could be discussed in the conceptual format of a song. The Velvet Underground took it to one level, and I think TG completed that task and forever democratised the lyric." Songs such as *Slug Bait* and *Hamburger Lady* - about a burns victim - became anthems to the converted while confirming some people's impression of TG as nothing but sick controversialists.

"Some people simplified what we thought was the message," recalls P-Orridge, unprepared for the unwholesome interest in pathology of some fans who couldn't get enough of songs such as "Hamburger Lady". They neglected to listen to the clean analog synthpop of "Hot on the Heels of Love" that co-existed alongside the haunting "Beachy Head" and "After Cease To Exist" - ambient music a decade before its time.

Today, TG continues to be name-

checked. DJ Andrew Weatherall, at the forefront of a new breed of electronic experimentalists, says: "It's only when I started getting into the studio myself that I realised how innovative they were. Back in the late-Seventies, you couldn't lay your hands on a drum machine that easily unless you built one. There were no samplers.

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**As part of our major series on the state of Scottish arts in the run-up to devolution, Suzanna Beaumont issues a warning against relying on past glories, while Tom Lubbock finds he can't move for Paolozzi at Edinburgh's Dean Gallery**



# The grass is always greener

**B**ack in 1996, the artist Ross Sinclair constructed *Real Life Rocky Mountain*: an astro-turfed slice of undulating mock "rurality". Installed at Glasgow's Centre for Contemporary Arts, it was viewed as a parody of the Scottish landscape tradition, an interrogation, if you will, of "Scottishness". With its running burn and stunted examples of indigenous wild life, you could almost sniff the Famous Grouse wafting from the work's mountain-top hotly.

Three years on, devolution is imminent and it is seen as timely to run a state-of-a-nation-to-be cultural check-up. Is indigenous "Scottish art" likely to over-imbibe on "Scottishness"? Far from it. Scotland's contemporary art scene is more vigorous and worldy than it has been in decades. But let's cut the labels. "Scottish art" is a suffocating blanket of a term. It offers up exclusion zones to the hundreds of artists who have made Scotland their home over the years precisely because it is not hell-bent on parochialism. Here, we are talking art from Scotland.

Yet despite signs of rude health, fears are not unknown: namely that Edinburgh might choke on an overly buttery shortbread finger. A knowingly good-looking city, it's a capital that can contentedly peddle its past. But this is no good thing. Even its annual fling with contemporary culture, the Festival and Fringe, has for years left unmove a somewhat moribund and conservative art scene.

The National Galleries of Scotland, under Timothy Clifford, have seemed more caught up with drawing-room niceties than the pursuit of curatorial adventurousness. The Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art continues to put on unmerited, large retrospectives of dead Scottish artists, while the opening of the Dean Gallery last month, the latest addition to the National Galleries, demonstrates more the interior decor sensibilities of Edinburgh's Georgian New Town than clean-cut internationalism.

Yet the Dean's temporary exhibition space could prove a real runner if curatorial complacency is nudged, as has been the case with the city's other galleries. Contemporary art spaces such as the Collective, Stills and Inverleith House have shown increasing confidence to tally with internationalism, not provincialism. Even the Fruitmarket Gallery, Scotland's "leading contemporary art venue" - at times a misnomer - seems to be throwing off its timidity. No longer so dependent on "buying in" tour circuit exhibitions, this Festival they're showing work by the acclaimed American artist Kiki Smith.

Moreover, a number of galleries are wising-up to the talents of Scotland-based artists. Over the next few months work by Callum Innes, Richard Wright, Martin Boyce, Wendy McMurdo, Moyra Flanagan and Rose Frazer, together with so-called emerging artists Paul Carter, Chad McCall, Shauna McMullan and Janice McNab, will be exhibited, something near unimaginable a few years back. And if plaudits were needed, in May 2000 the British Art Show, the hip touring show of new generation artists, will open in Edinburgh. Organised by London's Hayward Gallery, it is evidence, many believe, that the city is now receptive to contemporary art.

Glasgow, however, still holds its own as the more resolutely contemporary of the two cities. In many ways, Edinburgh and Glasgow - only a 45-minute drive along the



Pastures new: Ross Sinclair's 'Real Life Rocky Mountain' (1996) called into question the meaning of 'Scottishness'

M8 divides them - have played out cultural rivalry much like Italian civic states back in the 15th century. It's easy to talk about Glasgow as a city with a "can do, will do" attitude; politically manhandled over the decades by Westminster; its ever-robust socialist sense of community is still keen.

Yet artist-led initiatives such as the international group show Windfall in 1991, through to more recent "at home" art shows or an innovative programme of public art projects, do energise the city. Glasgow School of Art and its post-graduate course is one of the most dynamic in Britain, and the artists who enrol tend to stay. They cite a sense of community and cultural openness as reasons.

There are, however, a sense of Glasgow taking stock. Perhaps now in the art-world equivalent of the chill-cabinet, its two major arts venues, Tramway and the Cen-

tre for Contemporary Art, are closed for Lottery-funded refits while Bridget McConnell, appointed last year as the city council's director of culture and leisure, is currently thrashing out an arts strategy. Arguably the "Central Belt" monopoly of art activity is not what it once was. The opening of Dundee Contemporary Arts last month, with its avowed policy of internationalism rooted in a "best of art from Scotland", joins An Tuirseann Arts Centre on Skye and Inverness's Artium as venues that are fuelled by the belief that investment in culture makes good economic sense. It puts you on the map and is a hug for tourists.

The Scottish Arts Council (Sac) has been instrumental in promoting this cultural op-

portunism. Whereas England labours under both an Arts Council and a host of regional arts boards, in Scotland the Sac holds supreme. Employing a programme of direct grants and residencies abroad to artists, the Sac has helped put the brakes on concerns of cultural isolation.

Moreover, the Sac is aware of having to maintain a sharp act. Their future under the new government is by no means secure. This doubtless spurred the launch of "Creative Scotland". A national cultural strategy drawn up by the Sac and four other arts organisations, it argues that an effective cultural policy is fully integrated rather than tacked on to government strategy.

But the Sac still needs to use its clout.

Scotland's new Parliament is currently being built in Edinburgh and speculation is on-going as to if artists will be brought in to contribute to the design process, a practice which is today seen as a more sophisticated alternative to parachuting in corporate-look artworks at the eleventh hour. If such initiatives were taken, Scotland's arts policy could be seen as consciously pioneering.

Dangers are, of course, out there, such as Scotland dozing off, satisfied with self-contentment. The art scene has to ensure it doesn't become too matey, nor critical debate too lazy. For the moment, however, it augurs well.

SB

## Selling sculpture by the pound

**A** conspiracy, perhaps. Well, it looks like it might be. I mean, when a sculptor, a conspicuously dreadful sculptor, seems to have a city pretty well on a plate, one naturally starts speculating about old chums, blood ties, kickbacks, funny handshakes and knowing where the bodies are buried. Oh, but let me withdraw those remarks unreservedly. I have no conspiracy theory to offer. I have no evidence at all. I am sure that there is a perfectly innocent explanation. And I certainly wasn't for one moment thinking of Sir Eduardo Paolozzi and Edinburgh.

Sure, Sir Eduardo's work is all around Edinburgh. Edinburgh was his birthplace, 75 years ago. One may presume an element of local favour. But then, his work is even more all around London. There are three public pieces in Edinburgh (plus some works in the new Museum of Scotland). But there are five public pieces in London - most recently the variation on Blake's *Newton* outside the British Library - and six if you include the mosaic decorations to Tottenham Court Road tube. It's everywhere. And if Sir Eduardo were really the centre of a vast web of intrigue, that would at least lend an air of romance to the facts. But I fear the innocent explanation is the true, and the much sadder, one.

Namely: that often as not, the patrons of public sculpture simply haven't got a clue. They have power, but no eye and no idea. They look at these great bronze pile-ups of machine and body parts and they genuinely cannot see an oppressive and

stupefying monumentality as it stares them in the face. Actually, they probably like it. They only wanted an imposing lump in the first place. A lump Sir Eduardo will certainly do you. His remarkable achievement has been to take Surrealist collage, and to eliminate from it all wit, sex, surprise and menace, to serve it up cold and stodgy. And his works have other qualities guaranteed to appeal to the clueless commissioner of public art.

They mean nothing. That is crucial, because any specific meaning is liable to cause somebody offence, and so must be avoided. On the other hand, they're rich in gestures that satisfy the vague ideals of the average public brief. They feature the human figure. That is good, it is Humanity, we are still much in favour of that. But these figures are variously fissured and fragmented, and that is Modern, and we definitely wouldn't want not to be. What's more, they're diagrammatised, anatomised, slotted together with mechanical, geometrical and biological elements, and that is Science and Intellect, which are very important things (bridging the "two cultures," you see). And there's the odd reference to older art, which is Our Cultural Heritage, and very important too. Sir Eduardo's sculptures provide much the same service as Henry Moore's once did. For those who just want something, they seem to have everything.

It's all very unfortunate. These disastrous works are now ill placed and will presumably remain so for ever. We frequently knock down buildings, we almost never

get rid of public sculptures. Too bad. But the idea that, over and above this legacy, Paolozzi should require a personal monument, a museum largely dedicated to him, an actual Paolozziana, surely beggars belief. Well, all right, it doesn't. Anyway, I opened in Edinburgh last month.

The Dean Gallery is directly opposite the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art. It's a restoration/conversion of a sober Greek Revival building with crazy chimney

towers - originally the Dean Orphan Hospital. Its dorms and schoolrooms are now exhibition spaces (plus shop and cafe). Quite a few original orphan features are retained: note the shoulder-high safety banisters on the stairwells. And though everyone's struck by the discrepancy of grand facade and limited indoor volume, gallery-wise there's potential here.

There's some perfectly fine art in it, too. One of the downstairs rooms now houses what was the Modern Art Gallery's Surrealist collection, good Miró and Magrittes, a cute

objects made and found, of feet, heads, gizmos, toys, model replicas of famous statues, the artist's talismans and ingredients (awaiting combination and enlargement into one of his street monsters). And you may be thinking, all this stuff could simply be removed, couldn't it? Placed out of sight somewhere, then the gallery would be all right?

Not so simple. These plaster casts proliferate, infiltrate themselves throughout the building. The place has literally been remade for them. Whereas you turn there's a cluster of them, in nooks, up on ledges, through optics. Take the stairs and notice an opening in the floor, glassed over, as if there was an archaeological remains beneath: there's a bunch of them there. Upstairs, look under your feet: there's a transparent roundel with more inside. Everywhere, the knick-knacks of Paolozzi's creativity. We're to feel we're inside his imagination's shop.

This isn't the worst of it. The worst of it is that the whole gallery is designed as a magic grotto cum fancy boutique, where - mediated by these ubiquitous knick-knacks - souvenir and artwork become indistinguishable. All around the downstairs are columns of elegant glass display cases, lit by micro-lights, as you might find in a posh jeweller's, all alike. Some hold expensive merchandise, a "Miro" mug, a "Cocotte" paperweight; some hold tribal objects collected by the Surrealists; some hold sculptures by Ernst and Giacometti; some hold more Paolozzi tat.

The Surrealist paintings them-

selves are hung higgledy-piggledy up the walls, to discourage particular attention, to create a general spectacle of oddities. Everything is levelled into a culture-curio. This isn't a place for looking at art, for going ooh and ah, for getting - I've not seen it done so explicitly before - an art-experience. Bad. Bad.

For good, go to Dundee. Dundee Contemporary Arts opened last month too. Of course over the last year or so, there's been a lot of these openings, as the first fruits of the Lottery came through. Most of them have been either revamps, like the Serpentine in London, or conversions, like the IKON in Birmingham. This is purpose-built and it really shows. I suppose there isn't as much literal volume here as in either of those buildings. But the two main Dundee galleries managed to carry a startling amount and variety of works, without them crashing into each other - the point of the very miscellaneous opening show, *Prime*, was evidently to show this capacity off.

Orhant, I can't think of many more desirable contemporary exhibition spaces in Britain. Everyone always claims to like the historical weight and resonance that come with a recycling job: "Did you know this used to be an old sock factory?" It's nice to know that new still works.

TL

*The Dean Gallery: 73 Bedford Road, Edinburgh EH4; 0131-624 6200. Dundee Contemporary Arts: 152 Nethergate, Dundee DD1; 01382 432000*

# MEDIA

Andrew Gumbel feels sickened by the relentless exploitation of personal grief he saw after the school massacre in Colorado

## How we feast on tragedy

**H**e wanted to be known just as Zach, and even that might not have been his real name. After all, by the time he spoke up, he was sick of the media and wasn't going to give them any more than they had to know.

This time last week, Zach was inside Columbine High School, in the suburbs of Denver, when two of his schoolmates burst in with bombs and semi-automatic weapons in a suicidal orgy of violence that left 15 people dead and more than 20 injured. He was among the first to escape and spent several anxious hours unsure whether his brother, friends, or teachers were alive or dead. At times he broke down in tears, at others he leaned on the shoulder of a classmate for emotional support.

And then that night he switched on the television. "There I was," he protested. "I'd become the icon on NBC. They came back to me every time they took a break for commercials. I never asked for this. Nobody sought my opinion. Frankly, it was the last thing I needed."

Zach felt his privacy and intimate notions were violated just as he was at his most vulnerable. And he far from the only one to react that way to the media onslaught on Columbine High over the past seven days. The networks and the newspapers have talked incessantly about letting the healing process begin, but the truth is they haven't given the students a chance.

The school parking lot, the nearby park where an impromptu shrine is taking shape, the local churches, the library, the houses of individual

students - all have been under virtual siege by television cameras and reporters as the world has clamoured to find out what exactly happened in those four terrible hours and, more particularly, why.

There has barely been a tear shed or a desperate hug offered in a public place that hasn't instantly found its way to video and been broadcast on network news around the world. In an overwhelming situation like this, the media cannot be an innocent bystander. As the cameras dart around Clement Park, site of the impromptu memorial where the media has set up its headquarters, and pick off any visible sign of heartbreak or despair among the mourners, it is impossible not to reflect that television reporters, in their own way, shoot schoolchildren, too.

"They're like rats," muttered one 15-year-old Columbine student to her friend, not realising that a journalist was within earshot. "They're all over us because we're big news for now, but soon they're going to lose interest and scuttle away to the next thing and dump us like we don't matter any more."

As terror-stricken teenagers have microphones thrust in their faces and are asked over and over to delve into the gory details of their horrifying experiences, one can only wonder what psychological damage is being inflicted on these fractured young lives.

With each day the hostility became more palpable. On the first night, reporters could roam at will among parents waiting to hear about the fate of their children, among students at church services, and among relatives gathered in hospital waiting rooms to find out whether loved ones had survived.

Within three days, however, reporters were being dumped unceremoniously in the snow outside churches and other public buildings and told to wait for the students to volunteer themselves for interview. Security guards in the Southwest Plaza Mall hovered menacingly over anyone brandishing a notebook threatening to expel them. Neighbours of the two dead killers, having answered the first 50-odd questions, started slamming doors in reporters' faces.

While the media might claim to be performing a valuable public information service, educators and psychologists with experience of school shootings are in no doubt that the real healing can only begin when the media tires of the story and

skips town. "It's absolutely essential that everyone should be able to mourn in privacy," says Larry Bentz, principal of Thurston High School in Springfield, Oregon, where a student killed two of his classmates before turning a gun on himself last May. "I thought the media presence was appalling then, and I think it is appalling now."

Mr Bentz is convinced that talking to the media in the first flush of shock, when victims are barely in control of what they are doing, can exacerbate the trauma. He banned the media from his school from the outset, and continues to do so. If a student wishes to talk to a journalist, it must be outside the school premises and at the student's institution only. (Which is not to say he

does not believe the media has a place - he was unwillingly helpful to this reporter.)

In Springfield, almost none of the students wanted to talk. In Littleton, though, students have come to Clement Park every day with the express intention of addressing reporters. In some cases it has turned into a game: if one member of a group has been on *Dateline*, someone else will try to get on to *Forty-Eight Hours*, or *Inside Edition*, or one of the other network magazine slots.

"It helps validate what happened for them," suggested one local school-board member. One has to wonder, however, about the mental health of a girl like Bree Pasquale, who appeared on television in deep

distress on the first day as she described having a gun pointed at her head for 10 minutes. She continued to give interviews on subsequent days, looking surprisingly composed and relaxed. It was only over the weekend that her mother told a local paper that she did not sleep or eat for 72 hours.

As a member of the media covering the shooting myself, I can only express my deep discomfort at the sense that I and the swarm of colleagues around me were intruding on other people's grief. I tried to talk to people at one or more removes from the tragedy - children at other local schools, pastors, educators, investigators and politicians - and observe those directly affected from a discreet distance.

These are only half-measures, of course, and the experience has left me feeling dirty and unsure as to how much the world really needs to know - in these very early stages, at least - about the full extent of the trauma. I would rather go back in six months' time and then ask the hard, complex questions, when people have recovered sufficiently to give thoughtful answers and are also able to shield those who are vulnerable from prying eyes. But the news business is a voracious monster, and it wants - we all want - answers and images and raw emotion, right here and right now.

We might fancy that we feel empathy for the victims, but the truth is that we are feasting on them like vultures.



How much does the world really need to know about the full extent of these children's trauma? And doesn't media coverage exacerbate it?

AP

## It may be a concrete hell, but it suits me

So what if you can't find a good chardonnay or decent curtain fabric in White City? It beats Broadcasting House any day, says Roger Liddle

"S ALMOST a year now since BBC Radio 4 was dragged kicking and screaming from its W1 redoubt, Broadcasting House, and ill the occasional howl of anguish can be heard from the news centre in White City, I find it a bit puzzling; as someone prepared how in anguish with the best of them, find that the complaints about our new home leave me pretty cold - and ever so slightly embarrassed.

The distasteful view can be summed up: "It was lovely in BH. There were lots wine bars and pubs and we could nip over to John Lewis at lunch time and browse through the soft furnishings. So civilised. And BH had character! Now we're stuck miles from nowhere in a concrete hell and there are next to no pubs and there's a huge council estate next door, now, don't get me wrong; public housing a terrific thing and the people are, I'm sure, charming, but is it absolutely necessary to have them living right next to our park?" That's the gist, anyway, together with a frequently repeated assertion that the news centre in W1 has been "designed for someone with no experience of making programmes". No, really? You mean, like an architect?

Mine are somewhat heretical views; but en I never spent my lunch-times at W1 getting pissed or searching for curtain material. It's undoubtedly true that BH was surrounded by drinking-holes, each of which had its own specific clientele and purpose. *The World at One* drank exclusively at The Dower Castle, *Today* favoured the King's Head. There were pubs to go to if I wished to conduct a clandestine affair with a newsreader; pubs to go to if you wished to ingratiate yourself with management. There was even a pub - the like The Chestnut Tree cafe in Wellington's 1984 - where dissidents gathered before being shot. Now we only have a couple never mind.



The way we were: BH in W1

Never mind because Broadcasting House was, in many ways, an appalling place to work. The cramped, sweltering offices; the continual building work; the dark (dank?) smell always present along our corridor which I'm told came from the canteen but was redolent of an even less savoury source - and the vermin. In the old *Today* office I saw a mouse skitter across the floor and a woman stood on her chair and shrieked. And there were fleas; liberal, well-educated, middle-class fleas, perhaps, but fleas all the same.

The more substantive complaints were based around the fear that the BBC intended to merge programme and radio news teams and that the resultant pro-

grammes would be a homogeneous mush. But, in fact, over the last year the agendas of *Today* and *Breakfast News* have, if anything, diverged further. This, despite the fact that we work in the same office. And we go on with our TV colleagues just fine: we co-operate - to the licence-payers' benefit - in a way that would have been unthinkable just one year ago. Our initial assessment of the differences between us - they're better-looking than us, but more stupid - still holds, but despite that, it's a warm and growing relationship.

One thing, though: when television people pass you in the corridor they always give you these big grins, because they think you've recognised them because they're famous. Well, we haven't; you've not stop it. So, I'd rather not return to BH. There are still a couple of problems with our new home - too many guests refuse to come in for interviews and I'd like more privacy in our programme areas - but by and large, it's an improvement.

A few weeks before we left Broadcasting House, I sneaked off to the genteel for a cigarette as usual, only to find the door sealed off with that red tape the police use when there's been a murder. I ducked underneath anyway and saw a quite breathtaking sight. A man in blue overalls was poking the ceiling with a long pole. Each time he did so, goblets of ordure splattered down onto the floor, the walls and him. "Blocked up, innit," he said, and added, "Look at me! I'm at a party in half an hour."

So, BBC management - the Corporate Centre - is welcome to BH. And for my colleagues here, pining for John Lewis and a good chardonnay, I say don't worry; we'll find you a good local haberdasher - and White City is awfully handy for the Cotswolds, no?

The writer is the editor of Radio 4's "Today" programme

## What the BBC needs is a publicly-elected Dyke

IF THIS were America, the post of director-general of the BBC would be an elected one. So, even now, the various candidates for the vacancy caused by the departure of Sir John Birt would be mailing out their manifestos and polishing their slogans. And, I should guess, the man campaigning under the slogan of "I Like Dyke" would not only enjoy the rare privilege of becoming a lesbian icon, but might very well win.

Greg Dyke could make an astute appeal to voters based on his record as both a successful businessman and a programme-maker; he could add a promise to maintain BBC standards while ensuring continued mass popularity; and - not least - he could pledge to use his undoubted influence with a Government that itself stands high in the polls. His unctuous manner and counter-Oxbridge way of speaking, as though his words were being strained through a thin quilt, would all help him. The fact that he'd given money to help Tony Blair get into Number 10 would be no problem at all. Quite the reverse.

But the job isn't elected. It isn't even, really, appointed. Not in the straightforward sense of a series of interviews being held and the best person for the job being rung up and congratulated, and that's it and done and dusted. The director-generalship is a deeply political post, decided in a wonderfully shadowy way. Right now, long before the process is finished, various governors of the BBC will be coalescing around this candidate or that candidate. And if the chairman of the Beeb, the redoubtable Christopher Bland, doesn't know whom he wants as DG, then I'm a lead singer in a boy band. It's what he's for, after all.

What he may not know is whether he can get his person in (I say "person" out of good habit. In fact, none of the favoured front-runners is a woman). The BBC is not a commercial operation, and Bland

of the market for the main conventional terrestrial channels (as happens in the US). Others believe that the channel controllers will wake up one morning and find the whole nation watching items on fishing, origami or anal sex on TV sets programmed just for them.

In either context, what will justify the public funding of the BBC will not be how many people are watching BBC1 at 8pm versus how many are tuned into ITV. A ratings war with purely commercial telly is almost exactly the opposite of what the BBC currently needs. Competition in terms of quality? Yes. An eye to the audience? A dumbed-down, sod-the-news-get-me-Cilla bare-knuckle fight? That would be nothing short of a catastrophe.

This is going to be, I grant you, a hard trick to pull off. Persuading the world that quality, innovation and distinctiveness (which are impossible to measure) are more important than straight viewing figures (which aren't) will be a tough battle. It will require an aggressive reaffirmation of the BBC's core role.

Now, if Greg Dyke is on for doing all this, then he will have - I think - the public credibility to pull it off. His appointment, under these circumstances, would appear to be murky only if the Board of Governors were not to be absolutely open about their strategic and personal reasons for having appointed him. And if Greg isn't on for it and years (as some Harvard-trained types do) to turn the Corporation into a commercial broadcaster, then he shouldn't get the job anyway.

Oh, and here's another little thought for next time. Why should not the applications of all the candidates for the post of DG, their supporting statements and their plans, be published on the Internet for all of us to look at?

We pay, after all.



DAVID AARONOVITCH

cannot simply bully his fellow governors into compliance. And he must know that they themselves are being remorselessly lobbied, not just by the aspirant DGs themselves, but by just about everyone employed by the Corporation. Careers way down the organisation absolutely depend on the outcome of this appointment. There are undoubtedly 29-year-old assistant producers in light entertainment who will be calculating down to the very month, what the impact on their promotion prospects would be of a Yentocracy, say, versus a Byford regime.

The rest of us, however, are still completely in the dark. What is it that the governors are looking for? His lazier critics have painted the catholic Birt as a son of the Inquisition, demanding true faith from his employees lest they feel the lick of purifying flame. History (in so far as it will be bothered at all) will probably portray him as the man who saved the BBC first from Thatcherism and then from bankruptcy.

But there is no such thing as an institutional settlement for the BBC that will see it through the next 70 years, as has the last. Things are changing far too quickly. No one has the least idea what the impact of digital TV will be on broadcasters over the next 10 years.

Some favour a nice, slowish evolution towards a 50 per cent share

Master M...  
does he de...

The

EAGLE EYE  
REQUICKED

Chapterhouse  
EAST END

APP

Mazher Mahmood of the *News of the World* uses subterfuge to nail the bad guys. But how does he decide what's in the public interest and what's a stitch-up? By Rachelle Thackray

# The merchant of doom

**J**ohnnie Walker, the soothing voice of Radio 2's *Dinnertime* and Saturday afternoon programming, has been suspended by the BBC. Last week, a reporter from the *News of the World* claimed Walker was filmed cutting cocaine and offering to supply prostitutes to visitors from overseas. Another scalp notched up for Mazher Mahmood, the paper's Investigations Editor.

One hopes this latest victim won't resort to the tactics of one of Mahmood's previous targets. In 1997, the *News of the World* ran a story claiming that Paul Moyle had offered a hit man £5,000 to have Mahmood gunned down. The hit man turned out to be another reporter: "He's worse than the police," the paper reported Moyle as saying. "Other villains won't do business with me since I've been in the paper."

Even after being sacked by *The Sunday Times* for deception, Mahmood received the industry stamp of approval: he was voted Reporter of the Year in March for scoops including his exposure of the Newcastle chairman and vice-chairman Freddie Shepherd and Douglas Hall last year. His editor has good cause to be pleased. While other Sunday tabloids have stumped, the *NoW's* sales figures remain healthy at 4.13 million.

Little is known about the man himself. The paper uses a silhouette of his face for a picture byline. Mahmood, known as Maz to friends, is in his mid-thirties, from the West Midlands, and is the son of a magistrate. *NoW* editor Phil Hall rates Mahmood as "the best reporter in the business by a long way. He's extremely bright, intelligent and very, very careful. I can't remember a libel writ against him, and we have millions of letters each week."

Others are less enthusiastic. Publicist Max Clifford is critical of the way Mahmood operates. "He came up to do an interview with a client, and as soon as my back was turned, he was trying to persuade the client to deal with him directly. It was nipped in the



Above, left: Douglas Hall and Freddie Shepherd, the Newcastle directors exposed by Mahmood. Bonnies

Right: Johnnie Walker, the Radio 2 DJ suspended after allegations of drug-taking

bud, but that's the kind of thing he does. I have been dealing with the editor of the *News of the World* for years, and Mahmood's the only reporter who's ever done that. It speaks volumes."

Mahmood is, apparently, equally careful in his elaborate subterfuges, using a camera lens the size of a drawing pin, which he conceals in his jacket lapel. "You have to be able to think on your feet," said Hall, citing a recent example in which Mahmood posed as an Arab. "He didn't realise the contact was going to bring an Arab with him. He started to speak in Ara-

bic and Mazher turned it on his head by going into a complete rage, shouting at the subject and saying, 'This is an insult to my nationality and a terrible insult to my host country'. It can be very dangerous. He has a minder with him all the time. He must be the only reporter in the world who regularly has people turning up on his doorstep and has people turning up on his doorsteps."

While Mahmood's track record is beyond doubt, his methods are not. There have been allegations of "cannibalism", a reference to the fact that he has repeatedly exposed immigrant scams, such as the staged weddings

which help illegal entrants to Britain to get visas.

"There's an unease in the fact that as a non-white journalist, he spends an awful lot of time exposing black and Asian crimes," said one journalist, who declined to be named.

Phil Hall denies this: "I don't think he does any more Asian stories than others. He's of Asian appearance and so he's going to mix in those circles." He added: "We have done a fair few immigration scams. But he would never do a set-up. If somebody comes to us and says Johnnie Walker is doing drugs and I will supply them and you

can catch him, we'd run away from it. It has to be the person you are targeting as the perpetrator and instigator of what's happened."

Media commentator Roy Greenslade wrote what Hall called a "hatchet job" on Mahmood, following the Newcastle exposé. At the time Hall was quick to respond to the criticisms: "I am amazed you have printed such an extraordinary, unbalanced attack... one sometimes has to use subterfuge to nail the bad guys. If it's in the public interest, what's the problem?"

Public interest is precisely the problem, said Greenslade. "You have to treat every story on its own merits. You have to ask: is there a public good being served on this occasion? There's a fine line between setting someone up, and catching them in the act. I know the problems the *NoW* has had in catching someone in the act. They have to prepare a scenario, because it's the one way they can get tape or video recording. And at that, Mazher is the world's greatest living expert."

"The rule of thumb, based on my instinct, is this: is the person being exposed acting in their private life, or did their public position warrant that they were guilty of gross hypocrisy? With the Newcastle story, I decided there wasn't enough public good. These two were lured into a very neat set-up, and I don't think it was right."

## THE WORD ON THE STREET

PHIL HILTON, editor of *Later*, the new IPC men's magazine which launches tomorrow, is reflecting ruefully but philosophically on some prime empty billboards which should have been carrying ads for his magazine. Postbox company TDI decided yesterday it was unhappy with an ad saying "Get the coke for Jamie's party" with boxes to tick - one saying two litres, the other saying two grammes. "It was just making a joke, a pun," says Hilton. "We were using the drug to symbolise the conflict between the hedonism of youth and the responsibility of growing up." No doubt he will be just as philosophical when the poster companies see his next symbolic conflict, an ad saying: "Grass - mow it or smoke it?"

DAVID MONTGOMERY's desire to buy the Express titles is not just causing panic among his former employees who thought they had escaped. Sub-editors on the Express approaching or past middle age fear the arrival of the man who kept a curious picture on his wall at Mirror Group Newspapers when he was chief executive, and would lead visitors over to it. The picture was of the Daily Mirror subs desk with a youthful Montgomery on it. He had moved onwards and upwards; he would explain, but the other unfortunates were still shying away, lacking his entrepreneurial spark. Express subs should brush up on their business plans.

JON PLOWMAN, head of comedy entertainment at the BBC and producer of *The Vicar of Dibley*, is evidently stung by criticisms of BBC sitcoms over the last week - criticisms attributed to the director general among others. At the Montreux Festival this weekend, Plowman was heard rubbishing his European competitors. "They're all about big sight gags which are widely signalled right the way through. European sitcoms make *Terry and June* look like an evening with Patrick Marber."

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# I'll see you out of court

Enough litigation madness! The Woolf reforms will knock heads together and encourage claimants to settle. By Robert Verkaik

**Y**esterday's momentous changes in the civil courts came too late for Rotherham widow Hazel Archer. For the last 10 years she has been embroiled in one of the longest house repossession cases in history. There has been such delay and uncertainty in her case that she has been forced to keep all her plants in pots at the back of the house because she didn't know whether she owned the garden earth in which she wanted to plant them.

In 1988, the Northern Rock building society sought possession of her home after she was unable to pay back a £21,000 loan linked to the mortgage. The case became further complicated when she sued her former solicitors for not advising her properly in the transaction. Last year, after half a million pounds had been spent on the case, the Court of Appeal finally ruled in her favour.

Mrs Archer's case is the very type that the Woolf reforms are intended to help. Her lawyer, Louise Sykes of law firm Irwin Mitchell, said: "I would now expect this case to be heard within two years, maximum. And I would expect the parties to have had their heads banged together to come to a settlement."

From yesterday, incompetent lawyers will be penalised by judges, frivolous and vexatious claimants will have their cases struck out, and legal bills will be proportionally limited to the value of the case. In short, justice is expected to be quicker, cheaper and fairer. The reforms, part of recommendations made by Lord Woolf, the Master of the Rolls, also include greater emphasis on alternative dispute resolution.

Under the new procedures Mrs Archer's case would be heard much quicker; the legal costs would be restricted and both parties encouraged to find an alternative solution at an earlier stage.

The reforms are also designed to stop the sort of litigation madness which allowed a Sheffield man to sue 113 different people, including his milkman, gasman and finally, God. It cost him just £60 to cause a lot of misery for innocent people who found themselves having to go to the expense of defending writs. From this week, the merits of a case like this will be assessed much more quickly, and additional payments on top of the writ or "claim form"



Hazel Archer is locked in a 10-year legal dispute over her house. Under the new Access to Justice Bill, such cases will be resolved more swiftly Joon Russell

fee will kick in so that only those serious about their litigation can move forward.

The legal profession is expected to hit the ground running, and judges have already warned lawyers to expect little mercy if they walk into court unprepared. But old habits die hard, and on Friday the High Court tax office was crammed full of solicitors desperate to submit their last bills under the old, more generous costing rules. But many lawyers still have reservations about the initial success of the new system.

Sir Richard Scott, the Vice Chancellor, head of civil justice, has already said that the courts' new

computer system will not be up and running for at least another 12 months. Ian Walker, president of the Association of Personal Injury Lawyers, said: "It's all very well expecting us to be proactive and dynamic, but if the technology can't deal with the changes then there will be problems." Louise Sykes also warned: "It's all right for those who can pay for a Rolls Royce legal service - but what we don't want is lawyers cutting corners."

Yesterday was also the day the Law Society chose to launch a radical newspaper advertising campaign attacking Government proposals to change legal aid. Ac-

cording to the Law Society, a number of underprivileged people will be worse off if the Access to Justice Bill is enacted. One of the cases that the Law Society is highlighting concerns a Bradford couple, Rosemary and Christopher Fontaine, who were stopped by police while driving home from a wedding. They were assaulted, falsely imprisoned and faced a number of trumped-up charges which were later dismissed by a magistrate. The Law Society says: "Luckily, thanks to legal aid, the couple were able to highlight this example of police misconduct, by being able to sue West Yorkshire police in the High Court." In November 1997

the couple were awarded £18,000 in compensation. The Law Society adds: "Without legal aid, solicitors won't be able to do this kind of work. Only the very rich will be able to pursue such cases."

The Law Society describes the Access to Justice Bill as a "crude attempt to ration people's access to their rights." Law Society president Michael Matthews said: "The advertising campaign is a wake-up call about the threat to justice posed by the Access to Justice Bill. There is a real danger that the Government, despite the view of its back-bench MPs, will push through proposals that will deny justice to many of the poorest and most vulnerable people in society." This is the first time the Law Society has taken out advertising to oppose Government policy. It is a decision that has annoyed the Lord Chancellor. Lord

Irvine of Lairg. He said yesterday that he was "very disappointed" and accused the Law Society of "scaremongering." He added: "Many vulnerable people will be made to believe that they will lose their access to legal aid. That is just not true. In fact, legal aid will be available in precisely the types of cases raised by the Law Society." The Lord Chancellor's Department has gone to a lot of trouble to answer each of the Law Society's criticisms. It takes issue with almost every thing the Law Society claims and describes as "myths" the five case examples chosen to illustrate how people will be worse off under the new Bill. In the case of the Fontaines, the Department says that because police brutality and false imprisonment are not examples of negligence, legal aid would remain available.

What the Lord Chancellor will have more difficulty defending is the result of a survey carried out by Harris and commissioned by the Law Society. It showed two thirds of Labour MPs believe the Government's proposals to open up justice will have the opposite effect. Ninety-six Labour MPs responded to the survey, which also found that two thirds of Labour MPs thought legal aid should be a right. The Bill proposes to scrap legal aid in most types of personal injury and replace it with a "no win, no fee" arrangement for financing litigation. Under Woolf, the two sides would be encouraged to mediate as soon as possible.

**What does Woolf mean?**  
Fast track uncomplicated cases under £15,000 will be heard more quickly - within 30 weeks of the start of proceedings.

**Multi-track:** claims above £15,000 will go to the County Court. Claims above £50,000 will go to High Court.

**Hands-on judges:** judges will have greater powers to stop lawyers using delaying tactics or making unnecessary applications.

**Mediation:** judges will get parties together at an early stage in order to assess whether an alternative to litigation would be a more suitable course of action.

**The cost of litigation:** It will be more expensive to bring a case, but cheaper in the long run as judges will keep down overall costs in proportion to the case.

## Rights and wrongs of war

Lawyers have swapped gowns for camouflage to advise the Army in Kosovo. By Robert Verkaik

THREE YEARS ago, Jo Bowen was a newly qualified solicitor working the magistrates' court lists in Bath. Last week she found herself among the tens of thousands of Kosovo refugees at the Macedonian relief camp of Brazda. She was asked to advise on an incident in which a Macedonian soldier had used his rifle butt to strike a Kosovar Albanian. Major Bowen is one of two solicitors sent to Macedonia by the British Army to advise its commanders in the field on rules of engagement and the protocol of the Geneva Convention.

But while the Army waits for orders to enter Kosovo, and it becomes more caught up in the daily tragedies of the refugees, Major Bowen has had to tailor her legal ad-



Major Jo Bowen: from magistrates courts to a Macedonian refugee camp Major Ian Seraph

vice to suit the Army's ever-changing role. The Brazda request for help came from British soldiers working at the camp who had heard about the assault. "This is a very tricky situation," explains Major Bowen. "The only way a British soldier could help is by somehow coming between the rifle butt and the refugee, and using the law of self-defence."

The Brazda incident highlights the increasingly legal complexity of stationing a peace-keeping force carrying out a humanitarian mission on neutral territory in a war zone. It needed to be handled carefully as there is no existing bilateral agreement between the host nation, Macedonia, and the UK, to govern the British Army in Macedonia.

There are practical difficulties too. "The camps are run by the Macedonians and the UNHCR. Our influence here, in terms of security, is limited," says Major Bowen. If NATO gives the order for its forces to go in to Kosovo, either as peace-keepers or to take on the Yugoslav army,

Major Bowen and Major Eliot Glover, the second solicitor deployed, will be expected to play a battlefield role. "We may not be riding in the Challengers," says Major Glover, a solicitor in Torquay until two years ago, "but we will be with headquarters vehicles, available to give advice on the ground where needed." NATO's legal tactical support has been strengthened by the arrival of two more UK lawyers who joined the Nato headquarters in Skopje earlier this month.

The principal legal challenge thrown up in a peace-keeping operation is expected to focus on the soldier's right to protect himself. Snipers will be among a number of possible headaches for commanders and legal advisers on the ground. UK domestic law and Army regulations mean the soldier can only use reasonable force to deal with the threat. A sniper taking occasional pot-shots at a British Army unit will not merit a disproportionate response if the soldiers are there solely to keep the

peace. For example, a heavy concentration of artillery fire to take out a single sniper may not be justified. To remind them of their duty to the law, every soldier now carries a special law card which outlines the law of self-defence.

If the political leaders give the order for a ground offensive, which turns into a "full-blown" conflict, the soldiers will be subject to new rules. The lawyers will have to advise on the interpretation of the Geneva Convention. And as combatants,

the two lawyers, part of the Army Legal Service and each armed with 9mm pistols, are not only expected to provide legal input but also, if necessary, to act as soldiers in the field. Major Glover is attached to 4th Armoured Brigade, a force of 3,000 soldiers, 14 Challenger tanks and two companies of Warrior infantry. Major Bowen is part of the National Support Element attached to the 1,200-strong combat support group which services the Brigade.

While the Army awaits Nato's order to move in to Kosovo, much of the legal work relates to the Army's relationship with the Macedonian authorities. This relationship has already been tested. A number of road traffic accidents involving British Army vehicles led to

"Things develop very quickly so we brief commanders on a number of scenarios."

Macedonian authorities ordering soldiers to appear before their courts by summons. Major Bowen explains: "I had to meet the local police chief and explain that we had exclusive jurisdiction in these matters." The poor roads and the Macedonian custom of driving hell for leather whatever the road conditions has led to a number of crashes. Some of these "smash and bash" cases have already generated compensation claims. Major Glover helped to set up a proper legal procedure so that local people whose property or land has been damaged by the Challenger tanks or other heavy armour can be compensated.

While the lawyers on the ground have no say in the legal consequences of going in to Kosovo, they do have to respond to an ever-changing political climate. "Things can develop very quickly here," says Major Glover, "so we have to brief commanders on a number of possible scenarios. The situation is changing all the time."

## BRIEFS

joined Limford Christie's lunchbox and Gazza as the latest example of contemporary western culture to escape the attention of the judiciary. Last week, Mrs Justice Arden came face to face with the cuddly toys alleged to represent Kyle, Stan, Kenny and Cartman, when they were carried into court as evidence in a passing-off action. While the judge had to admit ignorance, Adrian Speck, counsel for the claimants, said in court: "In my chambers, all the unmarried young men are very keen on it."

THE DOUR omnipresence of Derry Irvine has done nothing to dampen the spirits of those working in his department. In this month's edition of *Hierarchy*, the strictly in-house journal of the Lord Chancellor's Department, there is a guide to what the now defunct legal Latin terms really mean. *Ad hoc*, according to the magazine, is "publicity for a pawnbroker" while *Dot in cop* is the "work shy underworld that's undermining the fabric of our great British society". Other suggestions are: *Ultra vires* - you've got a heavy cold; *Prima facie* - what you look like before you put your make-up on; *Forum conveniens* - large public toilets.

CLIFFORD CHANCE, the UK's biggest law firm, is not content with its pre-eminent status in Europe. Rumours have been rumbling along for several months that its senior partners have been in negotiations with one of New York's finest, the attorneys of Rogers & Wells. If the rumoured deal goes ahead, this would be the largest ever transatlantic merger. The strategy behind the merger would enable Clifford Chance to take on the New York law firms in their own back yard, and give the combined firm some real global clout.

ROBERT VERKAIK



# THE INFORMATION DAILY

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## NEW FILMS

### BESIEGED (PG, 92 mins)

**Director:** Bernardo Bertolucci  
**Starring:** Thandie Newton, David Thewlis  
In a startling voice-fest from the epic of recent years, Bertolucci's new film, *Besieged*, confines itself principally to a cavernous Roman townhouse. It charts the festering master-servant relationship between Thewlis's highly strung concert pianist and Newton's refugee housemaid, all torrid glances and stuttering moments of communication. At once small-scale and ripely melodramatic, this is a mixed bag but with a beautifully understated finale. *West End: Clapham Picture House. Curzon Mayfair. Repertory: The Pullman Everyman*

### THE BRYLCREEM BOYS (15, 106 mins)

**Director:** Terence Ryan  
**Starring:** Gabriel Byrne, Bill Campbell  
Neutral Ireland during WWII. Captured German and Allied soldiers are sheathed into the same cells. Tensions erupt; stereotypes are paraded; uneasy allegiances forged. Ryan's film may have worked well on stage. Here, it looks flat and horribly schematic. *West End: ABC Panton Street*

### DANCE WITH ME (PG, 126 mins)

**Director:** Randa Haines  
**Starring:** Chayanne, Vanessa L Williams  
Building to a predictable finale at the World Dance Championships, the clanking *Dance With Me* has its Cuban émigré hero (Chayanne) alighting in the US of A to hunt for his long-lost pop (Kris Kristofferson), while still finding time to romance Vanessa L Williams's ballroom beauty. *West End: Virgin Trocadero. And local cinemas*

### SMM (18, 123 mins)

**Director:** Joel Schumacher  
**Starring:** Nicolas Cage, Joaquin Phoenix  
The dead hand of Hollywood politics is evident all over this would-be provocative trip through LA's porn hinterland. Nicolas Cage copes well as the private eye hired to validate what looks to be snuff-movie footage, but such scuzz requires careful handling, and Schumacher lets it take over. Frustratingly, *SMM* winds up contaminated by that which it is nominally investigating. *West End: Clapham*

**Picture House, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Leicester Square, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea. And local cinemas**

### MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE (12, 132 mins)

**Director:** Luis Mandoki  
**Starring:** Kevin Costner, Robin Wright Penn  
Kevin Costner's South Carolina boat-builder writes a love letter to his dead missus. Letter goes into bottle, bottle into sea. Lonesome lady (Robin Wright Penn) finds bottle. Complete the plot in less than 50 words. We all know where this one's headed, don't we? True love, pain of the past, a dash of redemption, and that's it, you're done. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Haymarket, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End. And local cinemas*

### THE MISADVENTURES OF MARGARET (15, 100 mins)

**Director:** Brian Shek  
**Starring:** Parker Posey, Jeremy Northam  
Parker Posey is Margaret, a kind of Penelope Pitstop of romantic fiction. She touches down in Paris, weds Jeremy Northam's dippy Englishman and writes an effervescent book or two in New York. Brian Shek's film follows a screwball rhythm, over-egging the farce, tossing in bodice-ripping dramatisations and, crucially, leaving the characters under-drawn. The normally luminous Posey displays a series of self-conscious ties and twitches. *West End: ABC Shaftesbury Avenue*

### SIDE STREETS (15, 131 mins)

**Director:** Tony Gerber  
**Starring:** Shashi Kapoor, Valene Golino  
A kind of *Short Cuts* without the cut, *Side Streets* rustles up a quintet of stories from New York. Cue lively vignettes and proficient playing from a multi-national cast. The whole tapestry of New York life is dry-cleaned, lightly embroidered and unrolled for your pleasure. *West End: Plaza, Local, Edmonton Lee Valley UCI 12*

Xan Brooks

## GENERAL RELEASE

### AMERICAN HISTORY X (18, 119 mins)

A liberal essay on right-wing fanaticism, *American History X* nonetheless indulges in some dubious Nazi chit. What binds it together is a genuine tour-de-force from Oscar-nominated Edward Norton. *West End: Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Warner West End. And local cinemas*

### ARLINGTON ROAD (15, 117 mins)

Mark Pellington's intriguingly staged paranoid thriller sees Jeff Bridges' college prof becoming suspicious about the antics of his outwardly respectable neighbour (Tim Robbins). *West End: Warner Village West End*

### AN AUTUMN TALE (U, 111 mins)

The final part of Eric Rohmer's *Tales of the Four Seasons* is airy elegiac and as warm as sunshine. Magali (Beatrice Romand) – middle-aged and single – gets ushered through all manner of hoops as her friends try to set her up with eligible men. *West End: Curzon Minerva, Renoir. Repertory: Watermans Arts Centre*

### BEDROOMS AND HALLWAYS (15, 96 mins)

In this latest offering from *The Life* school of British film-making, Kevin McKidd's giddy Londoner runs the romantic gauntlet in the run-up to his 30th birthday. *West End: ABC Piccadilly*

### BLAST FROM THE PAST (12, 111 mins)

Hugh Wilson's workmanlike Cold War satire has Brendan Fraser's last American man (called Adam, natch) emerging from the nuclear bunker that his parents holed up in during the Cuban Missile Crisis. With Alicia Silverstone. *West End: Warner Village West End*

### A CIVIL ACTION (15, 115 mins)

John Travolta's ambulance-chasing lawyer takes a shot at redemption in this complex and absorbing courtroom saga which nonetheless raises inevitable comparisons with Sidney Lumet's *The Verdict*. *West End: Empire Leicester Square, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero. And local cinemas*

### THE FACULTY (15, 104 mins)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above. *West End: Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero. Warner Village West End. And local cinemas*

### FESTEN (THE CELEBRATION) (15, 106 mins)

Filmed using natural light, natural sound and a hand-held camera, *Festen* begins in a rush of pure, unfettered drama. The film's rawness is largely contrived, but by the end you're too hooked to care. *West End: ABC Panton St, Odeon Swiss Cottage. Repertory: Watermans Arts Centre*

### GODS AND MONSTERS (15, 105 mins)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Metro, Ritzy Cinema, Virgin Fulham Road. And local cinemas*

### HAPPINESS (18, 134 mins)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above. *West End: Clapham Picture House, Curzon Soho, Gate Notting Hill, Odeon Camden Town, Renoir, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, Screen on the Green, Screen on the Hill, Virgin Haymarket*

### HIGH ART (18, 102 mins)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above. *West End: Curzon Soho, Odeon Camden Town, Ritzy Cinema*

### AN IDEAL HUSBAND (PG, 100 mins)

Oliver Parker's film is a proficient but mechanical overhaul of Oscar Wilde's satire of middle-class hypocrisies. The sharp dialogue is rather blurred by the snappy editing but bright playing from the cast (Rupert Everett, Cate Blanchett) helps paper over the cracks. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Chelsea Cinema, Clapham Picture House, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, The Tricycle Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road. And local cinemas*

### PAYBACK (18, 110 mins)

Revisiting the same source novel that inspired John Boorman's *Point Blank*, this rumbling revenge thriller sends its anti-hero (Mel Gibson) on a mission to get his money and get even. *West End: Odeon Marble Arch, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End. And local cinemas*

### PICKUP (18, 110 mins)

François Girard's daisy chain of historical vignettes follows the course of a cursed violin down the centuries. Unfortunately, Girard's bitter narrative leaves the film labouring in third gear throughout. *West End: Odeon Mezzanine*

### PLUNKETT AND MACLEAN (15, 100 mins)

Robert Carlyle, Jonny Lee Miller and Liv Tyler star in this 18th-century romp that offers noise and pop-voiced visualisations rather than character development. *West End: Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Mezzanine, Ritzy Cinema. And local cinemas*

### THE RED VIOIN (15, 132 mins)

François Girard's daisy chain of historical vignettes follows the course of a cursed violin down the centuries. Unfortunately, Girard's bitter narrative leaves the film labouring in third gear throughout. *West End: Odeon Mezzanine*

### RETURN TO PARADISE (15, 109 mins)

In Joseph Ruben's fact-based saga two graduate travellers return to the scene of their crimes when a buddy is busted for drugs possession in Malaysia. A classic "what would you do?" morality play, the film still bungles its ready-made drama. *West End: Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End. And local cinemas*

### SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE (15, 123 mins)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above. *West End: Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero. Warner Village West End. And local cinemas*

### SLAM (15, 99 mins)

Even if slam-poetry's clanking rhymes make you want to "slam" the perpetrator's head in a car door, Marc Levy's drama still carries emotional force. *West End: Ritzy Cinema*

### TEA WITH MUSSOLINI (PG, 117 mins)

Franco Zeffirelli's *Tea with Mussolini* ambles around the houses telling its tale of dandy Brits (including Maggie Smith, Judi Dench) adrift in Mussolini-era Tuscany. *West End: Empire Leicester Square, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero. Repertory: Watermans Arts Centre*

### THE THIN RED LINE (15, 170 mins)

Terrence Malick's long-awaited return to the director's chair results in a fabulous, fever-struck war film. While a cast of familiar faces vie for attention, all play a determined second fiddle to the film's creeping narcotic mood. *West End: Odeon Mezzanine, Ritzy Cinema*

### WALKING NED (PG, 91 mins)

A rattle-bag of comedic misadventure as two Irish scallywags scheme to get their paws on some lottery loot. *West End: Odeon West End. And local cinemas*

### HIGH ART (18, 102 mins)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above. *West End: Curzon Soho, Odeon Camden Town, Ritzy Cinema*

### WALKING NED (PG, 91 mins)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above. *West End: Curzon Soho, Odeon Camden Town, Ritzy Cinema*

## THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS

### THE FIVE BEST FILMS

#### Gods and Monsters (15)

A drily speculative on the last days of 1930s horror auteur James Whale (Ian McKellen), who is hypnotised by the alluring form of his Beverly Hills gardener (Brendan Fraser). Director Bill Condon won an Oscar for Best Adapted Screenplay.

#### Happiness (18)

Set in New Jersey, Todd Solondz's second film is a dark comedy of loneliness and sexual deviancy that reaffirms this young writer-director's talent.

#### The Faculty (15)

Kevin Williamson does it again with this sci-fi tale of alien invaders. Beautiful people, a sharp script, subversive morals, Piper Laurie. Why can't all teen films be like this?

#### High Art (18)

A portrait of the artist as lesbian screw-up, Lisa Cholodenko's bitterly witty take on New York living (and dying) boasts one of the performances of the year from Ally Sheedy.

#### Shakespeare in Love (15)

This enjoyable, Oscar-laden historical romp (*right*) suggests how romance fired Shakespeare with the inspiration for *Romeo and Juliet*. Joseph Fiennes and Gwyneth Paltrow (Best Actress) head an impressive cast.

#### Anthony Quinn and Charlotte O'Sullivan

ANTHONY QUINN AND CHARLOTTE O'SULLIVAN

### THE FIVE BEST PLAYS

#### Good (Donmar Warehouse, London)

Starring Charles Dance, CP Taylor's play about accommodations with conscience is revived in a sensitive production by Michael Grandage. *To 22 May*

#### Making Noise Quietly (Whitehall Theatre, London)

Very welcome West End run for Deborah Bruce's lovely poetic revival of Robert Holman's sensitive triptych about the emotional effects of war (*right*). *To 22 May*

#### Mamma Mia! (Prince Edward Theatre, London)

Designed to bring out the Dancing Queen in the straightest soul, this silly, enjoyable compilation musical finds flagrant plot excuses for 27 Abba golden oldies. *Booking to 11 Sept*

#### Volpone (Swan Theatre, Stratford)

Comedies don't come any funnier or more astringent than Ben Jonson's brilliant dissection of avaricious, over-reaching egotism. *To 23 May*

#### A Midsummer Night's Dream (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)

In Michael Boyd's beguiling staging, Josette Simon's Amazonian Titania is sex-on-very-long-legs and could devour Tina Turner for breakfast. *To 9 Oct*

PAUL TAYLOR

### THE FIVE BEST SHOWS

#### Jackson Pollock (Tate Gallery)

Big, revelatory retrospective for the wild hero of Abstract Expressionism (going on Old Master), legendary for his great drip paintings, but virtually unknown here for 40 years. *To 6 Jun*

#### Thinking Aloud (Camden Arts Centre)

Sculptor Richard Wentworth curates this curious and cheery exploration of creativity in art and life: an assortment of rough drafts and try-outs. *To 30 May*

#### Andreas Gursky (Dean Gallery, Edinburgh)

Photographs 1994-98: huge, high-finish, micro-detailed, digitally manipulated images of our world – stock-exchange floor, cityscape, hotel foyer. Visits of more than the eye can see. *To 16 May*

#### Antony Gormley's Field (firstsite at Roman House, Colchester)

One of the great hits of the decade (*right*): a sea of 40,000 print-sized clay men – obedient, expectant, menacing, and stopping dead in a line at your feet. *To 23 May*

#### ESP (IKON Gallery, Birmingham)

Contemporary artists investigate the paranormal in this weird group show, including Susan Hillier's frightening and wonderful video installation about the psychic powers of children. *To 13 Jun*

TOM LUBBOCK

### RICHMOND

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# 16/LISTINGS

**WILLESDEN**  
BELLEVUE (0171-830 0822) ♦ Willesden  
Green & Civil Action 7pm Dance with  
Me 4.30pm, 9.30pm

**WIMBLEDON**  
ODON (0705-0007) ♦ Wimbledon  
Stom 2.45pm, 5.30pm, 6.25pm Wimbledon  
10.30am The Faculty 4pm, 6pm, 6.25pm,  
5.45pm An Ideal Husband 1.45pm, 4pm,  
6.25pm, 8.45pm The Mask of Zorro  
10.30am Message in a Bottle 2.20pm,  
5.10pm, 8.15pm Out of Sight 10.30am Sav-  
ing Private Ryan 10.30pm Shakespeare  
in Love 1.20pm, 5.45pm, 8.25pm

**WOODFORD**  
ABC (0171-399 3463) ♦ South Woodford  
8pm 2.30pm, 5.30pm, 8.10pm Elizabeth  
8pm, 8.45pm Message in a Bottle 2.10pm,  
8.10pm Walking Ned 2.30pm, 8.40pm

**WOOLWICH**  
CORONET (0161-454 5043) BR: Woolwich  
Arrest Return to Paradise 4.15pm,  
8.30pm, 9.30pm Walking Ned 4pm,  
8.45pm

**WOOD GREEN**  
NEW CUNJON (0191-347 6654) ♦ Turn-  
pike Lane Asazzo 5.45pm Astari No 1  
5.30pm Kuch Kuch Hota Hai 2pm love  
Jones 8.45pm

## REPERTORY

**LONDON**  
ICA CINEMA The Mall, SW1 (0171-930  
3647) Actresses (MNC) 5pm, 7pm Fan-  
tasy Life (MNC) 6.30pm Knife in the  
Water (MNC) 8.30pm Level 5 9pm

**NATIONAL FILM THEATRE** South Bank,  
SE1 (0171-923 3232) Little Voice (15)  
2.30pm, 4.45pm The Whistlers (Crea-  
tives) (15) 6.15pm The Last Days  
of Mr Sloane (TV) (INC) 7.30pm The En-  
tire History of the Louisiana Pur-  
chase (INC) 8.30pm

**PHOENIX CINEMA** High Road, N2 (0161-  
7763) Heavy Rotation 2pm New Dig-  
ital Promos (2.30pm) 2.30pm Shorts  
Programme 3 (MNC) 4.15pm Shorts  
Programme 4 (MNC) 6.30pm Parallel  
Mr Sloane (TV) (INC) 7.30pm The En-  
tire History of the Louisiana Pur-  
chase (INC) 8.30pm

**PRINCE CHARLES** Leicester Place, WC2  
10.17-1.45 8.15pm Friends and  
Neighbours (15) 1.30pm Kingpin (12)  
4pm Loved (15) 6.30pm The Truman  
Show (PG) 8pm

**THE FULLMAN EVERYMAN** Holy Bush  
Vale, NW3 (0171-705 2345) L'Assedio  
(PG) 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.45pm

**RIVERSIDE STUDIOS** Crisp Road, W6  
(0171-201010) Cool Ridesmen (INC) 4pm  
Per Tutto il Tempo Che Ci Resta (INC)  
6.30pm Radio Freccia (PG) 8.45pm

**WATERMANS ARTS CENTRE** High  
Street, Brentford, Middlesex (0181-568  
1176) Coûte d'Automne (U) 5pm, 8pm  
Festen (15) 7pm

**BRISTOL**  
WATERSHED (017-225 3845) The Red  
Violin (5.15pm, 8.20pm April 12)  
6pm, 8.30pm

**CAMBRIDGE**  
ARTS CENTRE (01223-504444) An Ide-  
al Husband (PG) 2.25pm, 7.10pm  
High Art (18) 2.45pm 9.15pm Schippana  
(18) 5pm

**CARDIFF**  
CHAPTERS ARTS CENTRE (0122-  
56662) The Merchant of Four  
Seasons (18) 7.30pm, 2.30pm 7.30pm

**COVENTRY**  
WARWICK ARTS CENTRE (01203-  
56424) Plunkett and MacLean (15)  
5.30pm Prometheus (15) 5pm

**IPSWICH**  
FILM THEATRE (01473-215541) Am-  
erica (15) 2.30pm, 6.15pm Walking  
Ned (PG) 4.15pm, 8.30pm

**LEICESTER**  
PHOENIX ARTS (0116-255 4551) La  
Classe de Molière (5.15pm, 8.30pm)

**NORWICH**  
CINEMA CITY (01603-522047) Gods  
and Monsters (15) 2.30pm, 5.45pm  
Festen (15) 8pm

**PLYMOUTH**  
ARTS CENTRE (017-225 256114) Festen  
(15) 8pm

**COUNTRYWIDE**

Tea with Mussolini (PG) Mighty Joe (PG)  
The Rugrats Movie (U) Plunkett and  
MacLean (15) Shakespeare in Love (15)  
Saving Private Ryan (15) The Faculty  
(15) Payback (18) A Civil Action (15)

**BURY ST EDMUNDS**  
ABC (01285-702570) Tea with  
Mussolini (PG) Mighty Joe (PG)  
The Rugrats Movie (U) Shakespeare in  
Love (15) Meet Joe Black (12)

**CAMERIGE**  
WARNER VILLAGE (01223-450411) Pay-  
back (18) Message in a Bottle (12) Plum-  
kett and MacLean (15) A Bug's Life (PG)  
Walking Ned (PG) The Waterboy (12)

**CAVERLY**  
ABC (0541-555132) Walking Ned (PG)  
Mighty Joe (PG) The Rugrats Movie (U)  
The Faculty (15) Arlington Road  
(15) Elizabeth (15) Message in a Bot-  
tle (12) Little Voice (15)

**CARDIFF**  
CONICO (01222-891105) Walking Ned  
(PG) Mighty Joe (PG) Tea with  
Mussolini (PG) The Rugrats Movie (U)  
Mighty Joe (PG)

U (12) (0170-260 4567) Payback (18)  
(18) Plunkett and MacLean (15)  
Walking Ned (PG) The Waterboy (12)

**CHELMSFORD**  
ODEON (01245-349588) Beloved (15)  
The Faculty (15) An Ideal Husband  
(PG) The Waterboy (12) Mighty Joe  
(PG) Walking Ned (PG) The Waterboy  
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Plan (15) The Faculty (15) MacLean (PG)  
The Rugrats Movie (U) A Bug's Life (PG)  
Jack Frost (PG) An Ideal Husband (PG)  
Message in a Bottle (12)

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Mighty Joe (PG) The Rugrats Movie (U)  
The Faculty (15) Arlington Road  
(15) Elizabeth (15) Message in a Bot-  
tle (12) Little Voice (15)

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Mussolini (PG) The Rugrats Movie (U)  
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